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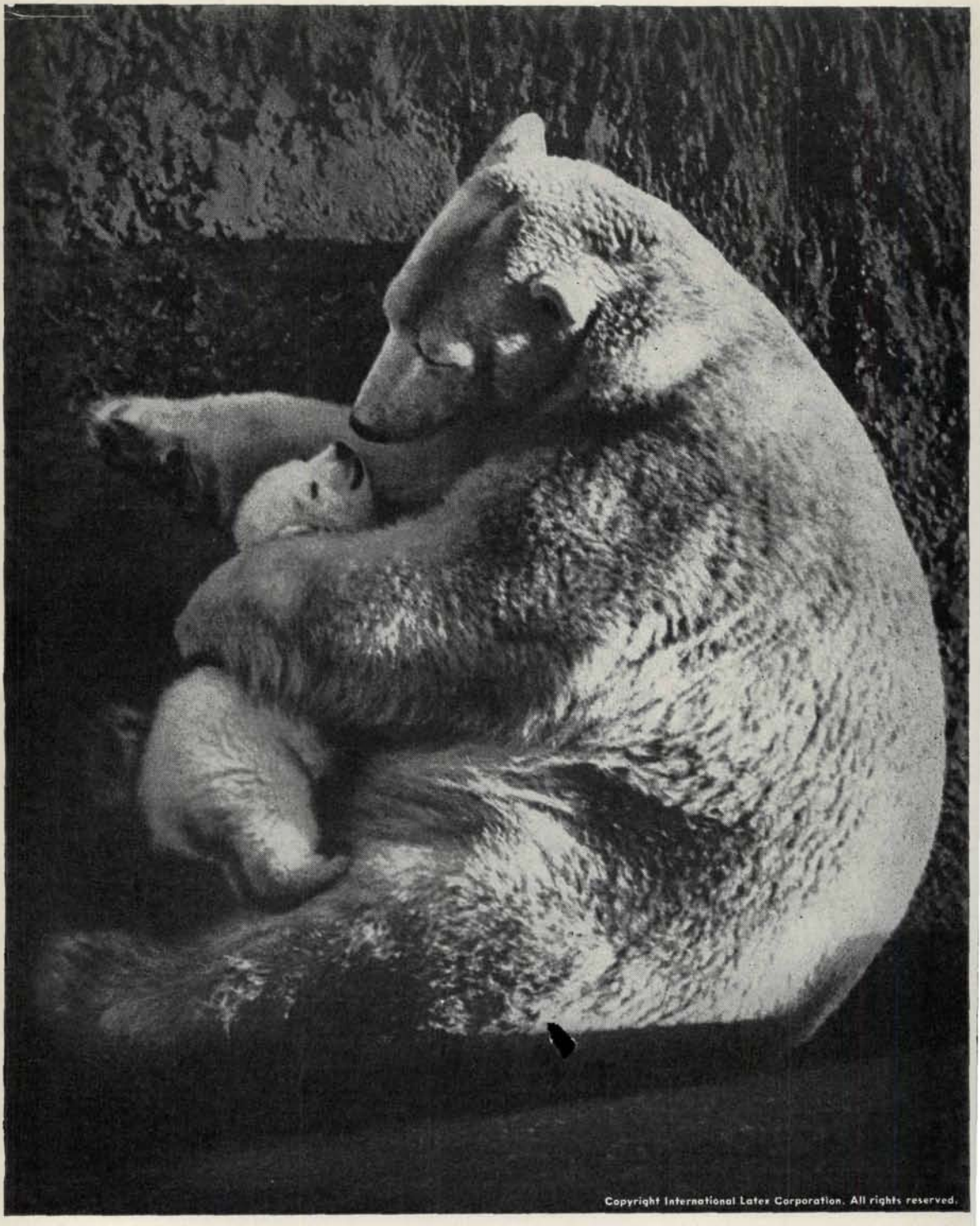

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COMMENTARY

ATOMIC FORCE AND FOREIGN POLICY

Can the "New Pacifism" Insure Peace?

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

THE actions and pronouncements of the government of the United States since the great international crises of November 1956, the British White Paper on defense of April 4, 1957, and the private warnings addressed by Bulganin to the British and French governments in the fall of 1956, all agree on one point: rejection of the use of force, except in self-defense, as an instrument of national policy. When Bulganin wrote to Eden on September 11, 1956, that "it is no longer possible to threaten and brandish weapons . . . any military measures directed against sovereignty and territorial integrity . . . can end only in failure"; when he wrote to Mollet on the same date that "in the age of atomic weapons, one must not threaten to use arms or brandish arms," he anticipated Eisenhower's statement of November 1: "I, as your President am proud—and I trust that you are proud—that the United States declared itself against the use of force in, not one, but both of these cases [Egypt and Hungary]." The British White Paper draws the practical conclusion from these statements by asking for a military establishment which is geared to preventing wars rather than fighting them.

What the Kellogg-Briand Pact envisaged in 1929 as a legal obligation and a moral postulate appears to have become reality in 1957. Swords are to be beaten, it is true, into guided missiles rather than ploughshares, yet the result still appears as the achievement of the Biblical vision of eternal peace. Contemporary Western society, profoundly pacifist except in the face of patent provocation, is easily tempted to accept this conclusion without examination, especially since not accepting it would necessitate a great moral and intellectual effort without promising to produce so clear-cut and satisfying a result. However, the popularity of the argument that war is no longer possible calls for, rather than allows us to dispense with, a critical analysis of its logic and assumptions.

The new pacifism, as expressed in the

"Atomic warfare is impossible—it is suicide for all concerned," we say nervously, and yet the U.S. and now Great Britain too are stripping their conventional defense establishments so as to make it impossible for them to fight anything but an atomic war. Or if not fight, HANS J. MORGENTHAU warns, capitulate. Professor Morgenthau, director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy at the University of Chicago as well as Visiting Professor at Columbia and Yale, is the author of such works as *The H-Bomb* (1950), *In Defense of the National Interest* (1951), and *Scientific Man vs. Power Politics* (1946). Readers will recall his article, "The Revolution in U.S. Foreign Policy" in our February issue.

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consensus of our quotations, differs fundamentally from the traditional pacifism of which the Kellogg-Briand Pact is the most notable modern manifestation. Traditional pacifism, aside from its moral revulsion from violence, argued that any war was an irrational way of settling international disputes. War does not solve anything. War does not pay. Nobody has ever won a war. War is the "Great Illusion." "There never was," Benjamin Franklin wrote to Josiah Quincy on September 17, 1773, "a good war or a bad peace."

Nevertheless, while statesmen paid lip service to the pacifist arguments against war, especially in the inter-war period, their actions belied their protestations. War continued to be regarded, as it had been throughout history, as a rational instrument of national policies. Statesmen continuously weighed the advantages and risks of employing the peaceful means of diplomatic pressure and negotiation against those of the threat and use of force. They might be mistaken in choosing force if they could obtain their goals by peaceful means or if they lost the war. Yet even then their choice was a rational one because the risks they took were not out of proportion to the objectives sought. By and large, statesmen acted like gamblers who commit only as much of their resources as they can afford to lose. If they win, the gain justifies the risk taken; if they lose, the loss sets them back—but not necessarily beyond possible recovery. Even the Second World War conformed to this pattern: the risks taken were commensurate with the objectives sought.

THE feasibility of all-out atomic war has completely destroyed this rational relation between force and foreign policy. All-out atomic war, being an instrument of universal destruction, obliterates not only the traditional distinction between victor and vanquished, but also the material objective of the war itself. In the pre-atomic age, it would have been perfectly rational for the United States to go to war in order to liberate the nations of Eastern Europe, provided that liberation had a sufficiently high priority among American national objectives, and American power appeared sufficiently strong in relation to the opposing power to have a chance of success. In the atomic age, however, the United States has emphatically ruled out the use of force to liberate the satellite countries; she was afraid, rightly or wrongly, that the threat of force in Eastern Europe might lead to all-out atomic war. The Soviet Union has for the very same reasons denied herself the use of force with regard to Western Europe, which cannot be defended against the Red Army. In the Korean war, both sides refrained from committing, qualitatively and quantitatively, more than a fraction of their resources and from exploiting their strategic opportunities to the full and thus granted "privileged sanctuaries" to each other, fearful as each was lest one provoke the other into an all-out atomic war.

All-out atomic war, no longer being considered an instrument of national policy, has taken on a function which is novel at least in its exclusiveness. Traditional force is an instrument for breaking the will of the opponent, either through successful defense or attack; it is in the effectiveness of its physical application that its primary function lies. But the primary function of all-out atomic force lies in making its physical application superfluous by deterring the prospective opponent from using it. While traditional force operates psychologically through the intermediary of actual physical employment, all-out atomic force has a psychological function pure and simple. The prospective opponents are kept constantly aware of the inevitability of their own destruction should they resort to all-out atomic force, and this awareness prevents them from resorting to it.

It is worth noting that in the pre-atomic age the threat and the counter-threat of force could always be, and frequently were, put to the test of actual performance, and either the threat or the counter-threat was then proved to be empty. In the atomic age,

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the very purpose of threat and counter-threat is to prevent the test of actual performance from taking place. The appearance of possessing both the ability and the resolution to make good threat and counter-threat becomes, then, of paramount importance as a condition for the success of mutual deterrence.

The nature of this condition, it will be noted, is political rather than military. For what is essential is the *appearance* of possessing the ability and resolution to make good threat and counter-threat, not the reality of such possession. In order to make mutual deterrence work, two nations need only to create the mutual belief that they are willing and able to destroy each other in all-out atomic war. As long as this belief exists, it is irrelevant whether or not the reality corresponds to it. In other words, the mechanics of mutual deterrence require an element of bluff, either real or suspect.

At this point, the mechanics of mutual deterrence raise a most serious political dilemma. No nation can afford to yield to a threat of all-out atomic war that is only a bluff; nor can it afford to stand up to a threat that turns out not to be a bluff. Miscalculation is bound to be fatal either to the interests of the nation concerned, if it yields to the bluff, or to its existence, if it stands up to an atomic threat that is not a bluff. And the trouble is that a nation cannot determine when the other side is bluffing without the test of actual performance—a test which it is the very purpose of mutual deterrence to avoid.

Is there any issue at all, short of self-defense, for the sake of which either the United States or the Soviet Union would be willing to blow up the world? Is the Soviet Union justified in believing that the United States will really blow up the world in defense of Western Europe? Was the United States correct in assuming in November 1956 that the Soviet Union would be willing to blow up the world in defense of Hungary? And would the Soviet Union in November 1956 really have taken the chance of an all-out atomic war by sending volunteers to the Middle East and attacking Great Britain and France in defense of Egypt?

The philosophy of mutual deterrence answers these questions in the negative. For it assumes that no nation will resort to all-out atomic war on any conceivable issue short of all-out atomic attack against itself; that is, no nation will ever start an all-out atomic war, hence all-out atomic war has really become "impossible."* However, neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has pretended to act on that assumption. The United States has refrained from certain actions because she feared the Soviet Union might reply to them with all-out atomic war, and the Soviet Union has threatened certain actions which at least implied the possibility of all-out atomic war. Thus the pacifist confidence of the official pronouncements is belied by the—positive or negative—concern with all-out atomic war reflected in official actions.

THE new pacifism, consistent within itself but not with the political attitudes of governments insofar as all-out atomic war is concerned, raises another fundamental problem for the day-to-day conduct of foreign policy without providing a satisfactory answer. It proposes to eliminate the use of force *of any kind* by the same means it has thus far successfully employed in staving off all-out atomic war: deterrence.

The deterrence to be exercised against the use of force which falls short of all-out atomic war and may be called conventional, is supposed to be "graduated," that is, commensurate with the force threatened. The use of force is to be prevented by the threat of counterforce sufficient to deter the prospective user. But is graduated deterrence with conventional force likely to operate with the same degree of reliability which has thus far enabled all-out atomic deterrence to prevent all-out atomic war?

That the certainty of complete atomic

*I have examined this philosophy in detail in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, January 1956.

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destruction constitutes an absolute deterrent to all but madmen stands to reason. But what are the conventional weapons in the arsenal of the Western powers by which they hope to deter prospective opponents from using conventional force? They are two: a rudimentary conventional military establishment partially armed with tactical atomic weapons, and what has been called "moral suasion."

The unilateral partial disarmament of the Western nations as regards conventional forces, coupled with their primary reliance upon tactical atomic weapons, casts doubt on the feasibility of graduated deterrence. It does so for two reasons.

FIRST of all, tactical atomic weapons are obviously not of the same broad, wellnigh universal applicability as are bullets, shells, and bombs. In street fighting, guerrilla war, and night operations in jungles and mountains—to mention only a few contingencies—atomic weapons may be of little if any avail. To the degree that atomic weapons are recognized by the nation to be deterred as being blunt weapons or weapons impossible to use at all under the circumstances, the nation that threatens their use will be considered to be bluffing, and the threat will not deter.

Furthermore, and most importantly, the element of bluff, actual or suspect, is bound to figure much more prominently here than with respect to the all-out atomic deterrent. What tactical atomic weapons can do in actual warfare is still largely a matter of conjecture. No nation will lightly employ such an untried weapon, especially in view of the choices before it should tactical atomic weapons prove to be ineffective.

These choices are three, all of them unsatisfactory in different ways. The nation can accept defeat and give up the fight. Or it can continue fighting with non-atomic conventional armed forces, running the risk of its unpreparedness in this respect. Or it can resort to ever more powerful atomic weapons until in the end it finds itself face to face with that unacceptable contingency which all its policies were intended to obviate: all-out atomic war. We should not have to remind ourselves, though the prevailing complacency makes it necessary to do so, that these uncertainties and risks are magnified by the possibility that the nation to be deterred may also be provided with atomic weapons, tactical and strategic. In other words, "graduated deterrence" is a two-way street.

That under such conditions a nation would follow up its threat with actual atomic warfare, however limited initially, is possible but certainly cannot be taken for granted. Yet to the degree in which it is not taken for granted by the nation to be deterred, the threat must lose its deterrent effect. The Secretary of State of the United States has let it be known that he takes pride in his "brinkmanship," which three times—in Korea, Indochina, and Formosa—led him to the brink of war but not over it. Regardless of the actual historical circumstances under which the use of force was here averted, there can be little doubt that "brinkmanship" cannot be practiced indefinitely without challenge, and that must be even more true of what might be called "open brinkmanship, openly arrived at"—that is, "brinkmanship" whose deterrent effect is counteracted by retrospective boasts as well as by the official rhetoric of pacifism. Sooner or later someone will want to know whether the statesman approaching the brink is serious or bluffing, whether he will jump or pull back. Then the alternative will be war, or peace by appeasement. Let us not forget that Germany attacked Belgium in 1914 and Poland in 1939 on the assumption that Great Britain was bluffing and would not fight, an assumption derived primarily from Great Britain's reputation for pacifism.

However, the new pacifism claims to provide still another alternative to the alternative of war or appeasement: "moral suasion." Little need be said to show that "moral suasion" is a euphemism for impotence. There are only two ways in which men, acting for themselves or for their na-

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tion, can be dissuaded from taking a certain course of action: the promise of benefits and the threat of disadvantages. No man has ever been thus dissuaded by abstract references to the moral law or by entreaties to be good. Religions have had to rely upon promises of heaven and threats of hell in order to influence the behavior of their adherents. More particularly, a statesman who has resolved to use force in support of a certain policy cannot be expected to yield to "moral suasion" unless it is backed up by promises or threats.

THE dilemma that confronts the Western world today as it contemplates the use of force is only partly the consequence of the unacceptable horror of all-out atomic war. In good part, too, it is the consequence of the "new look" of Western military policy. For what makes it so difficult for the West to contemplate the use of force is its own tendency, created by its new military policy, to identify force with atomic force. Yet the use of atomic force, however narrowly circumscribed by the initial intent, entails the enormous and unbearable risk that it may develop, imperceptibly but ineluctably, into the use of all-out atomic force.

The nations of the Western world could have avoided this dilemma if they had continued to maintain a non-atomic military establishment sufficient to support their foreign policies. They have said that they cannot afford to maintain two military establishments—one designed to deter all-out atomic war, the other to wage non-atomic conventional war. To say this is tantamount to saying that—in contrast to the Soviet Union which continues to support two military establishments—the richest, politically and technologically most advanced, and still most powerful combination of nations on earth cannot afford to protect their interests without running the risk of universal destruction. Which is another way of saying that they cannot protect their interests at all, insofar as that protection requires the use of force.

The truth is that financially, economically, and technologically, they can well afford two military establishments. What their leaders think they cannot afford is the political courage to demand of their peoples the sacrifices necessary to protect and promote their national interests under the condition of atomic peace. In a word: the deficit is political and moral, not economic and financial.

With the decision to scrap traditional military establishments and arm its remnants with atomic weapons, the Western world may well have passed the point of no return. At the end of the road that the new pacifism has begun to travel there may indeed lie peace, either the peace of appeasement and ultimate surrender or else the peace of Babylon and Carthage—the peace of total destruction.

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WHO SHALL BE OUR DOCTORS?

A Critical Shortage Lies Ahead

LAWRENCE BLOOMGARDEN

IF YOU enter an American hospital tomorrow, the chances are better than one in four that the resident physician who admits you will be a foreigner. Of the 22,000 resident doctors in American hospitals today, 8,000 are foreigners here on temporary visas. Hospital administrators now advertise regularly in foreign medical journals and send representatives abroad to recruit doctors. Even so, many thousands of hospital positions remain unfilled, and this year between 5,000 and 6,000 doctors are expected from outside the country. But this is only one of the many serious consequences of the present shortage of physicians in the United States.

According to a recent report of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, this country needs at least 25,000 more doctors than it now has. Instead of graduating 7,000 doctors a year as we do at present, we should graduate 10,000 if we mean to keep the gap between need and supply from growing even larger.

Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, dean of Columbia University's medical school, considers the present influx of doctors from abroad "reminiscent of the diploma mill era of fifty years ago," since most of these doctors come from schools that are not approved by the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association. The majority of state medical boards consider graduates of unapproved foreign schools ineligible for licensing examinations. But neither a medical board license nor graduation from an approved domestic or foreign medical school is a necessary requirement for a resident physician at an American hospital.

What makes the whole situation bitterly ironic is that there are and have been more than enough American college students fully qualified for a medical education, and eager for one, for whom there just isn't any room in our medical schools. Shortage of trained manpower in other fields usually reflects a lack of qualified applicants. We would graduate more engineers and more science teachers if more young people were both willing and qualified to pursue these careers. But it is only because we fail to provide enough facilities to train the number of doctors we need that we are reduced to the anomalous expedient of recruiting special-purpose doctors from abroad who, more often than not, happen to be unqualified by our own standards.

In other countries, anyone with the necessary qualifications can study medicine. In the United States, not everyone able to meet the requirements can do so. In each of the past twenty-five years at least two qualified candidates have presented themselves for each place at a medical school. Only a few years ago, between three and four qualified students were competing for each place—which is a state of affairs we are likely to face again in the near future. True, this situation has permitted American medical schools to be selective to a degree unparalleled elsewhere. But this advantage has

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FOUR years ago, in our issue of January 1953, LAWRENCE BLOOMGARDEN reported on "Medical School Quotas and National Health." Now he brings us up to date on the current situation in medical education, noting considerable improvement alongside looming problems. Mr. Bloomgarden, who is on the staff of the National Affairs Department of the American Jewish Committee, is a graduate of Syracuse University and holds a law degree from New York University. An authority on the social aspects of the medical profession, he served as case consultant to the Physicians Committee of the National Refugee Service.

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not outweighed all the liabilities that go with it, since selectivity has been achieved at the cost of human welfare.

Our medical societies do not accept the shortage of doctors as sufficient reason for recruiting thousands of doctors from abroad to man our hospitals. Nor, for that matter, do they agree with the recent report of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation that there actually is such a shortage. The American Medical Association has, for one, long been against any increase in the facilities for training physicians. In 1933, when the low earnings of doctors began to worry the AMA, it was decided that there was an over-production of physicians and the Association's Council on Medical Education advised that the number of doctors graduated annually should be "drastically curtailed." In a 1955 report, the AMA insisted that the "needs for additional facilities for the education of physicians are exceedingly difficult to determine," and while proposing "constant study and analysis," it questioned whether such needs could ever be accurately predicted.

In 1955, at a hearing before a Senate committee considering Federal aid to increase medical school facilities, Senator Lehman asked the American Medical Association for its estimate of the number of additional physicians the country needed. Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, the AMA's representative, replied that the question was "somewhat unanswerable," and went on to observe: "I jokingly say sometimes the number of physicians, to answer the question, is sort of like answering your wife the question of how many dresses she should have. She can always use one more good dress." He added that it was the effective use of physicians, not their numbers, that should determine an estimate of need; the telephone, the automobile, more hospitals, and new auxiliary services had increased the individual doctor's usefulness. In short—according to Dr. Blasingame—technological progress was reducing manpower requirements in medicine as in other fields.

The actual facts, however, do not bear him out. Despite heavy recruitment of foreign physicians, 28 per cent of approved interneships and 25 per cent of approved residencies in American hospitals remain unfilled today. Twenty per cent of the budgeted positions for doctors in city and state health departments are vacant, and this has discouraged the execution of many plans to expand public health service.

The discovery of antibiotics and other recent scientific advances in medicine, said Dr. Howard A. Rusk of the New York University College of Medicine at the same Senate hearings, were swelling the need for doctors instead of lessening it, because the better standards of care they encouraged required the physician to spend more time on each of his cases. Dr. Rusk pointed out that within the past five-year period ten years had been added to the life expectancy of the average American, but it was a question whether the health of the physicians themselves had benefited by medical advances—a recent study had established that their average work week in active practice was sixty-nine hours. Overwork, Dr. Rusk suggested, had much to do with the fact that doctors had a higher coronary rate than any other professional group.

Over the past fifteen years medical training facilities have increased by 15 per cent, while the population of the country has increased by 25 per cent. We now have a higher proportion of older people, who generally require more medical care. Rising standards of living have also increased the demand for medical service.

The Bureau of Census estimates that by 1970 our population will be between 24 and 30 per cent above the 1955 figure. The report of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation estimates that the country will need 330,000 physicians by 1970, which means a two-thirds increase over the present figure of 192,000. This would seem to call for a "crash" program to expand our medical school facilities. Yet organized medicine still appears to think otherwise.

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Our medical schools are now superior to those of any other country, thanks to the elimination of the "diploma mills" that used to furnish most of our doctors up to fifty years ago. The inferior teaching standards and inadequate clinical facilities of these schools were exposed in a study that Dr. Abraham Flexner made for the Carnegie Foundation in 1910. By 1925 only 71 out of the 160 medical schools functioning in 1910 were still in existence. At present there are 82 approved medical schools in the country; these admit 7,800 freshmen, and graduate 7,000 doctors, annually. The average medical school enrolls about 90 new students each year; the two largest schools, those of the universities of Michigan and Tennessee, admit 200 new students a year. Foreign medical schools observe no such limitations: the University of Paris's medical college has a total enrollment of 7,000 students.

It costs about $12,000, in *addition* to tuition, to train a doctor at an American medical school. Or so it is claimed, and this is offered as a reason for the reluctance to establish new medical schools. In actual fact, the cost is less than half the figure given. Medical school budgets have become a catch-all for activities having nothing to do with the education of doctors. A committee of the American Medical Association that surveyed current medical education reported recently that *stated* costs were "misleadingly high." A typical two and a half million dollar budget for a high-cost private medical school whose total enrollment was 231 students gave an expenditure of over $10,000 annually per student. Yet that school's faculty was paying for itself in the free hospital services its members provided to the community, and their salaries were not really a charge against the budget in which they were entered.

Medical *service* is not at all the same thing as medical *education,* and should be financed separately. Research expenses—which are valuable in the training of doctors but not directly related to it—accounted for more than half the total budget of the above-mentioned school. Its instruction and operational costs, moreover, covered a total of 1,248 students of whom only 231 were preparing for medical degrees. Among the other students were 225 nurses, 150 non-medical graduate and public health students, and 642 physicians doing part-time postgraduate work. Only half of this school's budget was directly applied to the training of *new* doctors. Thus the financial obstacles to the expansion of our medical training facilities turn out to be far less formidable than they are made to appear.

Nor are we using the relatively few medical schools we have to train *all* of the best qualified applicants. Half the places in our national medical training establishment are in state-supported medical schools. Save for rare exceptions, these limit enrollment to residents of the state. A few accept students from neighboring states without medical schools, and are financially compensated by these states. Hardly a private medical school, on the other hand, imposes residential requirements. The result is that the standards of admission to state medical schools are quite different from those of admission to private schools.

Within their residential restrictions, some states have a wide choice and others an extremely narrow one, depending upon their populations and the number of students in each state interested in becoming doctors. Accordingly, the chances a student has of gaining admission to a medical school very often depend more on where he happens to live than on his aptitude for medicine. New York State, for example, has one medical school applicant for each 8,000 residents, while Iowa has one for each 18,000. The same number of places in residentially restricted medical schools receive about one-third the number of applications as do those in schools not residentially restricted. And, naturally, where there are more applicants to choose from better qualified ones can be selected. The result is a significant difference in caliber between the doctors produced by residentially restricted schools and those produced by schools not so restricted.

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The qualifications of medical school applicants all over the country can be compared on the basis of the results achieved in the Medical College Aptitude Test, which is taken by almost all of them. The average score fixed for the MCAT is 500, and 68 per cent of applicants have in the past fallen within the 400-600 range, with 16 per cent above and 16 per cent below this figure. The average MCAT score of applicants accepted by the residentially restricted medical schools has been 509; the average score of those accepted at the unrestricted schools is 550. An intelligence quotient of at least 125 is considered desirable by most educators for medical students. Out of 161 freshmen at the University of Texas's medical college in 1954, only 52 had an I.Q. score of 125 or over; five scored under 100. Of course, I.Q. scores are not the only measure of ability; some "lows" at the University of Texas got by academically, while some "highs" with serious emotional difficulties flunked out. But a generally high positive correlation has been shown between I.Q. scores and the results of the Medical College Aptitude Test; moreover, the latter have been demonstrated to furnish an excellent basis for predicting achievement at medical school.

The shortage of doctors is what is mostly responsible for the residential restrictions imposed by state medical colleges. Tennessee, for example, feels that the best way to remedy its shortage is to admit Tennesseeans alone to its medical school, on the assumption that they will practice after graduation in their home communities, or at least within the state's borders. Nevertheless, out of more than 2,500 physicians graduated from the University of Tennessee, only about 900, or 35 per cent, have remained in Tennessee to practice. The previously mentioned AMA survey of medical education established that 61 per cent of the graduates of residentially restricted medical schools were practicing in their home states, while 50 per cent of those who attended medical schools without residential restrictions were doing so.

Thus the residential limitation has done only little to attain its objective. And it would be seen to have done even less if those few states with geographically restricted medical schools, like California and Texas, which retain almost all their graduates, had been left out of the accounting.

IT IS not only with respect to state residence, however, that medical schools impose restrictions. There is also the "quota" system, which this writer discussed in "Medical School Quotas and National Health" (COMMENTARY, January 1953). Considerable improvement has been achieved in this matter, but not such as to have eliminated all the serious problems.

The "quota" system was devised more than thirty years ago, when medical schools first began to get more applicants than they had room for. A rather odd rationale was then developed according to which each religious or ethnic group in this country was to be accorded a "quota" of doctors proportionate to its numerical ratio to the total population. The dean of one eminent medical school stated at that time that "the representation of the various social and religious groups in medicine ought to be kept fairly parallel with the population make-up." Specifically, this practice was aimed at cutting down the number of Jewish medical students, which otherwise exceeded the Jewish "quota."

Dean Ladd of Cornell University Medical School, which is located in New York City, described the arithmetic of the "quota" system as it was applied by his school in 1940. He said that his school's quota was based on the proportion of Jews in the population of New York State, which was between 10 and 15 per cent. Out of 1,200 applicants for the 80 places in Cornell's medical school in 1940, 700 were Jews and 500 Gentiles. Ten Jews and 70 non-Jews were admitted, in strict adherence to the quota Dean Ladd had announced. A Jewish applicant to his school had therefore one chance in seventy of admission, a Gentile applicant one chance in seven. Many Jewish students with superior grades were turned down.

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while Gentile students with lower qualifications were accepted. A national count in 1933, after the "quota" system had been in effect for a while, showed that 912 Jews had been admitted to medical schools all over the country in that year. In 1936, with the total number of medical school admissions about the same as in 1933, Jewish freshmen had dropped by almost one-third, to 617.

The first real break in the "quota" system came during World War II under the influence of the general discredit into which anything smacking of official anti-Semitism had fallen. This attitude has carried over into the postwar period. Nonetheless, it required strong public concern to effect the change. In 1947 one Presidential commission investigated the effects of discrimination in the field of civil rights, and another such commission investigated it in higher education, including the medical schools. Legislation prohibiting discriminatory practices was enacted in three states, New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, and was considered by many other state legislatures. The medical school "quota" system was not completely done away with by dint of all this publicity and public pressure, but to the extent that it survived it did so underground, so to speak.

At the same time, however, that medical schools were revising their admission practices, they were hit by a tidal wave of applicants for which they were totally unprepared. This undoubtedly delayed further relaxation of their discriminatory practices. In 1941 there had been 12,000 applicants for 6,800 places in the medical schools; in 1948 there were 24,000, or twice as many. But in the intervening seven years, only 140 places had been added in the medical schools of the country! Yet the "quota" system continued to give ground, despite the vastly increased number of candidates for medical training.

Admissions to the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University reflected the change. In 1920 more than 40 per cent of its students were Jewish. In 1924, the year in which the College introduced its Jewish "quota," Jews formed only 25 per cent of its first-year students, and ten years later only 10 to 15 per cent of its total student body. (Columbia, obviously, based its quota on the proportion of Jews in the population of New York State, just as Cornell's medical school did, and the dean of Columbia's medical faculty advanced the same justification for this measure as had Dean Ladd of Cornell.) But in 1948 the proportion of Jews entering the College of Physicians and Surgeons had climbed back to about 25 per cent.

Yet discrimination dies hard. "Personality," instead of arithmetical quotas, is the device many medical schools have now resorted to in order to continue discriminatory admission practices. Grades alone, it is said, are not enough upon which to base a sound decision; now it must be determined whether the candidate for medical training has the right kind of "personality" for a doctor.

APPLICATION to medical school is usually made about a year in advance. A January deadline is generally set, although by that time most medical schools have already chosen their entering students for the next academic year. The typical applicant's file includes his secondary school records, the official transcript of his college record, his completed application form with information on his extracurricular activities, honors, and awards, and a statement as to his reasons for wishing to study medicine. Letters from character references are also included. Some medical schools prepare checklists of qualities or characteristics on which the applicant is to be rated. Premedical or college advisors provide an evaluation which is often given considerable weight, especially when the medical school has confidence in the person making the evaluation. A recent trend in many undergraduate colleges is to furnish the medical school with an evaluation prepared by a special faculty committee; this tends to reduce the factor of individual caprice or bias.

Medical schools that do not impose nar-

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row residential restrictions receive about ten applications for every place they have available; this is because each candidate usually applies to several medical schools at once. One or more members of each school's admissions board go over the applications and throw out immediately applicants found unqualified solely on the basis of their records. Ordinarily, a subcommittee reviews the remaining applications and decides which candidates will be interviewed. The criteria according to which this is done have never been clearly ascertained for any given medical school. Students with top academic honors are often rejected without an interview. When one is granted, it is necessarily brief, and the resulting appraisal is often based on the degree of nervousness or poise shown by the applicant. The final decision is made by the medical school's faculty committee in consultation with its admissions officer.

The purpose of this tortuous process is said to lie in the estimate of personality and scholarship it makes possible. Personal traits and character have an obvious bearing on the applicant's future both as a student and as a practitioner, but while the measurement of scholastic ability is fairly simple and objective, the appraisal of character can under no circumstances be either of these. The report of a recent conference of the American Psychiatric Association that dealt with the personality criteria involved in the selection of medical students states that the difficulty lies in the fact that "we do not as yet know what special qualities make a good medical student or a proficient physician." Grades, the report holds, will remain the best criteria for selection until reliable personality criteria can be developed.

The personal qualities that Flower Hospital Medical School in New York deems essential to the physician are "diction, voice, physical appearance, and grooming." Sir William Osler, the great English diagnostician, once said: "There are only two sorts of doctors; those who practice with their brains, and those who practice with their tongues." The clear effect of "diction-grooming" criteria like Flower's is to favor the latter kind of doctor.

In 1952 the New York Board of Regents reported on the admission practices and methods of personality appraisal of nine medical schools in the state, noting: "Admissions policies emphasize personality and character, but admissions practices neither shed light on their nature nor breed confidence in the methods of their measurements." The report states that personality is understood by many medical schools largely as a matter of poise, appearance, and so forth. But these things hardly furnish the basis for a competent evaluation of an individual's aptitude for medicine.

The Board of Regents report goes on to say that "factors of dress and manner, of the skill and neatness and grammatical correctness with which application forms are filled out apparently have some effect on admission. Chance comments as to character traits, or as to their manifestation in extracurricular activities or recreation or hobbies, not only seem to influence admissions officers, but to produce different value judgments in different officers." Decisions are swayed "by the personality and mood (and possibly the bias) of the examining officer himself." Under such circumstances prejudice and discrimination inevitably enter into admissions decisions. Certain cultural traits that are regarded negatively and ascribed to the members of certain ethnic minorities become a significant element here; even where the "quota" system does not operate, decisions on Jewish applicants for medical training depend often on the presence or absence of assumed "Jewish" traits.

How far from the actual character of the applicant's "personality" an evaluation can range was revealed indirectly in the Regents study—it found much less discrimination against Jewish medical applicants with both parents born in the United States than against those with one or both parents born abroad. This factor and others related to it were particularly significant in the treatment of applications of Jewish students whose

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grades were average or below. Those whose families were long settled in this country fared more than twice as well as those whose families were relatively new.

In any case Jewish applicants of average scholarship did only about half as well as Protestants and non-Italian Catholics whose grades were no better. It is clear, moreover, that medical schools make a sharp distinction between Italian and other Catholics. Non-Italian Catholics did about as well as white Protestants in gaining admission to medical schools, while Italian applicants fared about as poorly as Jewish applicants did. This is the kind of data which led the Regents study to conclude that "a combination of cultural traits perhaps related to stereotypes in the minds of some admissions officers, are of considerable consequence in the selection of candidates."

Discrimination by medical colleges against Negro applicants has not been established. On the contrary, there is evidence that special consideration is given Negro applicants by some non-Southern medical schools. The New York State Regents study observed that "there is no intimation of discrimination on the basis of race at the point of admission to medical schools."

The problem reflected in the fact that only two and a half per cent of our doctors are Negro, as against 10 per cent of the population, begins with the small number of qualified Negro medical school applicants. Nor has there been much improvement in this respect over the past twenty-five years; 108 Negro doctors were graduated in 1931, only 173 in 1956. Part of the trouble lies in the poor quality of the pre-medical training provided at most Negro colleges in the South, which are attended by about two-thirds of all Negro college students in the country. Equality of educational opportunity for Negroes needs to begin long before medical school. Desegregation at public school and college levels, Negro medical educators believe, will eventually insure a greater number of qualified Negro applicants to medical schools. Court decisions requiring desegregation in higher education have affected the admission policies of Southern medical schools. Today there are 39 Negro medical students in Arkansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Oklahoma, Texas, and Virginia; in 1948 there was none.

THE record shows that "personality" criteria have had much less effect than arithmetical quotas in implementing discrimination and prejudice in the admissions practices of medical schools. In 1940, for example, a Jewish applicant to Cornell's medical school had only one-tenth the chance of getting accepted that other applicants had. In 1952, according to a sampling given in the Regents report, of 63 Jewish applicants to Cornell with good or very good grades, nine were accepted; of 34 non-Jewish applicants with the same grades, ten were accepted. The sample included four applicants with straight "A's," three of whom were Jewish and one Protestant. The Protestant was the only one of the four that Cornell accepted. Nevertheless, the difference between the one-to-ten chance a Jewish applicant had in 1940 and the one-to-two chance he had in 1952 represents a highly significant change. Over twice as many Jewish applicants were accepted by Cornell in 1952 as in 1940.

Many medical schools, while giving some weight to "personality" qualifications, base their admissions mainly on scholarship. In the sample reported on in the Regents study, the New York University College of Medicine, for example, accepted every pre-medical student with "excellent" grades who applied to it, and three out of four of those with "very good" grades; Jews were admitted in about the same proportion as Gentiles, all other qualifications being equal.

Top scholarship students are in any case seldom rejected by medical schools that stress grades. Of 66 top scholarship Jewish applicants in 1952, in another sampling given in the Regents report, 63 were accepted at some medical school, and the non-Jewish applicants with equivalent grades who were studied in this same sampling had a similar ratio of success. "Personality" emphasis may

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limit the choice of medical schools for top Jewish and Italian applicants, but obviously it does not completely bar them.

For applicants with grades below the top the "personality" factor does tend, however, to be decisive. Sixty-four per cent of Jewish applicants with "good" grades were successful in gaining admission to a medical school, as compared with 82 per cent of all other applicants with similar grades. In the "average" and "below average" groups, the differential becomes even more marked; 29 per cent of Jewish applicants with average grades got into a medical school, as against 46 per cent of Gentile applicants with average grades. In the "below average" group, 7 per cent of Jewish applicants and 21 per cent of all others gained admission. These differentials were almost entirely due to the resistance Jewish applicants met at medical schools where "personality" was a controlling factor in admissions decisions.

THE Regents report from which the above data are taken concluded that questions of personality were at the "crux of the issue of discrimination" in admissions to medical schools. And it recommended that basic studies of the "personality" factor be undertaken as a contribution to counseling and to "humane intergroup relations." In response, the Education Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, has begun research to establish the traits of personality most suitable to success in the medical and other professions. Objective criteria for "non-intellectual determinants," as they are called, have already been successfully established for some fields, and it is likely that further research will bring similar results for medicine.

Despite the amount of bias in admissions still shown in the Regents study for 1952, 57 per cent of Jewish applicants got into a medical school in New York State in that year, as compared with 50 per cent of all other applicants. This paradox is explained by the high grades of the average Jewish applicant, coupled with the emphasis on grades at many New York State medical schools. The average Jewish applicant obtained a score of 589 on the Medical College Aptitude Test as against an average of 500 for all other applicants. If Jewish applicants had conformed to the 500 average, only 32 per cent of them, instead of 57 per cent, would have been admitted to a medical school, according to the pattern indicated in the Regents study. Of the Italian applicants, whose average grades were around 500 and who faced the same kind of discrimination on the "personality" count as Jews, only 35 per cent were successful.

The traditional interest of Jews in medicine may be a factor here. In the past, some of the best Jewish talents have been attracted to medicine, since it has always been one of the "free" professions where one could rise by personal merit, and where bias could not operate as broadly as in other fields to block advancement and even employment. Undoubtedly, the realization that a Jewish applicant *qua* applicant has to have a good deal more than the next fellow in order to offset the effects of discrimination has been another factor contributing to a special selectivity among Jewish students who seek medical careers.

One effect of these selective circumstances is the unusually high proportion of medical discovery and research contributed by Jewish doctors. *Fortune* recently reported, in a study of outstanding American scientists under forty, that over half (52 per cent) of the country's leading medical scientists in this age group were Jewish.

THE traditional Jewish interest in medicine is beginning, however, to show signs of flagging as discrimination against Jews in such fields as engineering and industry relaxes. In 1940, Dean Ladd of Cornell stated that of around 1,200 applications received annually by his medical school, about 700, or 58 per cent, were from Jews. In 1952, the figure dropped to 41 per cent, according to an estimate based on the above-mentioned study of the Board of Regents. (In that year applicants to medical schools in New York State were no longer required to state their religion on their application

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forms.) Despite the encouragement to Jewish applications given by Cornell's abandonment of the "quota" system, a reduction of one-third in the proportion of Jews applying to Cornell has probably taken place since 1940.

Another significant change became apparent in 1952 and has continued through the 1956 freshman classes in American medical schools. For the two decades before 1947, there was a fairly consistent national average of about two applicants for every place in a medical school. This was the heyday of the quota system, when everything seemed calculated to discourage Jewish applicants. The abrupt postwar rise in applications—to over 24,000 in 1948—increased the number of applicants for every place from two to four. In 1950, when over 22,000 young people sought admission to medical schools, the ratio was still more than three to one, since there had been only a negligible increase in medical training facilities in the interim. But in 1952 the tide receded perceptibly, the number of applicants dropping to about 16,000 (with New York State sharing proportionately in the downward trend).

This decrease in applications was accompanied by further significant decreases in discrimination. The 1952 New York Regents study, which showed a clear picture of biased practices, had been preceded by a 1950 study in which the effects of discrimination were even more pronounced. In 1950, 35 per cent of Jewish graduates of New York State colleges applying to New York State medical schools were accepted, as compared with 45 per cent of all others. The figures in 1952, it will be recalled, were 57 per cent acceptance of Jewish applicants and 50 per cent of all others. In other words, decreased pressure for admission had in two years brought about a 22 per cent increase in acceptance of Jewish students as against a 5 per cent increase in acceptance of all others.

An important factor in this rise in Jewish admissions was that the average score for Jewish applicants in the Medical College Aptitude Test remained the same in 1952 as in 1950, while the average of all other applicants fell 10 points. Decreased admission pressure brought with it a considerably smaller proportion of applicants with "A" college grades. In 1950, 40 per cent of the first-year students in all American medical schools had "A" averages; in 1952, the percentage had dropped to 18, where it has stayed since. Thus the shrinking of competition now generally assures top students of a medical education, whatever the ethnic or religious group to which they belong.

Statistical studies of medical school admissions since 1952 have not been made, but there is evidence to show that a plateau has been reached in the matter of discrimination. A New York census of the religious distribution of students in the nine New York State medical colleges established that the situation in 1953 and 1954 remained almost the same as in 1952.

Since 1952 the annual number of applicants to medical schools has dropped further, from 16,000 to somewhere between 14,000 and 15,000, and stayed there. Columbia's medical school enrollment of Jewish students, which was between 10 and 15 per cent during the "quota" era, rose to 25 per cent in the postwar period, then to 35 per cent in 1952, and to 40 per cent in 1953 and 1954.

THE reasons for the rise and fall in medical school applications over the past decade have not been fully investigated by the medical schools themselves. The *Journal* of the Association of American Medical Colleges attributed the postwar upsurge to "a large foot-loose age and educationally eligible population." In spite of the fact that college enrollment, far from falling since the immediate postwar boom in education, has even risen, the number of students who take undergraduate degrees has decreased. This is accounted for by drop-outs and by the junior colleges, which do not grant bachelor degrees. In 1949, 435,000 bachelor degrees were awarded, but only about 300,000 in 1952 and in each year since then.

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From 5 per cent to 7 per cent of the annual crop of college graduates have applied to medical schools over the past ten years. When degree-takers numbered 400,000 there were over 24,000 applicants; but now that graduates number only 300,000 annually there are only about 15,000 applicants.

However, according to the Association of American Medical Colleges, applications to medical schools can be expected to rise again after 1959—and sharply. This will be brought about by the first contingent of college graduates from the higher birth-rate years that began in 1939. Now that over 30 per cent of those of college age attend college in this country, as against 15 per cent in 1940, with the proportion continuing to rise, it is foreseen that by 1966 the higher wartime and postwar birth rate—combined with anticipated attendance by 50 per cent of those of college age—will send college enrollment up to five or six million. It is now three million, and in 1940 was one and a half million.

By 1965, the United States Office of Education predicts, over twice as many students as in 1955 will be receiving bachelor degrees: 600,000 annually. If they apply to medical schools in the present proportion of 5 to 7 per cent, 30,000 to 42,000 candidates for medical training can be expected by 1965.

We now have room in our medical schools for 7,800 freshman. This includes almost 300 places in three new medical schools: Seton Hall in Jersey City, Albert Einstein College of Yeshiva University, and the University of Florida (all three schools, however, remaining without formal approval from the AMA until they graduate their first classes).

A BILL to provide Federal aid as an emergency measure for the creation of additional medical training facilities has been pending in Congress for over two years now. It provides $250 million for this purpose, with a requirement that additional expenses be shared by medical schools themselves, and envisages a five-year program in which $50 million may be spent by the government each year. The result, it is estimated by the Association of American Medical Colleges, will be to add about 850 places for first-year medical students. This means that there would be about 8,650 places in all within a space of five years if this bill were adopted.

These additional places will hardly suffice to maintain the present ratio of physicians to the total population of the United States. Nor does anyone even pretend that 850 new places would substantially narrow the present gap between demand and supply in medical care. The American Medical Association, as we have seen, insists that no real shortage of physicians exists at present, and is backing the proposed bill only because it admits that the population is growing, but other authorities maintain that by 1970 the demand for medical services will be 66 per cent higher than it is now.

On the basis of the projected figures, the current ratio of two applicants for each place in our medical schools will rise to four for each place by 1965. The situation will then be one in which, while the country will still be short of doctors, the number of those willing and qualified to study medicine will be greater than ever. A likely result of the increased competition for medical school places that will then ensue will be the tightening up again of restrictive admission policies both through residential limitations and through ethnic and religious quotas.

In the final analysis, the question of who shall be our doctors ought to be answered by an informed public. Engineering societies do not lay down the number of engineers we require, nor do other professional groups presume to set limits to the number of recruits to their callings. The quality and scale of tomorrow's medical care will be determined by what is planned today. Though a "crash" program for the expansion of medical school facilities would seem to be clearly indicated by the size of the present gap between supply and need, little is being done about it. This makes medical education a matter of very serious concern to every American, and not merely a special interest of the medical profession.

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THE U.S. BACKS THE ARAB MONARCHS

The Eisenhower Doctrine and the Anti-Nasser Bloc

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

JERUSALEM

THE visitor to Israel quickly discovers that events which loom large in the headlines abroad are not necessarily of prime concern to the inhabitants of this small but tough republic. Thus there has never been much interest here in the well-publicized peregrinations of Mr. Hammerskjold, let alone in the frequent pronouncements from his office on such subjects as the administration of the Gaza Strip, Egyptian control of the Suez Canal, or the intentions of Colonel Nasser. The infrequent deliberations of the Security Council do not as a rule rate very highly either; if the truth be told, the United Nations is reckoned an increasingly bad joke. Even such stalwarts of legalism as may still be found here and there among the older generation of Western-educated Israelis have quietly come round to the view that where Israel is concerned international law can be made to prevail only if the plaintiff enters the courtroom well armed and has a few reliable friends on the bench. The International Court at The Hague is of course exempt from these suspicions, but then it has no powers of enforcement.

There are indeed persistent rumors that a judgment in Israel's favor as regards Suez might weigh with Colonel Nasser—but only because it may suit him to appear law-abiding for a change. The notion that Egypt genuinely intends to live up to the spirit of last October's "six principles" solemnly adopted by the Security Council strikes the Israelis as comical. This, not his alleged anti-Israeli bias, accounts for the pronounced lack of enthusiasm for Mr. Hammerskjold which one senses here. The Secretary General is not blamed for being polite to Colonel Nasser, but for enabling that gentleman to conduct his piratical operations in the guise of high-level international talks about "plans" and "proposals" which invariably turn out to be unilateral Egyptian statements of intent. In the Israeli view, it would be better to call a successful coup of brigandage by its proper name, instead of trying laboriously to legalize it: an opinion also shared by the British and French governments.

It was in a similar mood of semi-ironical detachment that public opinion here in recent weeks followed Washington's somewhat tortuous efforts to make the Eisenhower Doctrine rhyme with the Sixth Fleet's movements and the progress of the Richards mission. Israeli editorials were inclined to extract the last ounce of satisfaction from the spectacle of Washington's rapid descent from the moral heights climbed last November, when the mere idea of "using force" against anyone (let alone an Arab state) was solemnly abjured by the President and Mr. Dulles as one of those outdated "colonial" notions which only retrograde people could entertain. What has been happening since then appeals powerfully to the Israeli sense of humor, the more so since it was Britain and France rather than Israel who were the recipients of the seemingly end-

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THE Eisenhower Doctrine, solidly backed by the Sixth Fleet, got its first trial in the recent Jordanian crisis, and seemed to produce results: a conservative bloc is now forming in the Middle East that may yet set limits to Nasser's overweening ambitions, and there is at least the prospect of American influence filling the void left by the withdrawal of the British—although, as GEORGE LICHTHEIM warns from Jerusalem, optimism about Middle East developments must always be heavily qualified. Mr. Lichtheim is a regular contributor on world affairs; his article "Why England and France Intervened" appeared in our December 1956 issue.

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less flood of moralizing which in those weeks emanated from the White House and the State Department.

Most Europeans last fall, discounting the verbal idealism of the U. S. administration, promptly began to speculate on how long it would take America to step into Britain's shoes. Judging from the dramatic circumstances surrounding the Jordanian upheaval of April-May, the answer would seem to be: six months. Except of course that the British Foreign Office never hit on the bright idea of denouncing Colonel Nasser's interference in Jordan as a manifestation of "international Communism," while extolling the same Nasser's handling of the Suez dispute as a healthy display of "Arab nationalism." This tightrope act represents a distinct refinement upon Downing Street's traditional cunning: trans-Atlantic guile at long last catching up with the Old World model—what a subject for a future Henry James!

It is nice, too, after all these years of American sermonizing about effete monarchies and retrograde European ideas, to watch the United States busy propping up the last few remnants of Arab traditionalism, and even taking credit for helping young Hussein of Jordan to disband a rebellious parliament! If the opposition leaders in Jordan and Syria were not so destitute of political intelligence, they could make something of this cleavage between Washington's abstract republicanism and the grotesque promises showered upon Hussein for behaving like a latter-day Stuart monarch.

Not that everyone in this part of the world takes the prospect of "kingly government" very seriously, save as a temporary expedient. Although currently bereft of its parliament, Jordan still has its political parties (minus the Communists) and its semi-free press—unlike Egypt, where a more efficient regime has established complete uniformity. Even Iraq, after several years of royalist quasi-dictatorship, still conserves a parliament of sorts, safely packed, it is true, with loyal government supporters, but also containing a few gelded opposition leaders who are allowed to make speeches (but not to raise the mob against the all-but-perpetual government of Nuri es-Said). As long as the army and the bureaucracy are prepared to back this state of affairs, there seems no reason why it should not endure. The middle class is weak, and part of it is beginning to benefit from Iraq's growing oil royalties.

Jordan under Hussein seems to be heading in the same direction (except for the absence of oil, which may turn out to be crucial). The choice—one wearies of having to repeat it—is not between democracy and dictatorship, but between old-fashioned royalist authoritarianism and new-fangled Nasserist rule by an army junta. The State Department's evident belief that royalism can still endure for a while is thus less unrealistic than its liberal critics tend to assume. One may marvel at the speed with which American diplomats and correspondents in these parts have become converts to monarchy, but the argument that this kind of regime suits the Arabs (or some Arabs) is not as absurd as it looks. Even some of the nationalist spokesmen in Jordan, and in the Old City of Jerusalem, on balance prefer their royal autocrat to Colonel Nasser and his band of fellow militarists.

THE uncertain element in this witches' brew is Arab nationalism; or rather Pan-Arabism. Every politician in the Arab world is now busy trying to sound like a national leader, and the head start gained by Nasser in this domain—thanks in part to the remarkable imbecility of the British government—still serves him in the race against his crowned and uncrowned rivals. But the others are beginning to catch up: when Hussein carried out his coup d'état in Jordan he promptly consolidated his popular support by broadcasting a proclamation in which he presented himself as a true servant of the Arab (read: Pan-Arab) cause.

Similarly, when in late April and early May he cracked down on his Communists—who by that time included officials and members of parliament—he denounced them

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for maintaining ties with their fellow Communists in Israel. This proved a useful slogan. The conservative bloc which at present runs Iraq and Jordan—with some support from Saud who is still fairly safe in his oil-bearing desert—has found by experience that, to the unlettered, "Communism" is still a rather vague bogy, so that it is quite feasible to couple Communists and Zionists as twin enemies of true Arabism. This of course is gall and wormwood to the Communists who for years have tried to integrate themselves into the Arab national movement by joining the anti-Israel campaign.

It also embarrasses Nasser and his Syrian opposite number, Serraj, neither of whom can do without Communist support. By contrast it has a certain effect on the conservative wing of the national movement: and even left-of-center groups like the Ba'ath and the "National Socialists," who try to rope in Communist support without surrendering their own aims. No Arab likes to be thought a fool, and the assertion that Nasser and Serraj have sold out to Moscow, without getting anything substantial in exchange, is not without its effect on the bazaar politicians and the sages of the local coffee-house. Colonel Abdel Nasser is still a hero to most of them (except to the journalists and parliamentarians who know what has happened to political life in Egypt under his dictatorship), but his rivals have had some success in spreading the tale that more is to be got out of the West by subtler methods than his. ("The West" in this context signifies America plus Russia, since no Arab is so naive as to suppose that there exists a profound and unbridgeable gulf between these powers.) At any rate, it can today be said with some plausibility that Nasser no longer has a monopoly of Pan-Arab good will: there may even be something in the belief that he has passed his peak.

IT IS only by thus balancing long-term and short-term considerations that one can begin to do justice to the State Department's recent achievements. Anyone equipped with the standard vocabulary of contemporary politics—the editor of the *New Statesman* for example—can demonstrate without much difficulty that it is futile and foolish for the United States to build upon such medieval relics as King Saud or the Hashemite dynasty in Baghdad and Amman. But in recent weeks such critics have proved less perspicacious than the routine diplomats who engineered the formation of the conservative bloc. It is instructive to compare their predictions with the realities, insofar as these can be perceived by a visitor with no particular ax to grind. Thus the *New Statesman,* which makes a habit of being systematically wrong about almost everything, had this to say on April 27 about the royalist coup in Jordan the week before:

> What has the king achieved by this? Very little. His attempt to form a Bedouin-dominated cabinet—even if it survives, which now seems doubtful—is a paper compromise paralysed by internal contradictions. It lacks the will to control the Ba'ath-incited street mobs by force, and it is unwilling to carry out the reorientation of foreign policy which the king desires. Moreover, its formation does not solve Jordan's basic financial problem. It cannot appeal for American help, while Syria and Egypt are unlikely to go to bail for an administration which is working, even if unwillingly, against their own interests.

Within a few days every one of these confident predictions turned out to be nonsense. The combination of king, army, and traditionalists easily scattered the parliamentary leaders, while the "Ba'ath-incited street mobs" proved ready enough to cheer Hussein and damn his enemies. The "reorientation of foreign policy" was accomplished with such speed that it became unnecessary for the Richards mission to visit Amman. Nor are there any signs of reluctance to ask for American aid! Lastly, Egypt and Syria, having failed to overthrow Hussein, remained quiet while he used his Saudian and Iraqi connections to consolidate his military hold. When it came to the point, 80 per cent of the Jordanian army proved royalist, the chief malcontents among the officers escaped to Damascus, and the alleged

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unreliability of the armored detachments—staffed, it was said, by too many ex-Palestinians from the West bank—had no marked effect on the situation. In short, royalist rule turned out to be entirely practicable—as indeed it has for years proved in Iraq.

All this of course means nothing in the long run, but statesmen have to busy themselves with a succession of short runs, and just now the attempts to split the Arab League into two rival blocs looks like a success. The important point in this context is that the conservative wing of the League—i.e. the three kings and their allies—have managed to retain their hold upon a sizeable fraction of Arab public opinion, such as it is. Their quarrel with Egypt and Syria is not viewed as a sell-out to "imperialism," a term which in the Middle Eastern context still signifies Britain and France rather than the two super-powers. Not even Nasser has as yet dared to challenge Saud's or Hussein's standing as independent rulers; to do so would be to explode the League from within, and the time for that is not ripe.

Apart from the Communists, who of course have settled on the "Eisenhower Doctrine" as the symbol of the new imperialist threat to Arab freedom, no sizeable group in the Arab world is prepared to equate the United States with "imperialism" pure and simple. For to the Arabs "imperialism" has come to mean direct Western domination. It is all very well for the Communists to explain, with frequent reference to the sacred Leninist texts, that imperialism is simply monopoly capitalism in action. To the relatively unsophisticated minds of most Arab nationalists this kind of reasoning seems needlessly involved and obscure. They think they know what imperialism means, and so far Washington has given them no cause to suspect that the Eisenhower Doctrine is intended to stake out a claim for colonial domination by the United States. In the circumstances they see no reason why they should not profit from balancing between the two world power blocs.

None of this need be taken to mean that the conservative bloc can go on functioning for a considerable length of time if it fails to make contact with Arab nationalism. Public opinion—which for practical purposes means middle-class and intelligentsia opinion—is becoming a force even in the Middle East. "National Socialist" (the term is almost meaningless) politicians like Hussein's ex-Premier, Suleiman Nabulsi, are clearly regarded by the emerging middle class as true standard-bearers of the Pan-Arab cause. In order to survive, the royalist regimes must come to terms with them; but they can probably do so at their own speed and on their own terms. The chief practical effect of the Eisenhower Doctrine, the Richards mission, and the Sixth Fleet's maneuvers has indeed been to stabilize these regimes sufficiently for just such a compromise to become feasible. By stemming the headlong rush toward Nasserism in the doubtful Jordanian area, these American interventions have created a political no-man's-land which the more extreme forces of Pan-Arabism cannot enter unopposed, as they were threatening to do on the eve of the Jordanian coup. That is all, but measured by the usual pragmatic tests it is not entirely negligible.

It could of course be nullified by some such stroke as a successful assassination in either Baghdad or Amman. But the mere fact that this now looks like the radical opposition's only immediate hope of recovering the ground lost in recent weeks speaks volumes about the opposition's real strength, when measured against the full force of the conservative bloc, backed by the Sixth Fleet and the promise of adequate financial aid. In Jerusalem at any rate, where Jordanian affairs are viewed in the light of pretty circumstantial knowledge, talk of the opposition leaders controlling the mob sounds hollow. Their control over the students and the restless refugees on the West bank is a function of their ability to make the Egyptian-Syrian orientation look more inviting than the rival alliance of the Arab monarchies; and this they have failed to do.

As for the Jordanian army, there is no good reason why it should exchange its tradi-

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tional ties with Iraq—"the Prussia of the Arab world"—for an uncertain (financially and otherwise) alliance with Egypt (a deflated military power) and Syria (a nonexistent one). If it is a question of marching against Israel—the only long-range goal of all these states that does not get them against each other—the unity of the conservative bloc offers better prospects than a loose formation under the leadership of the Egyptian Péron, with his hankering after personal hegemony over the Arab world. In short, the conservative bloc has its own program which is not necessarily less realistic than Nasser's.

In terms of Pan-Arab politics this dissociation of the Arab League into a conservative-royalist and a radical-Nasserist group means the end of Cairo's ambitious scheme to organize a camp of "liberated" and neutralist Arab states comprising Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Jordan. The last-minute attempt by President Kuwatly of Syria in late April to mediate between the two groups was a failure, largely because Syria is itself the arena of a struggle between conservative and radical movements, with Kuwatly fighting for his political life against radicals and Nasserist army officers.

By early May any idea of Syrian intervention in Jordan had been rendered impracticable by American-Turkish pressure in the north and Saudi-Iraqi troop movements in the south. (Egypt was forced to sit still anyhow, since Egyptian troops would have had to cross Sinai and the Negev in order to reach Jordan). For this failure Nasser has only himself to blame. The violence of his anti-Hussein campaign left the king no choice but to fight back with the weapons he had at hand, notably the Arab Legion. Something appears to have been at fault with Cairo's assessment of the relative strength of the contending factions in the country and within the Legion. When two ex-commanders of the force, Nuwar and Hajjari, absconded to Damascus within a week, the Cairo Junta seems to have jumped to the conclusion that the time was ripe for a repetition of its successful intervention eighteen months ago, when Egyptian agents (and Saudian money) brought the mobs into the streets, overthrew the weak Jordanian government, and frustrated Britain's attempt to bring Jordan into the Baghdad Pact alliance of Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan. This time the coup misfired—largely because there were no British to blame, and no obvious targets for "anti-imperialist" slogans. Besides, Saudian money was backing the conservative side, the Iraqis were ready to march, Turkey was making threatening noises in the north, and the Sixth Fleet was steaming through Mediterranean waters as a kind of general hint in the direction of Moscow.

This impressive backdrop to the relatively insignificant Jordanian crisis revealed the extent of the forces which could be brought into play under the terms of the Eisenhower Doctrine, but in itself it was no more than a display of strength intended to overawe the Cairo Junta and its Syrian allies. (Contrary to a widespread impression, Israel was sitting tight for good political reasons of its own.)

THE new Middle Eastern alignment thus wears two different aspects, depending on whether one concentrates on inter-Arab politics or adopts a less parochial standpoint. Leaving the Arab states out of account for a moment, Turkey is America's most important ally in the area, as well as being the most Westernized state of the group (Israel excepted) and a secular republic compared with which Nasser's Egypt looks distinctly retrograde. Thus it cannot be seriously charged that American policy has come to rely wholly on the backward Arab monarchies. It is only in terms of Arab politics that this complaint has some force, and for reasons already indicated it is not altogether valid here, since the conservative bloc is as nationalist as the rival Nasserist camp. It is a measure of Nasser's failure that his opponents in the Arab world have come together in the persons of the Saudi and Iraqi hereditary rulers, who have had to bury their long-standing family feud in order to form a common front against him. They

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have done so in the shadow of the Baghdad Pact and the Eisenhower Doctrine—two of the Colonel's favorite bogies—and against a stimulating backdrop of Sixth Fleet movements and loud but hollow protests from Moscow, Cairo, and Damascus against American "intervention." True, as a result, Cairo Radio no longer refers to Iraq, Saudi, and Jordan as "liberated" countries, but though intended as a deadly insult, this omission is far from fatal to the standing of the three hereditary rulers. (And if it is a question of radical versus traditionalist forces, it should be remembered that Cairo's relations with Tunisian Arab liberals and Turkish republicans have been consistently bad.)

The new alignment had been in the offing for some months. Its roots are to be sought in the losses suffered by Saudia and Iraq as a result of the temporary stoppage of oil supplies to Europe following the Suez operation. This upheaval persuaded the oil-producing Arab governments that Nasser was not merely a dangerous neighbor but a blundering megalomaniac whose restless activities represented a constant threat to their principal source of income. Thus while continuing to pay lip service to the "six principles"* laid down at the Cairo meeting of "liberated" Arab states last February (not to be confused with the Security Council's "six principles" on Suez, which have proved equally hollow), they began to look around for means to exclude Nasser from their councils. The result so far has been the formation of the conservative bloc which is now trying to rope in nationalist (i.e. middle-class and intelligentsia) support on the basis of anti-Communism and continued (but somewhat academic) fulminations against Israel.

*What do these famous principles portend? As formulated on February 27, after a three-day wrangle between Colonel Nasser, King Saud, King Hussein and President Kuwatly of Syria, they obliged the signatories to work for (a) Israel's unconditional withdrawal from Gaza and Sharm-el-Sheikh; (b) restoration of "full rights" to the Arabs of Palestine; (c) compensation for Egypt in payment of damages and losses resulting from the Anglo-French Suez campaign; (d) Egyptian sovereignty over the Suez Canal; (e) a joint stand on "British aggression against Yemeni territory" (an ancient Saudian complaint arising from Saud's oil politics); and lastly (f) support for the Algerian nationalists. This could be described as a general platform of Pan-Arabism, its various planks being designed to please the four conferees, without committing them to anything in particular.

HAVING subscribed to the six principles, Saud and Hussein automatically qualified as fellow nationalists and rulers of "liberated Arab countries." They were thus in a position, some weeks later, to accept American aid without risking the dangerous imputation of being imperialist stooges. Taking arms and money from the West (or from Russia, for that matter) is not reckoned dishonorable in the Middle East, so long as the recipient can offer convincing proof that he has preserved his freedom of action in terms of local and regional politics; and in this respect there is little to choose between the two groups within the Arab camp. That one of them prefers to lean on Washington rather than Moscow does not render it suspect to the uncertain third factor: the Pan-Arab movement as such.

But the converse also holds: it is silly to suppose that Arab nationalism can be mobilized against one or the other of the Arab states on the plea that the local rulers have sold out to Russia or to "international Communism." Communism in the Middle East (as in the rest of the world) is national as well as international. It is by now a growing force (though not the dominant one) within the Arab nationalist movement, and its partners among the various left-of-center groups (Ba'ath, National Socialists, etc.) are certain to rally to its side in any open confrontation between the conservative bloc and the radical alliance which takes the form of ordinary anti-Communist suppression, military or otherwise. To that extent the elements of a "popular front" are already in existence, not only in Syria and Lebanon, but even in so backward an area as Jordan. (Lebanon incidentally is the only Middle Eastern country other than Israel where it is possible to encounter genuine trade union-

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ism, and even a handful of people who are socialists in the Western sense of the term, i.e., neither fellow-travelers nor camouflaged fascists).

IT IS with such considerations in mind that Middle Eastern observers—in Israel and elsewhere—of the recent American moves tend to qualify the optimism engendered by the turn of events in April-May. When the "integrity and independence" of a petty kingdom like Jordan is officially declared to be "vital" to American interests, while at the same time Egyptian dictation is accepted at Suez, one may wonder whether the policy-makers have a clear sense of the relative importance of the issues at stake. And when "international Communism" is described as the true cause of Jordan's troubles, the alarming thought suggests itself that those in authority who find it convenient to invoke this spectre have actually begun to believe their own propaganda. This does not matter in the case of someone like Hussein, who would anyhow find it difficult to tell the difference between a Communist and a typical middle-class politician like his "National Socialist" ex-Premier Suleiman Nabulsi. But if Washington is going to use slogans of this kind, it should do so with a clear consciousness that they are nonsensical. There is perhaps no great harm in talking nonsense, as long as one is not taken in by one's own verbiage. Otherwise the American argument is reduced to the sophistry of contending that Colonel Nasser is acting as an agent of "international Communism" in Jordan, while retaining the status of an authentic nationalist at home. Perhaps the whole confusion is due to the speed with which the Eisenhower Doctrine had to be invoked last April for the deployment of the Sixth Fleet. But now that the emergency is over—for the moment anyhow—the time has come to take another look at the official vocabulary. The cold war is, among other things, a struggle for the allegiance of doubtful and uncommitted political forces, and the verbal instruments employed in this task must do the work of precision tools. If they are blunted by careless or inexpert handling, there is a danger that an increasingly sophisticated public will shop elsewhere for its favorite article.

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LIFE IN CHICAGO

The Land and the Lake

ISAAC ROSENFELD

ALL faces, coins, and questions have two sides, there is concave and convex, and what man isn't a Janus-head? This being topology it holds good of all things: so also of cities with their inside and out. I was born well inside Chicago, four miles from the Lake. Public transportation being what it was—I might just as well say *is*, but in those days no poor man had a car—and since the only practical measure of distance from the Lake was distance from a beach, all residents of the Jewish West Side, around Roosevelt and Kedzie, were dry-docked. To see water, you had to stand long, sweaty streetcar rides (the red and buff streetcars, reeking of ozone, with their clanging bells and screeching wheels, the wire-mesh window guards and the air compressors going *diga-diga-diga-diga* at each stop, the dust, the confetti of transfer punches, mashed cigarette butts and soiled newspapers, hot rattan seats on the sunny side, green shades)—how long those rides were! You might have been living in the heart of some central land mass, for all the difference it made, your proximity to water. Herewith, a theory on the matter.

THE sudden death of ISAAC ROSENFELD last July at the age of thirty-seven cut short the career of one of the most gifted writers in America. At the time of his death, Rosenfeld was still revising the essay we publish here, but he left the manuscript in an almost completely finished state. His contributions to COMMENTARY are too numerous to list: they began with a short story in an early issue of the magazine ("Bazaar of the Senses," February 1946), and continued through many essays and reviews, the last of which (a review of George Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, June 1956) appeared a month before his death. He was also a contributor to *Partisan Review*, *Kenyon Review*, and other literary magazines, as well as the author of a novel, *Passage from Home* (1946), and the volume *King Solomon and Other Stories* (1954).

All cities hug water, but it's available, accessible, visible, sensible water that counts. You wouldn't have known it, living inland in Chicago—and you won't, I am sure, to this day—that the city sprawls for miles along a great lake that is capable of oceanic moods when the right weather takes it, of biologic odors when its meadows bloom and its fauna spawn and crawl; you wouldn't have known that this lake makes sea-waves, and in winter, ice cliffs, under a wild-flying spray. Thales never walked these streets, or he would have held earth to be the source of all creation, the peculiar, cracked, ashy, mineral-gray Chicago earth with its derivative dust, grit, and grime that rise swirling when the wind blows. We had sun-pictures in those days: you held a glass negative to the light, backed by a piece of photo-sensitive paper—images of Tom Mix, Jack Holt, Hoot Gibson straddling their lover-horses, or Rin-Tin-Tin in an earlier incarnation, but never of ships, not even a tub or a barge, let alone ocean liners. Locomotives there were aplenty—the Twentieth Century, which runs to New York.

So we were land-locked, and the mind was parched for moisture. Call it Gobi Desert, we were in Central Asia, and even when the rain poured, as it did, from hoses, the sewers would gurgle, the baked earth would crack open again, and only a little mud remained in the depressions we had pocked out with our heels to play killer-in-the-hole. Such is the source of isolationism in the Midwest: it is an ignorance and fear of water.

It took estrangement to make this clear to me. I had to move away and come back a visitor, and at last, as I am now, a residential stranger, to discover the Lake front and its implications. I had to approach the city from the outside, to throw off the heavy, bitter birth-burden and the natural piety by which I held this place dear, to see it under an aspect external to both my love and hate:

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to peer down its streets and not see myself at the end of them.

THE visitor who approaches Chicago by plane from the East gets the preferential view: granite and white marble skyscrapers and museums, bordered by park, bordered by water. Then more of the same by car for some twenty miles along the lake, over the Outer Drive. Lake, lake, lake, but not really lake, for there is no opposite shore, only water-cribs, tankers, lighthouses, sails —and on the land side, tall apartment buildings, a continuous façade. One way, look as far as you like and let the horizon float you into space. The other way, blind and abrupt, no peeking. Chicago is trying to hide something. Walk about and you will see what—not north and south along the Lake —east, let us say, of Broadway, Clark, and State, for there you will see only that which Chicago wants seen, its Gold Coast and Magnificent Mile of Fifth Avenue and occasionally then-some shop windows, stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, cocktail lounges, and fashion centers which furnish the home and the mind. Go west, cross State, proceed out on North Avenue or Division, where the hog-butcher lives. Architecture is frozen music, but this is cut-throat screaming. Here are the hidden poor in outhouses with inside plumbing—what did the Great Chicago Fire burn that these hutches and coops should still stand? Not picturesque South Halsted Street with strings of garlic and garlands of fig, an atmosphere burning bright of Mediterranean ports and Polish ghettos, but Stashu-plain West Division Street with the blond, brutal, crew-cut hair, or Germantown North Avenue with the saloons and Deutsches Kino, the hardware stores, bakeries, the shiny furniture stores, the railroad yards, the factories, smokestacks, gas tanks. Mile after mile of vanished Nile culture reconstructed out of archaeological debris, but no people, the crowds in the street rendered invisible through incongruity: an inhuman landscape (does anyone *live* here?)—hence, no inhabitants. These are some species of nomad on the move, fellaheen taking off after the Israelities, they, too, fleeing a smitten Egypt. The pyramids are plainly labeled, Butcher Shop, Auto Parts, Wrecking. It goes on forever, the hidden Chicago, not to be seen from the outside. The point of it all is its pointlessness.

Let me say it by birthright. Natural piety revolts, I would not have it spoken by an outsider, to bray it aloud like A. J. Liebling and publish it in Gath. But if Chicago is one of the Seven Wonders, then the eighth is that a city should be so pointlessly huge. You can take down the statement in a mile or two, you get the drift soon enough, of landscape burdened by industry, but it goes on and on, over and over and over, a Walt Whitman storehouse of democracy come alive, a Sears catalogue of people and occupations endlessly varied in repetitive similitudes cracking Leibniz on the numskull conk, identity of indiscernibles, indeed! Why so much, so many, so indiscernibly all-alike-and-different, who needs all these dry goods stores, groceries, factories, railroad yards, sidings, lamp posts, funeral parlors? Would the world collapse if there were just one less?

NO FIERY riddles, this is all very plain. I mean to say, Chicago produces practically nothing that it does not manufacture. Between the work of hand and mind a balance must be kept. This balance was never established in the wonder days when Chicago rose from nothing to the nation's fourth largest city in the first generation of its incorporated existence, and our schools, churches, museums, libraries, universities, art galleries, theaters, and concert halls have not yet righted the balance, though we are second in the land.

Come back to the Lake. We have a saying in Chicago; when we want to dispose of someone we tell him to walk east—till his hat floats. The Lake is the city's eastern boundary, and all along this boundary for some twenty miles but seldom more than a mile deep, the East has, you might say, established a beachhead. Chicago can't keep its eye off New York; not only LaSalle vs. Wall Street, the whole city is shot through and has been over most of its history, with rivalrous attitudes. State and Madison is "the world's busiest corner," the Chicago *Tribune* is "the world's greatest newspaper," the Merchandise Mart is "the world's largest office building," Midway Airport is "the world's busiest," etc, etc.

Some of these boasts are well founded, Chicago does rank first in shipping, packing,

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railroading, its commercial traffic is second to none; but consider for a moment, not the truth but the *direction* of our claims—they are aimed at New York. One by one Chicago has overtaken its earlier rivals, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco; we are ahead of them in size, productivity, and importance (whatever we mean by that). But New York stays stubbornly in first place. All sorts of happy statements float about town; now that the St. Lawrence seaway is opening up and Chicago is building port facilities at Lake Calumet (at the southeastern extremity of the city), it will outstrip New York and become the country's number one port. It is so many miles nearer Liverpool than New York is, it has so many natural advantages, not the least considerable of which is the fact that the city is farther from the peak of its climb than New York. Now we are going to make it!

In five years the Port of Chicago may well become what the city's optimists predict, but it will take more than five years, at least a generation, more likely fifty, for the real issue in Chicago's rivalry with New York to be settled. This will require an elemental transformation. Chicago must move from earth to water. Such are the implications of the narrow strip along the Lake.

Such are the implications of the long narrow strip of Lake-culture, and its three points of concentration, off the North Shore at Evanston, where Northwestern stands (not properly in Chicago, but its culture necessarily bound fast to it), off the Near North Side and the Loop in the middle, and to the south, off the Midway which is spanned by the University of Chicago. The water-culture as opposed to the land means internationalism, an openness to interchange, a hospitality to ideas. The massive land-culture means heavy production, but no city can be truly great that does not reach out to water. It need not be nearby. Paris is no sea-coast town, neither is Rome, but the Seine and the Tiber are revered, and there men have at least built lovely embankments. The Chicago River, in the heart of town, runs dirty and neglected. It was a great engineering feat to make it reverse its course (in 1900, to draw sewage and foul odors away), but having done that, we were for years unable to think what else to do. Only in the last two years has a strip of embankment off Randolph Street been planted to grass, but so much remains to be done, this hardly counts as a beginning.

There is the matter of bridges, for one. A bridge must be a beautiful thing to symbolize intercourse, joining, but the Chicago River is spanned by no graceful rise of arch. Heavy, girdered, bridges flat as a Dutchman's foot join the Loop to its northern and western environs, and the union between the shores is not even a permanent thing, for the bridges must split open in the middle, stalling the land traffic, when a ship sails by. You can imagine how this will snarl an already congested traffic when enlarged port facilities bring an even greater amount of activity to the Chicago River, as they will inevitably do. Not until stairways, benches, and walks sprout among the still unplanted trees and gardens at the river banks will the Chicago become a proper place for loafing and dreaming, as are the Seine and the Tiber, even the commercial Thames and Hudson (where you dream of different things, all, however, touched by water). Not until then will water become a property of the city as a whole.

Look to fishing for our true progress. It is easy enough to sit and fish along the Lake, and hundreds of fishermen do so daily. But the heart of the city must find a place for them, they must not be required to sit at the edge. Only then will commerce once more come to mean intercourse—when one need not turn his back upon it, but can lean back, at ease among busy things, resting against stone and brick, activity wedded to inactivity, action to contemplation, and natural piety blessing all things—bird call and policeman's whistle—as it has done in Paris for centuries.

THE beachhead is in a perilous position: it is so narrow, so precious and *précieux;* and it makes up such a small proportion of the total land mass of Chicago. When there has been a particularly violent crime, or when the chronic racial tension in Chicago flares up, I am sometimes taken with fear and I see this vulnerable area, in which the city's cultural life is concentrated, invaded by the land forces, come to smash the records and the art objects and trample the Swedish-blond or Danish walnut fur-

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niture of the style centers under hobnail boots.

Violence, not precisely of this kind, has been going on in Hyde Park for years, where the streets are rude by day and unsafe by night, with robberies, burglaries, and assault quite common. To grasp the full meaning of these events, you must know that Hyde Park, for more than fifty years, has been the city's chief seat of culture—a South Side neighborhood of about two square miles in which the famous Midway, left over from the Exposition of 1893, the University of Chicago, the Museum of Science and Industry, the homes and apartments of University personnel, and fine parks, bathing beaches, shops, and hotels are located.

Hyde Park is bordered, on the west, by the terribly overcrowded Black Belt, which slipped its buckle during the war years; the resulting spill-over, plus migrations, still going on, of Puerto Ricans and of poor whites and Negroes from the South, converted the area into one of the city's worst trouble spots, full of crimes, juvenile and adult, and racial incidents. Some of the violence has been checked by arc lights and increased police patrols, which were granted by the city administration, rather belatedly, after the residents of the area held many protest meetings and circulated endless petitions. Conditions are much better now, but the meaning of these incidents persists; at work here are not racial tension, poverty, the maladjustments of uprooted populations, and resentment of the underprivileged alone, but the revolt of the masses, in Ortega's sense, the execration of quality and of things of the mind. It is hard to say how much damage has been done along these lines to the neighborhood and its institutions, and to what extent a recovery can be marked; but in the nature of the case, such blows to the security and ease of a city's cultural life may cause considerable and even permanent harm.

The University of Chicago, faced by the prospect of complete isolation in a roughneck slum, is at last "doing something about it"—together with the Southeast Chicago Commission, the Chicago Housing Authority, and the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference, it is sponsoring conversion of its immediate environs into a high-cost rental and shopping area, which should eliminate "undesirables" regardless of racial lines and enable the "better class of people" to live at ease. But this is hardly a fundamental solution, and it does not affect all of Hyde Park. Tenements, traps, and slums between the Midway and the south side of 55th Street will be torn down, but the area immediately north of 55th Street and within striking distance of the University and its precincts will only become more congested, and deteriorate all the more rapidly; the same may be expected across the southern boundary line, and one cannot suppose that forced removals will turn the gangs and hoods toward benevolence.

But the psychological aspects of this solution stand a somewhat better chance of working out. The strain on liberal conscience (Hyde Park is highly liberal) of opposing racial prejudice while complaining about "the neighborhood" and supporting block organizations to "keep up the standards," may shortly be removed, if the redevelopment of Hyde Park produces an interracial area of relatively equal economic, social, and cultural standards. The way one white liberal put it, "We don't care what color our neighbors are, but when they play their radios too loud, we'd rather hear Vivaldi than pops." But a conversation between two Negroes of the upper class, reported to me by Rolf Meyersohn, a University of Chicago sociologist, and his wife Mary Lea, puts the entire redevelopment project under a different light. "What self-respecting Negro would *want* to live in Hyde Park!" I don't know to what extent this sentiment is general among the colored; but the first may be taken to be universal among liberal whites.

COMMUNITY life in Hyde Park is dominated by the University, its students, faculty, and administrative personnel. I am willing to risk a few generalizations on the University culture—as anthropologists use the word—with the understanding, of course, that no generalizations are as sound as they are attractive.

Not so long ago, under the chancellorship of Robert M. Hutchins, the students at the University—I shall restrict myself throughout to undergraduates—made up a fairly uniform body. Football was out, and with it went the usual rah-rah accessories of col-

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legiate and fraternity life. Raccoon coat, pennants, beanies, megaphones, and sloganized flivvers may have flourished in the 20's; but the 30's and 40's, under Hutchins, were lean and studious years, with the students forming a self-conscious intellectual elite, newly introduced to Aristotle, Aquinas, and a revolutionary college program which gave great advantages to the bright and more industrious. In the postwar years, when enrollment dropped and the University found itself with a critical shortage of funds, a number of changes began to take place, the influence of which is still being felt. Chief among the changes was the succession to the chancellorship of Lawrence A. Kimpton, who views the return of football as a prime educational necessity, and who, a few years ago, shocked the campus by declaring that the University was no place for "queer" students. By queer, Chancellor Kimpton meant intellectuals—a position there is no reason to suspect him of having abandoned.

Kimpton's policies have gone over with the trustees, improved the University's financial position, and attracted a larger and more apple-cheeked student body. The "queers" to be sure, still persist, and always will, so long as the University retains its present scholastic standards, but among the students may now be found a considerable number of the "yaks"—as they are called in derision—more or less healthy and well-adjusted young men and women of rather inflexible mind, who regard life not as an adventure but an investment. In an argument with one of them—we were debating the relative merits of the Hutchins and Kimpton administrations—I found myself routed by my interlocutor, an Ivy Leaguish graduate in law, who declared, "Do you realize that until I came to the University I did not know how to play golf!" As we say, *"Darf men gehn tsu college?"*

INDIRECTLY and by default, the intellectuals are also promoting the return of football. (I trust that the term "intellectuals" may be applied, without too much stretch, to students who are not "yaks" and who may, conceivably, leave the university without learning how to play golf—in short the "queers." These equivocations are made in good faith, and are necessitated by an extraordinary shift in perspective among the students, which I hope to make clear in a moment. Let us call them the "serious" students, with the understanding that here, too, the term requires qualification.)

The outstanding change in student life, over the last decade or so, is the disappearance of politics as an active interest. Chicago, which was once considered a "hot bed of radicalism" by the *Tribune* and the local Hearst press and is still held in suspicion by the state legislature, has gone the way of all other American universities, with revolutionary groups passing into desuetude. In the old days (I would call them good; it is my own conviction that politics furnishes the best of all bases for secular culture) the political interest colored practically every student activity on campus, with the major division drawn between Stalinists (who dominated the American Student Union) and Trotskyites (who worked through the local chapter of the Young People's Socialist League.)* The two Marxist groups, with their symps and associates, spoke bitterly about, but never to, each other and avoided all contact, except to heckle, and occasionally strong-arm, each other's meetings. Politics was everywhere, in a measure, one ate and drank it; and sleep gave no escape, for it furnished terror to our dreams: Hitler, Mussolini, the Moscow Trials, the Spanish Civil War, the plaguey bill of Stalinism, the stop-gaps of NRA, WPA, and the New Deal, and the approach of inevitable war. We lived in the shadow of annihilation, drawing on the pattern of Guernica and Ethiopia, to imagine what bombings would be like. Liaisons, marriages and divorces, let alone friendships, were sometimes contracted on no other basis than these issues, and dominated, in a way that might seem incomprehensible to the present generation, by events of the world order. Even students who were *hors de combat* were involved, for everyone called upon them to justify their disinterest, and they had hard work convincing even themselves. Politics was form and substance, accident and modification, the metaphor of all things.

Now this has vanished like Villon's snows. The metaphor is no longer political; it is not even social, but anti-social, and anti-

*I am speaking of an avant-garde, the pacesetters and conscious students, and also the ones who were out of it in a special way.

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social in a special sense, for the word, as older generations understand it, carries connotations that have become obsolete. Insofar as there is a metaphor governing the attitudes of life, it seems to be derived from the world of jazz, with the avant-garde leading the way in speech, manners, and dress. A few alliances exist with the pipestem, narrow-shouldered Ivy League tradition, and there is a sprouting of striped and buckled caps, but the University, as a whole, has not plunged. This is due to the fact that the University of Chicago is still dominated by intellectual tradition, and no definite tradition comes along with the suit and extra slacks.

But the dominant intellectual tradition is hardly recognizable as one. Tag ends of Aristotelianism and of Hutchins still stick to it, but they are as confused as they are confusing to the undergraduates, who take quite a rocking in the College, while new administrative policies are under hot debate. For the last several years everyone has been predicting the complete disappearance of the College, as Hutchins organized it, in a year or two; the predictions have not yet come true, but slow changes are in process, hard to make out on the surface, which, everyone supposes, are preparing the way for the University with a strapping enrollment and buzzing with the wholesome athletic activities that Kimpton desires. Meanwhile the students have retreated from the more pressing local issues as they have from international ones, and have taken to calling one another "man." This key-word of bop talk is highly significant, expressing, as it does, the least common biological denominator, to which all things are reduced by the universal solvent of jazz.

THE South Side is dominated by the University, but the University, in turn, is dominated by the South Side. The neighborhood life of the students, their favorite bars and hangouts (Jimmie's, the Compass Tavern, the University Tavern, Stineway's on 57th Street) have developed an interracial clientele of mixed types. Besides the recognizable students (many are no longer so), there are bohemians, workers, white-collar men, hangers-on, moochers, delinquents, and near-delinquents. From the last four groups, some require a new category for proper classification; I would call them *retired students*—young men, and some women, who need not actually have attended the University; they are no longer active as students, but still follow the student pattern, by habit or imitation, maintain contact with the students, and have a considerable following and reputation among them as "characters." The retired student, a sort of recently discovered missing link, is but one of the many new forces blurring the distinction between town and gown. One meets types in the varied off-campus dives whom one would mistakenly warrant as students, and students on campus who would seem, by nature, to belong on a motorcycle or behind a counter, tending bar. The shrinking of the distance between extremes has produced a student culture typical, as a particular, and lower, social level, of the amalgamations taking place all over society in our conservative time.

Phenomenologically, the student-complex consists in bop-talk (with its basic expressions, such as *crazy, cool, gas, stoned,* etc., etc., deriving from insanity, narcosis, and death; very often the vocabulary is dated as, in a larger sense, the practice is—the avant-garde leadership in New York, for example, has begun to drop bop), narcotics-mythology (marijuana and main-line drugs, as part of the folkways of jazz musicians; very little indulgence, however), rudeness ("man," "cat," and "chick" being the major human designations, they call for none of the amenities that accompany the recognition of human beings as individual souls), Hi-Fi, short haircuts, jeans, cotton-twill slacks, zipper-jackets, and occasionally fashionable but always dirty or neglected clothes, and sports cars parked along the curb.

The ideal is to lead a passionless, "cool" life, exposed, but uncommitted, to many worlds and to be *au courant* in them all: to be able to chatter—actually, drone—of drama, books, art, jazz, Hi-Fi, recordings, liquors, mixed drinks, Aristotle and other philosophers, events about town, the underworld and its leading characters, as well as the leading personalities in the entertainment worlds; to avoid extremes of romanticism in sexuality or love, and all extremes of feeling, which extremes (actually normal emotion) are held in bad taste and called "frantic." (It is of course obvious that this

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anti-romanticism is one of the most romantic of all cults.) One undergraduate I know calls the composite *formo-frigidist,* an excellent description, as it unifies the standards of taste over the entire range, including furniture and literary criticism. The whole is a masquerade. Intellectuality is cultivated as mindlessness, is required to confine itself to the crippling, limited vocabulary noted above, and to endorse guitars, Calypso, and other folk music; the rich students act and dress poor, and the poor students, within their means, rich; racial equality, though often genuinely believed in, sometimes seeks hostile expression, the whites calling their colored friends *spooks,* and the colored (who often refer to themselves by the same term) returning the favor through the use of the word *ofay,* so that it is more than a little puzzling, at times, to tell the dancer from the dance. The dead-pan Afro-Cuban mask, though optional, is worn on all occasions.

The foregoing is not, of course, true of all students, nor does the entire complex necessarily occur in students who do fit the pattern, but to a degree almost all of them are growing on this compost. There remain, of course, purer types, now as at all times, students without nonsense whose culture heroes might be some great poet, novelist, painter, philosopher, or composer, rather than the jazz musician. Their fate is inseparable from that of the series throughout Chicago's beachhead—and similar beachheads all over the world.

I don't know to what extent the phenomena of student life, and the Hyde Park crime rate, may be attributable to the invasion of the beachhead by land forces. Surely, some such process is involved, but the process must be an extremely complex one, since very often the predator upon the cultural, as well as the material, wealth of the beachhead is himself of the beachhead. (Nor do I mean to imply that all land forces are vicious; most of them, on the contrary, are associated with the prime middle-class virtues of stability, security, and respect for law and order. But the distinction between the lake and the land still holds true in terms of culture.)

I should judge that we are dealing, in Hyde Park, not so much with an invasion of the beachhead, as with the absence, on the beachhead, of an adequate idea of what the cultural life in and around a university should be. In part, the University is also to blame for this; in recent years it has begun to show that it, too, lacks a clear idea of itself.* Its own unclarity is reflected among the students, not only yaks, but non-yaks. In time, the latter may well become a subspecies of yak, also capable of attributing their "education" to the University—e.g., "Man, do you realize that until I came to the U, I didn't dig folk songs!" It is in this way that they support their opposite numbers from the frats and football claques: by letting their "queerness" become something other than conspicuous intellectuality.

An entirely different culture is exhibited by the faculty, administrative personnel, and older graduate students—but here, too, the distinction between academic and non-academic life cannot always be clearly drawn; many professional men, strangers to the University, inhabit the area, and in its broader features life in Hyde Park follows a neighborhood pattern rather than a strictly academic one.

*In one small part, the University has passed undamaged through its own turmoil. I am speaking of the Basic Program of Liberal Education for Adults. Classes are held, most of them, off campus, downtown, at the University's Downtown Center; they are devoted to a four-year seminar and tutorial course in reading the great books from Plato and Aristotle through Dostoevsky and Freud—the original Hutchins-Adler idea, somewhat modified and elaborated, and absolutely proof against the educational imperatives of football, folk music, and golf. Sports cars, if any, are parked inconspicuously in the welter of downtown traffic, and *steel-bon* and Calypso do not penetrate to the ears of the adult students. We tie ourselves nightly to the mast (there are also forenoon and early afternoon classes, attended mostly by housewives, and 7:30 A.M. "early-bird" classes, attended, I should imagine, by grackles) and have thus far resisted destruction, though enrollment is sometimes precarious. Staff meetings, which occur almost weekly during the academic year, and several times a week during the summer, take on a salutary violence, and the interchange of ideas and criticism reaches an intensity unequaled since the old political days on questions of curriculum, policy, and interpretation of the various readings. For a reason I have not yet discovered, this program, which is quite severe in its demands of both faculty and students, is unbeatable for sheer serious fun. Everybody loves it, and there is nothing quite like it in Chicago or any other city.

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This pattern, which my sociologist friend Meyersohn calls the Hyde Park syndrome, shows some remarkable uniformities. First of all, the members of this group are married; and while marriage and family life predominate in nearly all neighborhoods, in Hyde Park people marry, furnish apartments, and raise children in a unique way. The children are all out of Spock and Gesell, with an assist from Bruno Bettelheim of the University's Orthogenic School. The furniture is from Bordelon's or aspires to be (Bordelon's is a modern furnishings center; it has recently closed out its Hyde Park store and moved to the wealthier Near North Side) and a few modern *objets,* such as chairs or tables with wire legs, are sure to be found in every house. Marriage has a youthful, cheerful, share-and-share-alike tone to it, with the young couples doing their shopping together at the Co-op, drawing on the services of the same (or the same kinds of) baby-sitters and pediatricians, encountering the same kinds of problems, and solving them in similar ways. Infidelities are rare—such, at least, is the impression; this is my riskiest generalization—and one of the few differentiae between Hyde Park's academic and non-academic professionals may be drawn along this line, with the incidence of infidelity and divorce higher among the latter. (I suspect that nearly all differentiae between these highly similar groups are reducible to income, and that the differences in culture-pattern become greater, the higher one climbs the income-gradient.)

Other things being equal, one sure way of telling whether you are visiting an academic or non-academic household is by the behavior of the children, and the extent to which you can make yourself heard above their clatter. If it is still possible to conduct a conversation, you are in a non-academic household. The men and women form groups of their own for tennis, handball, gymnasium workouts, or buggy-pushing, shopping in the neighborhood or downtown, but by and large the couples are always together; pub-crawling and other single-handed pursuits are rare (at least when it comes to conducting them in the neighborhood).

The Goths may be sacking this Rome, but many of the Romans go on leading the established life, making the big time in their middle-class villas. I call Romans the ones whom it will take fire or other catastrophe to push out of Hyde Park; they are entrenched in their love of place and firm in their liberal convictions; an interracial atmosphere, if not entirely congenial to them, is still a cheerful price. It is not hard to see what they find lovable in Hyde Park. Nowhere else in a city of comparable size is there quite the same "small town" feeling as in this community. It has a relatively rooted, peaceful look, and in some sections, an aged dignity far beyond its years. The residential streets are all planted to lawns and trees (mostly cottonwoods, elms, and catalpas) with hedges, shrubs, and flowers not uncommon. The University's bell tower booms out quarter-hour intervals in shivery tones and sends the strokes of the hour floating over the neighborhood, never on time; the red-tile roofs and crew-cut Gothic of the University buildings shine through the trees like the City of Oz, and when in the right frame of mind you can convince yourself that the outlying houses and streets are a village snuggling up to a castle. (In its administrative complexities, the castle, I might add, is much like Kafka's, but let's not spoil a pretty picture.)

But the key to the small-townishness of Hyde Park is provided by bulletin boards. These, of course, are all over the University, and it was but a short step to carry them off campus, yet the bulletin-board culture began on a tree trunk outside a bookstore on 57th Street. Hundreds of signs, slips, chits, and notices hang pinned to this tree, all around the trunk, sometimes overlapping, several layers deep, from as high as a man can reach to sidewalk level, advertising rooms and apartments to rent and sublet, baby buggies and cars for sale, beds, armchairs, scrabble sets, English bicycles for both sexes, baby-sitters, potted plants, tropical fish, Hi-Fi apparatus and repairs, rides to points east and west, recorders from sopranino to bass—and the corresponding notices of goods and services wanted. (Recently the tree offered for sale a pair of ladies' straw sandals, worn only once, and a hermaphroditic hamster.)

Similar notices are to be found on the bulletin board of the Hyde Park Co-op, and lost and found signs are posted on tree trunks all over the neighborhood. Telephone

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numbers and addresses are freely stated, in spite of the degeneration of the neighborhood, on a patent assumption of cultural homogeneity, as though it were inconceivable for burglars to consult the tree for leads. And yet, in all likelihood, they may never do so; at any rate, the assumption of homogeneity is fully justified, for the notices are often worded in such a way as to be unintelligible to outsiders.

There is a compact, solid, middle-class "what-I-shall-assume-you-shall-assume" feeling about these signs, a sense of shared life and values, we are all friends. I don't know of any studies of the subject, but I am sure they would reveal a striking uniformity in outlook and habits among the people who post and read these advertisements, and I venture to say it would go somewhat as follows. For some reason I imagine that they are solidly for Stevenson (I can't imagine a Republican rubber-necking the tree trunk) and yet for Stevenson in a special sense, by way of Independent Voters of Illinois (a special chapter of the ADA), or out of conviction that he is intellectual and not, say, as the hill-billies in the neighborhood are for him. (Hill-billies are also unimaginable at the tree trunk.) Many of our tree-trunkers (let's call them Druids for convenience) work for the IVI and IVI-endorsed candidates, and give of their time to ring doorbells, circulate petitions, and relieve the watch at headquarters during election campaigns. They read the *New Yorker* and the *Reporter,* and buy the New York Sunday *Times* for the Book Review. On clement days in summer they go out to the Point, a recreation area and rocky projection into the lake off 55th Street; there some of them go skin-diving. Though the rocks are slippery, sharp, and often slammed by strong waves, our types prefer them to the sand beach at 57th Street; the Point is town pump and tabernacle, for all Hyde Park, and if faculty is not as well represented there as are the students this is not for cultural reasons. (Many of them have children, for whom the rocks and deep water are unsafe; and besides, as many of them as are able to, go to the country in the summer. Besides, the tree is one of the chief points where the faculty and student cultures intersect, and the typology I am developing round the tree is meant to hold good for the University culture as a whole, and not for faculty alone.)

There is a complex pattern here, somewhat mystifying in its principle of cohesion. It is easy enough to see why there should be a division among the faculty, student, and bohemian aspects of the University culture, but not why or how each group acquires its own particular pattern, or why the culture as a whole should be composed of such various elements as sports cars, bop-talk, gin-and-tonic, Station WFMT, cottage-cheese-and-garlic, paper-bound books, short haircuts, IVI, foreign movies, Bordelon's furniture, copper jewelry and earrings, a painfully ambiguous attitude toward the color question, guitars, folk music, skin-diving, Dr. Spock, recorder-playing, Hi-Fi, open sandals, and hamsters as standard zoological equipment for introducing the children to the facts of life. Just what is the secret affinity between Hi-Fi and short haircuts, for example, that they should so often be found together, or between Bela Bartok and the IVI, or wall-to-wall carpeting and a subscription to *Harper's*? This, to be sure, is not a question for Hyde Park alone to answer; one might very well ask it of urban culture as a whole. The cohesiveness seems to lie in the cohesion; essence lags scandalously far behind existence—and yet, I am sure it is no hodge-podge, some principle must be present.

THERE is more of the same on the Near North Side. This is Chicago's "New York" neighborhood—but much cleaner, more concentrated, and in some respects more like New York than the original. It combines Fifth Avenue (a number of Fifth Avenue shops, such as Bonwit's and Saks, have branches on North Michigan) with Central Park West and Riverside Drive, but this is only a manner of speaking. Oddly enough, it is the manner spoken here. Actually, this section has a quality and beauty all its own, with the Lake providing the distinctive atmosphere. Again, there is a complex in evidence, a mixture of elements and types, not so oddly assorted as in Hyde Park, but still of considerable range.

One immediately apparent difference is the concentration of homosexuals, and their attendant culture. Some of the shops and night spots have an exclusively homosexual clientele; others are mixed. Even some of the corner drug stores, whose fountains and

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lunch counters are patronized by cab drivers and local merchants, give preference, in the magazine racks, to jock-strap and body-beautiful cheesecake; the girlie magazines are often hidden behind several layers of brightly oiled young men.

This neighborhood also has its contrasts, the tracks on North State Street distinguishing the right from the wrong side. East of State, there is considerable elegance; west of State, decline sets in, running rapidly to the squalor that begins at Clark. (The lake culture also begins to peter out at State.) The sharp division between east and west moderates the clash somewhat, and you don't encounter the startling juxtapositions of hotels and hovels so frequently as you do in New York, but the neighborhood is still preeminent in contrast. There are mean pigeon-fouled rooming houses, and flops, missions, employment agencies, pigeon-fouled on the outside and cluttered with lithos and bric-a-brac within, and skyscraper apartments with liveried doormen and snipped hedges, barber shops that serve coffee and barber shops where you can place a bet, dinky Spanish groceries for the Puerto Rican colony and greasy-spoons, second-hand automobile lots and second-hand clothing stores, and some of the better known night clubs, key clubs, and restaurants that play progressive jazz—all within a few blocks of one another.

Rush Street, the cabaret center, is brightly lit and fairly crowded all hours of the night. (Night crowds are a rarity in Chicago; of the downtown streets, only Randolph, the amusement center, stays awake after the shops close, and then mostly on week-ends.) Coffee houses, that double as art galleries, and serve atmosphere and *espresso* (which most of them spell *expresso*), abound in the neighborhood, and put some three or four ice cream tables out of doors, if space permits, for that continental touch (Ricardo's, one of the largest restaurants, even surrounds you with travel posters). There is a rash of key clubs, with sedate or moderne façades, where you may enjoy the dubious privilege of entree by card or key only. These are unknown on the South Side.

The people round about are of several kinds. In addition to the obvious homosexuals, there are office workers and stenos from the nearby Loop, advertising executives and publicity men, students, painters, musicians, con men, chorus girls, call girls, entertainers, wirrglers, peelers, transients, bohemians, creeps, and hardy old ladies who carry shopping bags. The conspicuous difference between the Near North Side and Hyde Park is the absence of faculty. The University facilities in or near the neighborhood are mostly for evening students, and the staff of the University of Illinois College at Navy Pier either live on the South Side or the Far North or the North suburbs. At any rate, professors and their wives are not in evidence, the young-liberal complex is quite diluted, and bulletin boards and notices on trees are virtually unknown.

The Near North Side is not as homogeneous as Hyde Park; it does not have a large, homogeneous middle-class group that lends its character to the streets and gathering places. It is an anonymous neighborhood, transient and big town. Puerto Ricans and Negroes inhabit the outskirts, but racial tensions are insignificant or very well concealed. Crime in the area a few blocks off the Lake is confined to burglary and traffic violations, and street incidents are uncommon. Bug House Square in Washington Park, facing the Newberry Library, does not draw the crowds of the 30's, and there are fewer *nudniks* and spielers.

Nevertheless the syndrome, with a few modifications, is similar to Hyde Park, and a purer formation of upper-class taste and life patterns is in evidence. Bordelon's has a huge furniture and fashion center on Walton Street, and next door Max Siegel, the bookseller, manages to achieve the same effects with birthday cards and books that Bordelon's does in the slip covers—he carries a fair number of books, but they are so carefully loaded on light, airy shelves, as to appear purely decorative. The concentrated, foxed, browsy, and intellectually-brown atmosphere of traditional bookstores is gone; with a few minor changes the place would do well as a first-class airline waiting room. All is glass and steel, doors that open electronically, and pastel colorcombos.

There are plenty of sports cars here, but their significance as indices of wealth is much more frankly admitted, and since the drivers are seldom students, they can afford to go all the way in accessories of costume, or

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feel under no pressure to pretend that they can't. Hi-Fi also flourishes more openly in the money-culture. There are more dogs on the Near North Side than in Hyde Park, but they cannot as yet touch the pigeons for making a mess. The syndrome, then, is Hi-Fi, modern furniture, Ivy League fashions, exclusive women's shops, and millineries, with politics, faculty life, and bulletin boards significantly absent.

The bohemians are much like their counterparts to the south, and also lisp of the drug and jazz mythology in dated bop-talk, but there are fewer or none of the retired-student types among them, and the quasi-criminal and delinquent motorcycle characters are scarce. The only pure bohemian hangout is the College of Complexes (the sign is misspelled, perhaps not deliberately) at the site of the old Dill Pickle Club. It offers a variety of lectures and debates on topics in the news, and on off nights the clientele can pursue edification by reading the slogans scrawled in chalk on the blackboard that makes up one wall: "Bed wetters of the world unite," "2+2=4," etc., etc. Other hangouts, such as the Gate of Horn, feature folk songs, American and foreign.

Many of these streets are a joy for their cleanliness, which persists in spite of choked traffic and a great variety of life and activity, and for the harmony between the rooming houses—once highly fashionable houses—and the apartment buildings and hotels. Bellevue Place, at the foot of which stands the former Mrs. Adlai Stevenson's famous 1020 Club, is downright beautiful: quiet, reserved—it seems miles away from everything—big town, modest, harmonious, with well-kept lawns, hedges, and trees.

THE quiet life—pace it as you please—is still possible in Chicago. You can live in neighborhoods which have retained a distinctive character, and among middle-class types who have moved with the time into outer space, acquiring tastes and habits unknown a decade ago, but have retained their traditional integrity. Among some of them, in their homes, say, on East Fullerton of the mid-North Side, or on Hyde Park Boulevard, you encounter an attractive mixture of respectable vocation and artistic avocation (mostly painting and writing), with a laudable bourgeois sense of responsibility toward civic and national issues, and a well-cultivated middlebrow obligation to keep up with the right books and magazines.

Among some of these good people you get the sense that discord and neurosis are mild afflictions, that homes are permanent and children a tie which is not resented. These, to be sure, are land virtues, but they are borne without too much incongruity by people of the Lake front. Perhaps they live in the strip for the sake of the breeze—I am not speaking meteorologically—but it is a sure thing they will not be blown away by it. An evening in their homes—they often form "drama circles," in which plays, but more often magazine articles, are read aloud, and followed by cake and coffee—gives one assurance of the abiding virtues, of group solidarity, and the abundance of the good, quiet, effortless things of life. These are the people who are relatively free of the syndrome. The appearance of well-being is fully developed. The principle of cohesion is the traditional one, the home.

My proposition, then, is this. The culture strip along the Lake is not strong or rich enough to defend itself against invasion or internal corruption. There are too few plays for one—theater has long been dead in Chicago—and the recent attempts to found a local repertory group, outstanding among which were the excellent Chicago Playwrights Theater Club, died for lack of support. Another such attempt is being launched in October (1956) in the long-defunct Studebaker Theater, by Bernard Sahlins and Co. (good luck!).* Opera came alive with the Lyric Theater but—good old Chicago!—administrative squabbles are now threatening the whole enterprise.† The press is disgraceful—not because the individual newspapers are so bad; some of them compare quite favorably with their counterparts in New York, e.g., the *Sun-Times* with the *Post*, but because none is excellent.

Criticism is atrocious, and a worse blight than any slum. Music, dance, and drama get by, considering what small call there is for discrimination and close judgment; but books are butchered like pig meat in the

*This group is still in existence today, but attendance at its productions has been very poor, we are told.—ED.

†The threat was overcome.—ED.

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Tribune and *Sun-Times*—the only papers which run reviews (on Sundays). Anyone who wants to read competent reviewing must consult the *New Yorker* or the New York *Times Book Review*. The other magazines, with the exception of mass circulators and the middle-class standbys such as *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, make little impression. No one seems to read *Partisan Review* any more, and few of the bookshops carry it. (COMMENTARY is virtually by subscription only.) There has been some talk of starting a quality review, fortnightly or monthly, but nothing has as yet come of it. (Interested parties please get in touch with me.) *Poetry Magazine* continues to come out, leaning heavily on local endowment, but it makes rather small difference in the city's life.

The art world is kicking up a stir, locally, with the All-Chicago show at the Art Institute (recently concluded) drawing the usual derision from the press, and housewives, patrons, and collectors putting in their tuppence: it ran, for some surprising reason, almost exclusively to abstract expressionism.* Considerable quantity, mediocre quality.

In addition to the Institute shows, Chicago has two annual spring outdoor shows, one for the South Side painters, and one for the North Side. Here the styles are various, and run the whole range of modern painting but usually by way of clichés. Both shows are vastly superior to the Greenwich Village outdoor exhibit, but only because the better painters do not shun outdoor exhibits as they do in New York. The best painters, however, do; most of them are affiliated with Momentum, which runs its own exhibit. This is better than the outdoor stuff, but not by terribly much and my own feeling is that the paintings benefit from being hung indoors, away from the pitiless sun. The only painter of genuine merit with this group is, I think, Edith Smith.

In the last few years the feeling has been running high in Chicago that the town is waking up and beginning to produce. The clearest evidence, for the city as a whole, is in building. New office buildings and apartment houses are going up, and the newly completed skyscraper of the Prudential Insurance Company, at Randolph off the Lake, whatever its merits as architecture, stands in commitment on this score. It will take a lot more building, cleaning, sweeping, and improving to shake off the lethargy that has dogged Chicago for the last two decades. Chicago's new Mayor, Richard J. Daley, a Democratic machine man, has surprised everyone, and pleased most, by seeming to be wholeheartedly devoted to this task. Plans are being made to rescue the Near North and South Sides from blight and indignity by erecting administrative, civic, and art centers in these areas.

BUT the big job is not, of course, a work for mayors and city officials to accomplish. It is for the Chicagoans who do not run off, and for the small-towners who are drawn here to stay, to accomplish of their own volition and capacity. Above all, it is a matter of defending, preserving, and extending the precious crust of culture along the Lake; of overcoming its terrible disproportion to the rest of the city, and of watering the desert reaches of our industrial moon. We are forever at rivalry with New York, but our laudable ambition to outstrip New York (I suppose it is laudable) will get nowhere until we discover the principle of New York and of all great cities.

As I see it, this principle is very simple (but then, I am a *luftmensch*: with a thirst for water). It is to give the city something to lose. And this is done by producing without manufacturing, consuming without eating (or wearing or using), enjoying without belching, and finding the everlasting in the ephemeral things: not in iron, stone, brick, concrete, steel, and chrome, but in paper, ink, pigment, sound, voice, gesture, and graceful leaping, for it is of such things that the ultimate realities, of the mind and the heart, are made.

*This was true of the 1956 show. The current art show is still on, and is not exclusively expressionist.—ED.

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ISRAEL BACK TO "NORMAL"

An Informal Report

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

IN ISRAEL these days, understandably enough, there is no escaping discussions of international politics. When I was there in March, everyone was still talking about the Sinai campaign, and it was only just being fully recognized that the Anglo-French intervention in Suez, far from helping Israel, had saved Nasser. The feeling was also beginning to be widespread that the Israeli campaign should never have been launched if such intervention seemed likely. Most Israelis knew that Ben Gurion had no choice but to order the subsequent retreat from Sinai, Gaza, and Sharm el Sheikh; nevertheless, there was bitter disappointment when he finally took the step. And the attitude of America—still regarded as a friend—was and continues to be more disheartening to Israel than the hostility of the Soviet Union, from whom nothing better is expected.

Indeed, popular disappointment over the retreat was so great that, according to some observers, if a general election had been held early in 1957, the right-wing Herut party—whose leader, Menachem Beigin, denounced the government for betraying the country's interests—would have come to power. But there are those who say that Herut is no serious contender for power—it inevitably battens on the mistakes and failures of government policy and capitalizes on popular discontent. Beigin and his followers may not be the fascists or semi-fascists their opponents always accuse them of being, but they are certainly a negative party, the most anti-Arab group in Israel, with nothing to offer but sweeping slogans in the field of foreign policy, and an unreal domestic program.

At first, most Israelis were convinced that the Sinai campaign would remove the danger of war for a couple of years, but now only a handful of hardy optimists expects the peace to last longer than a few more months. Nor can anyone understand why both Hammerskjold and Dulles fail to realize that a policy of appeasing the Arabs can only lead right on to a new war—over Sharm el Sheikh or some other issue. Yet there is very little that Israel can do about European dependence on Middle Eastern oil, which will remain a factor influencing Western policy in favor of the Arabs for at least another ten or fifteen years.

But is there very little that Israel can do about Soviet Russian enmity toward herself? Opinion is divided on the question. There are people around who point out that another sudden change in Soviet foreign policy—in this case, from hostility to friendship for Israel—should not be precluded. Many members of Mapam (the left-wing Socialist party) are firmly convinced that such a change of heart will come about when the Kremlin realizes that its policy in the Middle East represents a deviation from the sacred principles of proletarian internationalism. Another, more heterogeneous, group thinks that the Russians may in the end drop Nasser as a bad bet in view of his military and economic impotence and his doubtful attachment to the Soviet bloc. But Israelis who are somewhat better informed than Mapam ideologues or than the believers in simple *Real-*

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR, a native of Germany and a citizen of Israel, interrupted his prolonged stay in London (where he edits the bulletin *Soviet Survey*) for a visit to Israel earlier this year. The author of *Nationalism and Communism in the Middle East* (a revised edition of which is soon to be brought out by Praeger), Mr. Laqueur has been a regular contributor to COMMENTARY. His article "How Real Is Arab Nationalism?" appeared in our issue of last April.

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politik are for the most part persuaded that nothing can be done about Soviet hostility. They argue that since there is no free press or independent public opinion in Russia, Israel has no way of appealing to the Soviet people over the heads of its anti-Semitic rulers, and hence no way of bringing pressure to bear on the Kremlin.

This attitude, superficially plausible, is nevertheless basically mistaken. For the Soviet leaders are very sensitive, if not to what their own people think, then to Western public opinion—especially at a time like the present when they are attempting to re-create the "spirit of Geneva." In this context Israel could have great nuisance value and could exert considerable political pressure on Moscow by giving wide publicity to the desperate situation of Jews in Russia and to the aggressive intentions of Soviet policy in the Middle East. The failure to exploit this opportunity has perhaps been the most fateful omission in Israeli foreign policy. The Soviet Union has grown more and more hostile, but Israel has steadily refrained from effective political counter-action. Successive Israeli foreign ministers have done little more in this connection than complain over and over again to Alexander N. Abramov, the Soviet envoy, of Russia's unrelenting hostility, while trying to persuade him of Israel's friendly intentions. All this has been noted before, but it was only during my visit to Jerusalem, a few months ago, that some of the reasons for Israel's ineptitude in dealing with the Russians became clear to me.

For one thing, many of the old illusions about the Soviet Union are still current in Israel—most widely, of course, on the left, where the lessons of both Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin and of the Hungarian revolution have been learned only in part and with great reluctance. True, the Communists (to include them for a moment among the parties of the left) are more or less ignored by a Knesset which feels that there is no longer any common ground of discussion with men like Shmuel Mikunis, Moshe Sneh, or Tawfig Toubi. Two or three years ago, when these members rose to speak, a storm of protest generally greeted them; today they say their piece in absolute silence. Though a splinter Communist group has recently founded a new periodical called *D'rachim Chadashot* ("New Ways") which betrays Polish inspiration both in name (*Nowe Drogi*—also meaning "New Ways"—is the Polish party's main theoretical journal) and content, the hard core is still willing to justify any line handed down from Moscow.*

It is also true that most of the rank and file, and probably a majority of the party leaders, of the traditionally fellow-traveling Mapam have been completely disillusioned by Khrushchev's revelations, the Soviet invasion of Budapest, and Moscow's anti-Jewish policies; unfortunately their disaffection is reflected only in private conversation. When it comes to public declarations or editorials in the party press, little change is noticeable. Mapam has been less outspoken in its condemnation of Soviet actions than Pietro Nenni in Italy or Jean-Paul Sartre in France, apparently fearing that it would have to repudiate socialism if its confidence in the Soviet Union were shattered. The

*When I did some research a few years ago into the history of the Communist party of Palestine, I found that the entire leadership and most of the rank and file who had belonged to the party before 1937 had simply disappeared. Some had been deported by the British to East Europe, others had gone to Russia of their own free will, and some had found their way to Moscow via Spain during the Civil War. Nobody could tell me what had become of these men and women: there were only vague rumors of trials and executions, and a report that the *kolkhoz* "Via Nuova" (founded in the Crimea by ex-kibbutzniks) had been dissolved around 1939. During 1956-57, most of the Palestinian Communists who had survived the ensuing years in Russia (less than a quarter of the several hundred who had originally gone there), and some of the children of those who had died in Nazi concentration camps, returned to Israel. A fairly complete picture of their history then emerged. It was learned, for example, that Yitzhak Meirson (d. 1947), the founder of the Palestine Communist movement, and Shelesniak-Barzilai-Berger, the party's general secretary during the late 20's, embraced Orthodox Judaism as a result of their Russian experience. The stories of the others are no less fascinating, but it would take a book to relate them in detail.

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nonsensical idea that a socialist *must* support the "basically socialist and anti-imperialist" Soviet Union has been repeated so often by the party stalwarts over the last decade that in the end it has come to be believed.

Under the influence of this way of thinking, Mapam officially continues to support Soviet policies and goes on cooperating both with the Communists (outside Israel), and with various front organizations (such as the "Partisans of Peace," the WFTU, the world youth movement, etc., etc.), while tending to regard Russia's present hostility to Israel as a temporary aberration.

As for Ahdut Avoda, the other left-wing group in the Knesset, it has learned rather more than Mapam from the events of 1956. The party's distrust of Soviet intentions in the Middle East is now as strong as its opposition to "American imperialist policies," and it currently takes its political cues not from Moscow but from the left-wing socialist groups in Britain, France, and Italy.

ILLUSIONS on the left, however, form only a part—and perhaps not the most significant part—of the reason that Israel's dealings with Russia have been so naive and ineffectual. What may be more important is the poverty of reliable information about international affairs available to the Israeli public. It is the quality of the Israeli press and radio and the character of the foreign publications circulated in the country that together account for the ill-informed state of public opinion.

Weeklies have never prospered in Israel, and those in existence today compare rather unfavorably both in make-up and content even with their Egyptian counterparts. The Israeli dailies, though they only amount to four pages, used to be competent, but they too have deteriorated, largely because they lack money and circulation (only one paper sells more than 50,000 copies a day). Most Israeli dailies are subsidized by political parties, and they do little more than advance the party point of view. Since salaries in journalism are very low, and the profession has little prestige, it does not attract enough young men of ability. Tocqueville once remarked that experience in journalism was a prerequisite to a political career in France, whereas in Britain it constituted a major impediment. If that is so, Israel is very British in this respect.

Lack of funds is even more strongly felt in the state-owned Israeli radio. In most other Middle Eastern countries, the tendency has been to expand radio and television facilities, but in Israel, where the tremendous importance of mass communication is almost completely ignored, one government after another has tried to cut the broadcasting budget. As a result, Radio Israel, once a leading influence in the Middle East, today trails behind broadcasting in Egypt and other Arab countries. Baghdad already has a television station and Cairo and Damascus will follow suit this year, while the main problem in Israel is how to prevent further cuts in radio alone. Radio Israel has to manage on a fraction of the sum available to the Cairo "Voice of the Arabs," which operates with a budget only slightly smaller than that of the BBC.

The quality of the programs has naturally suffered from this scarcity of funds. On a typical Sabbath morning, an Israeli who turns on his radio in quest of intelligent discussion of momentous world affairs is likely to be greeted with a talk on the incidence of stomach cancer, then one on recent developments in Israel's chemical industry, followed by long and tiresome readings from poems and novels.

It is not surprising, then, that many Israelis turn to foreign books, magazines, and newspapers to get the information they need. All too often, however, they read the wrong publications. Partly this is the fault of the importers who, not surprisingly, would rather bring in lighter magazines that are sure to sell than serious publications that may moulder on the rack. But the taste of the Israeli reading public—which is so conservative that it will give up a familiar writer or periodical only with the greatest reluctance—is also to blame. The paradox is that Israelis, given a choice between an unfamiliar

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friendly publication and a familiar hostile one, frequently take the latter.* (Partly, this is explained by the fact that the familiar publication is often the one expressing the traditional left position, which has been the position of many Israelis, even though the traditional left ranges for the most part from cool to hostile in its attitude toward Israel's difficulties with the Arab world.)

This is a matter of greater political importance than appears on the surface. The impact of periodicals from London, Paris, and New York is far greater in Delhi, Beirut, or Jerusalem than in their own countries, for the simple reason that they constitute the local intelligentsia's main ties with the political and cultural centers of the world. The influence on Israeli thinking of the London *New Statesman* or of a political journalist like Isaac Deutscher—each of whom has a decidedly slanted view toward world affairs and the nature of the Soviet regime—can hardly be overrated, and this influence extends to the highest levels of the Foreign Ministry. Such sources may be one-sided, they may have been proved wrong many times, but, since nothing better is known, dependence on them remains strong. Hence the oblique perspective that often distorts the interpretation of world affairs in Israel.

But along with the illusions of Mapam and the scant availability of hard-headed political journalism, the organizational structure of both the Foreign Ministry and the Israeli information service also plays its part in the ineptitude of Israel's approaches to the Russians. It is an open secret that important foreign policy decisions are nowadays made, not by the Foreign Ministry, but by the Prime Minister, with the help of advice from a few aides, some of them not of the highest administrative rank. Since Golda Meir has spent much of her time abroad in recent months, the Foreign Ministry has not always been adequately briefed on what was going on. This is not to say that an increase in the authority of the Foreign Ministry would necessarily produce a better foreign policy. But as matters stand, only the most serious problems (peace or war, relations with Washington, etc., etc.) are given careful consideration, and many other important questions, including Israel's attitude toward the Communist bloc, are simply left in abeyance.

Similarly, deficient organization is responsible for much that is wrong with the Israeli information service. It lacks a central office to coordinate the work of the various agencies in the field which are responsible for trying to win sympathy for the Israeli cause in foreign countries. Those who in the past tried to introduce improvements along this line failed, and it is doubtful whether anyone could succeed under the present circumstances.

*To give a few examples: *Time* has a circulation of thousands but hardly anyone has ever heard of the *Reporter* (let alone the *New Republic* or the *New Leader*). The London *Observer* and the *New Statesman* are widely sold and read, yet the *Sunday Times*, the *Spectator*, and other British weeklies are nowhere to be found. *France Observateur* is distributed, the pro-Israeli *Demain* is not. This list could be expanded.

II

WHAT about the domestic scene? Returning after an absence of two years, I found life to be pretty much the same. There were changes, of course: many new houses had sprung up in the streets of Jerusalem; people were generally better tempered than before (a state of emergency always seems to bring out the best in a man). But the sabras hadn't changed—all of them still looked a head taller than their European parents and very handsome to boot. Passers-by in the street still stared at you with a frank, appraising inquisitiveness inconceivable in London or Paris. On the whole, everyone was still shabbily clothed compared with people in most West European countries; Jerusalem, with its many government employees and with 15 per cent of the population on relief, looked particularly poor. (On the other hand, Tel Aviv, especially northern Tel Aviv, strikes one as comfortable and prosperous.) Though

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the shops were full and the austerity of 1949-52 definitely a thing of the past, prices were exorbitant, at least in relation to average wages.

The Israeli wage-earner's standard of living has been a problem for some time, but only in the last two years has it assumed serious dimensions.* While the very rich in Israel are subject to a lower income tax than their counterparts in the United States or Britain, a wage-earner in the middle income group (which by Israeli standards starts at about $150 per month) pays so high a percentage of his salary away in taxes that he is often left with scarcely enough to make ends meet. The government's fiscal experts justify this policy by explaining that since so few Israelis are very rich, the state would be unable to collect the revenue it needs without heavy taxation on all levels. The result has been a growing polarization of living standards: there is hardly any style of life between affluence on the one side and penuriousness on the other. Under the British Mandate, Israeli society had a distinctly egalitarian character, but today there are great and growing discrepancies in income. One now sees evening dress, and week ends at the Sharon and other luxury hotels have become a regular feature of life in some circles. The elaborate Bar Mitzvah and wedding celebrations that have come into fashion among the wealthier groups are also a new phenomenon.

At the other end of the scale, there are those who tried very hard to live on what remained of their income after taxes, and who, having failed to get by without great struggle, decided to emigrate. The statistics are not alarming, and it can be taken for granted that a certain percentage will return some day after a protracted stay abroad. What should be a matter of great concern, however, is the character of this emigration. Many of the emigrants are members of the professions who came to Israel ten, twenty, or even thirty years ago, who genuinely liked the country, and made the decision to leave with heavy hearts. One such couple I met were middle-aged people originally from Central Europe; they were preparing in despair to become immigrants for a second time in their lives. This couple had no illusions about what they would find in Canada or Brazil, but they were absolutely convinced they would never be able to get their heads above water in Israel. Objectively, their economic situation was no worse than it had been ten or twenty years before, but privation was easier to bear in 1937 or 1947, when everyone was poor and life was not considered intolerable without electric refrigerators and other such conveniences.

Though comparatively few Israelis want to leave the country for good, almost everyone wants to go abroad for at least a few weeks, and those who manage to do so are envied by the rest. This desire for travel comes not so much from the wish to escape political tension or the danger of war: one learns to live with crises of that kind after a few years. Recently, I visited a friend whose house was located close to a big military camp in the south. The constant shooting at the nearby rifle and machine-gun range made conversation practically impossible, but he seemed not to mind, and when I asked him how he could stand the racket, it turned out that he was not aware of the noise—so accustomed had he become to it. It is not fear of the Arabs, then, but fear of being cut off culturally from the rest of the world, of losing touch with the work being done in one's profession abroad—combined with an urge to break out for a while and see new faces and places—that stimulates the Israeli yearning for travel.

THE old tensions and conflicts, submerged during the Sinai campaign and its aftermath, returned to trouble the domestic scene: Israel is now back to normal. Early last January the Orthodox representatives in the Jerusalem municipality threatened to paralyze administration in the capital by their demands for the legal enforcement of

*See Oded Remba's "Can Israel Support Herself?" COMMENTARY, November 1956.

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total Sabbath observance. In February the newspapers were full of stories about a Tel Aviv libel case in the course of which shady dealings high up in the government were exposed. In March Dr. Rudolf Kastner—who himself figured in a libel case three years ago that involved a "deal" he made with the Nazis in Budapest in 1944-45 to save Jews*—was shot by members of a small terrorist gang, and died some days later. In April the country was shocked by the news that the police were investigating a series of thefts committed by a fairly large group of Tel Aviv high school students. And there is the continuing trial of the police involved in the massacre of Arab villagers at Kfar Kassim on the eve of the Sinai campaign.

Of all these events, the conflict between the Orthodox groups and the rest of the Israeli populace is perhaps the least important at the moment, and the assassination of Kastner the most dramatic. None of the murderers—all of whom have apparently been arrested—was Hungarian and none had a personal grudge against him. They wanted the murder to serve as a warning to all "traitors," and were trying to "do something to rouse the people from its lethargy." The group, however, was too small to be politically significant.

But the libel suit brought by Mr. Amos Ben Gurion, a high officer in the Israeli police force and son of the Prime Minister, against an organization called *Shurat Hamitnadvim* ("Volunteers") did have considerable political repercussions. *Shurat Hamitnadvim*—which consists mainly of students (many of them originally members of Mapai) and some influential well-wishers and supporters in the academic world and similar quarters—was founded several years ago for the purpose of helping and guiding new immigrants. But after a while the organization also began to carry out private investigations into cases of patronage and corruption in the government, getting its information from friends in government offices. At first this expanded activity was generally welcomed by the public, and the "Volunteers" even received small grants from various official institutions to help them in their muckraking work. In the course of time, however, they came to neglect the less spectacular job of helping the new immigrants, and their investigations soon became the subject of violent dispute. They were charged with trying to establish themselves as a private police, and in the opinion of some observers, they were in danger of becoming a rallying point for anti-democratic forces. Historically-minded Israelis—who could recall how right-wing extremists in France attempted to overthrow the Third Republic in connection with government scandals, and how the Nazis and Communists exploited a series of trials to prove the "rottenness" of the Weimar Republic—were profoundly troubled. The dilemma was a real one, for the "Volunteers" had performed a useful service with their investigations. The irregularities revealed were perhaps unimpressive by the standards of other countries, but in tiny Israel where, as it were, everyone knows everyone else, such revelations assumed large proportions and made for much political disturbance.

ISRAEL in the spring of 1957 is in a state of crisis, torn by tension and conflict—but nothing could be further from the truth than the notion that her existence is in jeopardy. It is not an easy country to live in, and certainly not one to be recommended to those in search of a quiet life and material rewards. But there is a feeling of community and comradeship, an *esprit de corps*, greater perhaps than can be found anywhere else in the world. The domestic crises I have described are mostly normal growing pains, and the external pressures have only served to accelerate the consolidation of a mass of people from eighty different countries into a united nation. Instead of weakening the young Jewish state, the hostility of its Arab neighbors daily strengthens it—a fact that may well turn out to be one of the great ironies of our time.

*See my article "The Kastner Case," in COMMENTARY, December 1955.

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THE ART AND CRAFT OF JEWISH COLLECTING

Dealings in the Higher "Junk"

CECIL ROTH

I IMAGINE that I must own one of the most preposterous collections of miscellaneous Jewish junk to be found anywhere in the world today in private hands. I have over three hundred manuscripts, dozens of Chanukah lamps, a boxful of ancient coins, a sprinkling of bookplates, scores of illuminated marriage contracts, hundreds of engravings and caricatures, a good amount of domestic and synagogal silver and embroidery, some nice pewter—and just about enough space left over for my wife to be able to squeeze herself into the house when it is absolutely necessary. And I've managed it all on an income which, I must say, is regrettably exiguous.

Actually, I myself am probably not a true collector, for your true collector must be willing to thieve, lie, steal, flatter, cajole, and demean himself for the sake of an acquisition, whereas I can bring myself to do only some of these things. The classical story, I think, is that of the late David Sassoon, a famous bibliophile, who while he was sailing through the Suez Canal found out that one of the Jewish peddlers who had come aboard at Suez or Port Said had a Hebrew manuscript at home. The peddler refused to go back to fetch it, however, saying he could not afford to lose his shipboard "business." In desperation, the plutocrat offered to look after the "business" during his absence. I understand that a roaring trade was done. And the manuscript, as it happens, was worth having.

One of the greatest Jewish collectors of modern times, the late Elkan Adler, I knew very intimately in his old age. I learned from him two things in particular. One was that books which seem identical frequently have some minute differences. The other was that no time, hour, or place is to be considered an unlikely one to make a find or an acquisition. Adler was intensely Orthodox, but he often got some friend who wasn't observant to make his purchases for him on the Sabbath if they found something during a stroll together. It was Adler, of course, who first raided the Cairo Genizah (the book-lumber room of the old synagogue in that city in which so many literary treasures were discovered), and who was upbraided by Solomon Schechter when he came home for not making a clean sweep, as the latter did later on.

Even before Adler's day, however, the great Karaite forger Firkovitch had found similar hoards in the ancient synagogue of the Crimea, especially Biblical manuscripts of immense antiquity (the scientific value of which he sometimes ruined by shamelessly altering the dates so as to add another few hundred years to their age). I have been told of his method: he used to commiserate with the local community on having to make use of these old, crabbed, almost worn-out volumes, and would generously offer to present as a substitute for them clear modern texts published in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The first collector on record of Jewish objects was an 18th-century German named Alexander David, Court Jew to the Duke of Brunswick, whose assemblage of curios

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was housed in the local synagogue. A hundred years later a musician named Strauss, who was, I think, conductor of the private orchestra of the Emperor Napoleon III at Vichy, brought together a fine collection in France; after his death it was purchased by one of the Rothschilds and presented to the Cluny Museum in Paris, where for some years it has been inaccessibly stored in the vaults. Later a number of enthusiastic collectors sprang up, especially in Germany, where there were several synagogal and communal museums and even a society with a periodical devoted to such questions. After 1933, some of these collections were transferred to other countries.

Today, there are one or two important Jewish collections, public and private, in Amsterdam, Paris, London and (I boast) Oxford. In Israel there is naturally great interest in the subject, and one superb public collection is in the Bezalel Museum of Jerusalem. But America has now, I suppose, risen to first place in the field. In addition to the Jewish Museum in New York and the somewhat smaller collection at Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, there are half a dozen private collections of first magnitude. A few congregations and temples (e.g. Temple Emanu-El in New York) have begun to build up their own collections—partly in realization of their importance as an educational aid, in connection with the Sunday school. Moreover, some synagogues now buy ancient specimens of these objects, e.g. Torah-crowns or finials ("bells"), for current use, to replace the tawdry achievements that flooded the market in the past century. The staffs of the New York and Cincinnati Jewish Museums—scholars trained in the exacting tradition of Continental art history—have begun to place the study of various objects for the first time on a new and sound basis. The sale of the Salomon Collection by auction in New York in 1949 aroused great enthusiasm (greater perhaps than it deserved) and may prove to have been a turning point in the history of Jewish collecting in the United States.

On the whole, no Jewish object that one may normally be able to purchase is likely to be of really great age. Very little comes into the market older than the year 1600, and almost nothing from before 1500. There are virtually no relics of medieval Jewish life in Spain, other than buildings, tombstones, and manuscripts; scores of visitors who have gone there with well-lined wallets and high expectations have returned empty handed. In a Belgian collection there is a lamp-holder from an ancient Palestinian synagogue of classical times; in a Spanish cathedral there is a pair of silver finials from a Torah scroll of the 15th century; offhand I can think of nothing else of comparable antiquity in any collection that I know.

By a curious contrast, ancient Hebrew coins, of the Maccabaean period down to Bar Kochba—i.e. from the 2nd century of the Christian Era—are still relatively cheap and common: even now, specimens may be purchased for a few dollars. But coins aren't every collector's choice.

The majority of the relatively old objects that come into the market are either Italian or German in origin, these being the only two countries where the Jewish settlement was continuous in the post-medieval period. One would have imagined that vast masses of material, now ownerless, would have been thrown on the market after the Nazi debacle in 1945. Inexplicably, this has not happened, and in fact there is a greater scarcity—and values are higher—now than ever before.

Generally speaking, where you expect to find things, you don't: for others also expect to find things in the same place, and have been there before you—and have sent up the price for any unconsidered trifles that may remain. But it is a cardinal principle for the collector that no place is unlikely, and that the most improbable objects turn up in the most unexpected places. I have acquired my most important Indian volume in New York, and one in Judeo-Greek in—of all places—Greek-sounding Minneapolis, Minnesota. (In a hundred years' time, persons inspecting my collection are certain to imagine

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that there was a place of the name somewhere in Greece itself.) My wife unearthed a superb Spanish manuscript prayer book of the 15th century in Johannesburg, South Africa. But in Salonica (though this was after the virtual annihilation of the community in 1941) I did not find even a scrap of paper or piece of metal of Jewish interest.

THE beginner tends to imagine that any ancient object bearing on it a Shield of David (Magen David) must necessarily be of Jewish origin. The reverse is the case, rather. The Magen David became a recognized and quasi-exclusive (though even this is rather too strong) Jewish symbol only during the last couple of centuries at the most, though previously it had been as frequently used by Jewish as by non-Jewish mystics.* It was very common, however, and still is, in the Moslem world. An old tray or vase bearing the characteristic intertwined triangles is therefore far more likely to be of Arab than of Jewish origin. (Incidentally, even the presence of Hebrew lettering is not always an indication of Jewish origin. The Hebrew characters have a high decorative value, and I have been informed that some Arab brass-workers in Syria and North Africa keep a stock of punches which they use round the edges of their manufactures without any regard to meaning.)

Conversely, the beginner often imagines that an object which looks as though it was made for Jewish ritual use—a Chanukah lamp or a Torah breastplate, perhaps—cannot possibly be because it bears animal or human forms forbidden by Jewish religious law. Once again, this is a more or less recent convention. There have been periods in Jewish history when any portraiture was anathema. But at others—especially for example in 16th-century Italy and 17th-century Germany, both so prolific in Jewish ritual art—there were no inhibitions of this nature; and some of the finest Italian Chanukah lamps, and of the better German Torah shields, are adorned not merely with representations of angels and *putti*, but with Biblical scenes, or conventional figures of Moses and Aaron. It is really only in the past generation that this sort of thing was utterly banished from the synagogue.

A favorite, and likely, object for the collector's fancy is the Chanukah lamp. I myself have made a practice of adding at least one every year to my collection. I recall a find I made when I was strolling one day round the English spa, Harrogate, with Chaim Weizmann, some years before he became president of Israel. I suggested that we cross the road so that I could look into the window of a stylish antique shop. He chaffed me: "They'll have nothing Jewish there," he said. But he was wrong. In the window there were a couple of Dutch Chanukah lamps of rather fine design, but with the burners removed and replaced by single candleholders so that they could be used as wall sconces.

Chanukah lamps have been produced for hundreds of years, were owned by every householder, and were made of metal, thus being fairly permanent if not indestructible. Moreover, some of them—especially Italian specimens of the Renaissance period—are very lovely, and fully worthy of the attention of even the most discriminating connoisseur. One of my own nicest lamps I bought in a little Oxfordshire village. "You've got a real nice thing there, sir," the vendor told me. "The nobleman I bought it from brought it back from a monastery in Italy; them old monks used to burn one light for every day of the week—and the eighth they kept alight perpetual, in honor of Jesus." But the choicest specimen in my collection is one bearing the coat of arms of a cardinal of the Holy Catholic Church of the end of the 16th century, surmounted by the conventional hat with hanging tassels. Romantics might suggest that he was a crypto-Jew. Yet there is more than one such object to be found in various collections, and presumably they were made by Jews who boasted the patronage and protection of princes of the Church.

*See Gershom Scholem's "The Curious History of the Six-Pointed Star," COMMENTARY, September 1949.

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Another likely line of collecting is illuminated marriage contracts (*ketubot*). These (the collector's pieces, that is) are almost all Italian in origin, and are generally of the 17th and 18th centuries—though a German specimen of the 14th century is preserved, and one or two superb late examples of aristocratic Dutch Sephardic families, bearing representations of the marriage scene, have recently come to light. They are generally indited on large sheets of vellum, and a good deal of their beauty comes from the wonderful calligraphy. The quality varies enormously, from pathetic daubs to artistic monuments in the finest taste of the age. Frequently they are surmounted by Biblical scenes with some bearing either on the date of the marriage or on the names of the couple; for example, a marriage celebrated at Purim time might show figures of Haman and Mordecai, or if the bridegroom's name was David there would perhaps be a vignette of the overthrow of Goliath, or of David's anointing by Samuel.

I once bought a nice little collection of illuminated marriage contracts in Rome. It happened this way. In the junk market in the Campo di Fiori, there was a book dealer whom my wife had spotted as a Jew, and who turned out to be immensely old. He had purveyed books to many well-known scholars of the past and decided that he would find me something for my collection, too. Thereafter he would lie in wait for me, as I walked through the streets, and escort me to some insalubrious neighborhood so that I could inspect a treasure. That was the year I had my audience with the late Pope, and as I drove through the streets to the Vatican, in full evening dress in the middle of the morning, I huddled back in the corner of the carriage lest David Sulmoni fù Moise should pounce out on me and drag me off somewhere. One day he informed me that there was a treasure trove in the Via Reginella, the last remaining street of the original Roman Ghetto. He escorted me to the top story of an ancient and somewhat malodorous house. Here I was awaited by a typical Roman Jewish peddler named Sabbadin, together with all his family and neighbors. I glanced through Sabbadin's collection—not a very exciting one—and, turning to my guide, I named a fairly substantial amount in lire that I could pay for the lot, including his commission; he could make what bargain he pleased, I added. He thanked me, and promptly offered Sabbadin one-tenth of the sum I had stated. Sabbadin retorted by asking just fifty times as much. We (or rather David Sulmoni fù Moise) haggled, and the margin was somewhat narrowed down, but there was still a discrepancy of some 1500 per cent. We left, firmly: they sent the ice-cream man after us with a further compromise suggestion, and negotiations were continued on the street corner. Again an impasse, and again we went away. We had gone two blocks when David Sulmoni fù Moise discovered that he had missed the right turning, and we went back a little way. Once more we ran into Sabbadin, who by a curious coincidence had come out to buy some cigarettes. Negotiations were resumed, and at last we reached a compromise—Sabbadin accepted about one-fortieth of what he had asked in the first instance, while my agent generously reduced his commission from 90 to 40 per cent. I had no spare cash with me. I asked Sabbadin if he would accept a check. "Of course," he said, "I would trust you with anything in the world. What's a check?" I explained, and he listened very tolerantly. "Yes," he said when I had finished, "but how do I get the money?" Finally I told him to bring the parcel along to the house where I was dining that evening—I knew my host would advance me what I needed. It was an elegant dinner party, in a fashionable part of Rome. As we were finishing our dessert, there was a ring at the bell and in tramped a good portion of the Roman Ghetto. Sabbadin had told everyone what was happening, and they had decided to come along to see how the rich lived—and perhaps receive a rake-off for themselves!

Of late, I have been trying to bring together a representative collection of marriage contracts to illustrate the style used in every

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country, regardless of artistic importance. One, of a Sephardic family in Bayonne, France, was not signed by the bridegroom, we are informed in a docket, for two reasons —first, because he suffered from cramp, and secondly, because he did not know how to write! The pearl of my recent acquisitions, however, was the *ketubah* of a great-grandson of Glückel of Hameln, drawn up and decorated in the typical local fashion in India, at Cochin (but acquired in Bloomsbury). Incidentally, these documents are seldom found in the hands of the descendants of the bridal couple mentioned in them, for they were generally preserved, as a rudimentary safeguard, in the family of the bride.

The other fairly common manuscript object of artistic interest that may be picked up is the Scroll of Esther (*megillah*). Every householder had one to follow the statutory reading in the synagogue, and since these were for private use, and it was a season of some license, they were frequently enclosed in decorated silver or ivory cases and lavishly illuminated with scenes from the Biblical story. The collector must be wary, though: certain quite authentic specimens of the 17th and 18th centuries, mainly German or Dutch, were written by hand within copper-engraved borders, sometimes hand-colored; as a matter of fact, some of these are more valuable than the hand-drawn examples. It is easy enough to date them, by using a trick of the trade now set down in writing for the first time: toward the end of the scroll, where the text speaks of the Jews' celebration of their triumph (generally under the last column but one) there is almost always a representation of the junketings *in contemporary costume*. From this, place and period can often be determined almost precisely. An antique dealer in Israel has recently put on the market a number of extremely skillful forgeries in this sphere, the illuminations being meticulously based on early models, and executed in the margins of authentic early plain manuscripts of the scroll. It needs a great deal of care even for the astute collector not to be deceived sometimes by these very decorative modernisms.

Another often found domestic item is the spice box used in the picturesque *Havdalah* ceremony on the conclusion of the Sabbath. These are almost always Ashkenazic or North European; in the Mediterranean countries, it was customary to use a branch of myrtle or the like to provide the sweet odor on this occasion. Sometime in the 16th century, apparently, the convention arose of manufacturing these, generally in the form of towers or steeples over-lavishly provided with pennants, and sometimes with clock-faces and movable hands on which the pious householder could indicate the time of the conclusion of the Sabbath. Further east, these spice boxes were frequently made in the form of flowers, or even entire posies; and one interesting West German local variant combines the spice box with a taper-holder, for the light which was also used in the traditional ceremony.

Less frequent are the Passover dishes for use in the Seder ceremony on the eve of the festival. These are for the most part North European and made of pewter; though in Italy, in the 17th and 18th centuries, a couple of families of craftsmen in Pesaro and Ancona manufactured them of majolica, proudly signing their names on the backs. Mine (made by Isaac Cohen, Ancona, 1672) I acquired in the only manner in which the poor man can get hold of such treasures—by buying an entire collection at a price that I couldn't afford and disposing of the other objects at the price I had paid for the lot, retaining this as my profit. These majolica dishes are now so much sought after that there are a number of palpable (and other less palpable) fakes on the market at present.

Specifically synagogal objects are, of course, less easy to acquire: there were never so many of them, and they tended to remain, naturally, in the places of worship for which they were made. To compensate for this, they are generally of finer, and sometimes

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of the very finest, workmanship, and are sought after by collectors quite apart from their specific interest. There was a time, I am informed, when a tip to the beadle of an almost abandoned community was enough to secure one's choice of its accumulated treasure. One bearded dealer of the past generation wrought havoc in the Italian communities by claiming that he was a rabbi from Jerusalem who was collecting books and material for the places of study in the Holy City.

One remarkable thing about these Jewish ritual objects is the strong local patriotism they sometimes display. It is occasionally possible to "place" an object by reason of the fact that it flaunts an Austrian, or even a Russian, eagle. I own a Circumcisional Chair of Elijah, of the heavy rococo German workmanship that can best be described as "Ludwig Seize," which bears the monogram of Frederick the First of Prussia (though to be sure this may have originated as a commonplace *fauteuil* in a royal palace). More specific still is a spice box, made for one Nathan Adler in 1773, in the form of the famous City Gate of Frankfort, the Eschenheimerthurm; this was just one hundred and seventy years before the surviving Frankfort Jews were shipped to the gas chambers. A similar token of local pride is a 16th-century Chanukah lamp proudly adorned with the Lily of Florence: some of my best friends were murdered in 20th century Florence.

THE experience of the collector who buys something as genuine and then finds out that it is a fake is common enough. As a matter of fact, that is the only way to learn, and the man who assures you that he has never been taken in probably knows nothing whatsoever about the subject. It sometimes happens, though, that you buy something believing that it's a fake, or nearly so, and it turns out to be genuine. Indeed, in my non-Jewish collection I have a pewter tankard, sold to an uncle of mine by a store in London's West End as a reproduction, which turned out to be an admirable and genuine piece.

Some years ago I bought from a private owner a Scroll of Esther with illuminations in the Chinese style (the bowman, the festivities, the dance, the musicians) which I thought very amusing; but I was sure that it was a piece of *Chinoiserie* executed in Europe with a more or less humorous intent. I showed it, however, to experts in Chinese art, and to my amazement they have told me one and all that the illuminations are without question Chinese, and could only have been executed by some person steeped in that country's artistic and cultural tradition. In fact, I had apparently picked up unwittingly, almost reluctantly, the only artistic relic that is left today of the ancient indigenous Chinese Jewish community of Kain-Feng-fu. One American enthusiast, who should know, says that this is the most remarkable piece of Jewish art in existence. In Cairo, I was once offered at a pretty high price a curious Hebrew document written on the shoulder-blade of a sheep (or was it a cow?). I am convinced that it was a fake, but still I sometimes have my doubts and kick myself for not having bought it.

It is perhaps worth while to point out that, especially in Holland and Italy, there are large numbers of modern reproductions manufactured in all innocence—which in all innocence are occasionally purchased by tourists and brought home in antiquarian triumph. But there are some near-forgeries which are harder to detect. I know one dealer who, when he is in doubt as to whether an object (for example, a silver goblet) was really manufactured for Jewish ritual use, settles the matter by having an apposite Hebrew inscription engraved on it, after which he is able to sell it at an enhanced price. There was once a dealer-collector in London (his collection was sold not long since by auction in New York) who never cared much if his treasures were battered and ruined. In that case, he always said that they were of Spanish origin, and had been broken up and buried at the time of the Inquisition, and in consequence of this romantic association he put a higher valuation on them. I once found him telling

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this tale about a fully inscribed 18th-century Polish Torah ornament, and told him so but that didn't shake him: the Spanish Marranos must have imported it from Poland, he said.

Forgeries turn up sometimes in the most unlikely places, so that the circumstances in which you buy something which purports to be "old" is not necessarily a guarantee of its authenticity. A venturesome dealer I know once purchased, deep in the Arabian desert, some Nabataean figures which he was told had been dug up in a ruin that he had just passed. They turned out to be hopeless fakes. Elkan Adler himself bought at a high price from the library of an inaccessible monastery in Peru, bound up in a collection of ancient pamphlets, a copy of Christopher Columbus's letter to his Marrano patron, Luis de Santangel, informing him of his discovery of America, published immediately after his return to Europe. Adler only found out when he got it home that it was an extremely skillful imitation.

In due course your true collector becomes utterly ghoulish. He knows what every other collector has, and speculates on the chance of acquiring it from the estate after his death—sometimes he's on the doorstep nearly as soon as the undertaker. I recall being once at a funeral in London, where again Elkan Adler, who had come in on the way to his office, found himself standing by the side of a learned and wealthy collector who was following the recital of the Psalms out of a finely written manuscript Bible. That reminded Elkan of something. He opened his attaché case, and produced another volume from it: and while the coffin was being carried down the stairs these two pious bibliophiles engaged in spirited negotiations for an exchange.

I know one or two people who even now are calculating my age and speculating on their chances of surviving me, in the hope of getting hold of this or that. For my part, nothing would give me greater satisfaction after my demise than to attend, in the flesh, the auction sale of my own collections.

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THE TRIP

A Story

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

WHEN the time came for me to go college, my mother decided she would go with me. Since the college was fifteen hundred miles away, in the Midwest, and since I was very young to be going to college, it seemed to her the proper thing to do.

My mother pretended there was nothing strange about her taking me to college. She told me that I should wait and I would see that every fellow who showed up at the college would have his mother with him. While I was packing, I tried to argue with her. "It's ridiculous for you to go," I pleaded. "You can't stay there, and you'll have to go right back."

"I just want you to get straightened out, Ronald darling," she said.

I couldn't argue too strongly, because I was afraid she would change her mind at the last second and not let me go. And besides, she changed the subject. To T-shirts. She said that even if I wasn't going to be the richest boy in college, I'd have more T-shirts than anyone. It was true. I had plenty of T-shirts, but that had nothing to do with her coming with me.

My father took us to the station. I waited downstairs with my luggage, while he went to the garage. My mother came down wearing a full-length fur coat and a veil over her face, and dyed blond hair.

"When they see me in this outfit, they'll think we're so rich they won't even let you into college," she said. I thought she was over-dressed. When my father pulled up in the car, we got in. My mother said, "Ronald thinks I don't look enough like a mother. He was always that way. What did you always say when I came to school on Parent's Day in public school?"

"I don't remember," I said.

"Yes you do, darling," she said. "He always used to ask me 'Why can't you look like the other mothers?'—didn't you, Ronald?"

"I suppose so."

"He was afraid I wasn't motherly-looking enough," she said. "You should have been proud of me."

My father wasn't listening. His whole life now was his car. It was a new one and the first he'd ever owned. He had bought it with the money he had earned in the past two or three years, the same money he was using to send me to college. He had given my mother a little bundle of it, all rolled up and marked with a white wrapper, "College Money." But, as I said, his car was everything now. As he drove, he kept up a running commentary on his maneuvers. Each time he shifted a gear or turned a corner, he would explain elaborately, saying, "My thoughts on that one were why take a chance in a three-way intersection," or "I handled it that way because there was a Pontiac pressing me from behind."

A porter took our bags at the station and my father first kissed my mother and then me goodbye. He told us both to write from college, and he told me not to get too smart and too high-class to suit him. Before he left, he asked the porter if he could make a U-turn in the station. The porter said he couldn't and they got into a brief discussion of driving.

The train was on time. There were

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN appears here for the first time; he has previously contributed short stories to the *Antioch Review* and the *New Yorker*. Mr. Friedman, who was born in New York City in 1930, received a degree in journalism from the University of Missouri in 1951. He is at present an editor at Magazine Management Company in New York City.

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bunches of young girls in cashmere sweaters and tight skirts and I began to feel embarrassed about having my mother with me. She still had on the veil. I think if she had taken off the veil, it wouldn't have been so bad. The porter took my mother and me to our seats which seemed to be pretty far back in the train. "Where's he going?" my mother asked me. "I'll bet he thinks we're lovers or something." She yelled to the porter. "Say, you don't think we're lovers or something, do you?" The porter laughed and said, "Could be, ma'am. You're a mighty young woman." My mother nudged me and winked. "Well, for your information," she said, "this is my son. I'm a fast thirty years older than he is."

"Cut it out mother," I said. I'd been through this routine thousands of times, every time I went somewhere with my mother. We sat down. "Well, it could be, you know," she said. "You don't think someone could take us for lovers?"

"No," I said. "And will you cut it out."

Some of the young girls began to drift into our car. It really hurt me to be there with my mother. She caught me looking at them. "Look," she said, "you don't have to worry about me being there. You want one of those girls, you just go right over there."

"Just like that," I said. "Just go over there."

Actually, I don't know what I would have done if I were alone. Probably sat there just the same. But this way, I was marked as a fellow with a mother and there wasn't a chance.

"You get yourself a girl," my mother said. "And I'll get myself a fellow. Inside of two seconds, I bet I could get one."

"I know," I said, "I know you could."

In a little while, my mother asked the porter if the club car was open. When he said yes, she asked me to come back and have a drink with her. I said I'd rather wait and she said, "I never had to worry about *one* drink. If you have to worry about *one* drink, you're through. I brought up my children that way, and it's what I believe."

We went back to the club car, and my mother ordered whiskey sours for both of us. There were some college girls in tweed skirts sitting at the back of the car. One of them had a guitar and was strumming chords on it. I had the feeling they were staring at us when we came in. I drank my whiskey sour, and my mother caught me looking at the girls. "I know your taste," she said. "I know it like a book. Show me a crowd of girls, and I'll pick out your father's taste and your taste."

"I don't have any taste," I said.

The girl with the guitar began strumming the "Whiffenpoof Song," and the other girls sang the words. My mother ordered a second drink. "You'll be hearing that from now on," she said to me. Then she said she felt like dancing and got up and walked toward the girls. I was going to remain seated, but then I got up and followed her. My mother asked the girl with the guitar if she knew a rhumba. The girl looked at the other girls, giggled a little, and began to play something with a Cuban beat. My mother began to clap her hands and shake her head as if listening for the beat. "You've got it, you've got it," she said. She tapped her feet and then broke out in a dance as if she had an imaginary partner throwing her out. "Wherever I go, I get rhumba," my mother said, a little out of breath. "You've got to give me credit for that." The train took a curve and threw her off the beat, and then a porter came out and said that dancing in the club car was against the rules. "Dancing is," my mother said loudly, "but not what I'm doing. I haven't moved my feet. That's not dancing." She got into an argument with the porter.

One of the girls asked if she was my mother.

"Yes," I said.

"We were trying to figure out whether you were mother and son. Darlene guessed you were a theatrical act."

"No," I said. "We're mother and son."

My mother told the porter to go get the head conductor and they'd see about whether you were dancing if your feet weren't moving. I took my mother by the

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arm and asked her to come back with me to our car. "Will you *please* cut it out, mother," I begged. "I'm swaying," she said, "and he tells me I'm dancing. I like that."

I got her back to the car, and we sat down in our seats. "Well," she said, "I got a little rhumba out of it at least. What other mother that you know would do something like that?"

"What was so important about doing a rhumba on the train?" I asked.

She didn't hear me. "If I really wanted to, I could've gotten that porter in trouble," she said. "That's really a new one. I'm swaying back and forth and he tells me I'm dancing."

"He probably thought you were dancing," I said.

"I never heard of that. Even if I *was* dancing, he shouldn't have opened up his mouth to me."

A little later, the lights went out in the car and I went to sleep.

In the morning, we had to switch over to another train, one that led right into the college town. We got a seat next to a shriveled-up little lady who carried a cane. My mother asked where she was from and the lady said "Boonville" which was the town around which the college was built. "Watch this," my mother said. "I can make friends with the devil himself."

Housing for me was one of the things that had been a problem. I didn't know where I was going to live when I got to college. We had reservations at the hotel, but school was beginning in two days, and I had to have another place to live.

My mother asked the woman about Boonville, and the woman said it was an awfully nice town, but that all of the out-of-town college people had a tendency to spoil it. My mother whispered to me, "She doesn't like out-of-towners. Watch how I handle her." That was one of my mother's habits. Whispering almost out loud right in front of the person she was whispering about. My mother asked the woman where she herself lived, and the woman said she lived alone with her unmarried daughter who worked for an insurance company. My mother asked if she had any room in her house, and the woman said it was a big house, but they never liked to take in boarders. "She doesn't take in boarders," my mother whispered to me. "I'll have her eating out of my hand."

A man came around with sandwiches, and my mother bought some for us and also one for the woman whose name was Mrs. Sloan. My mother told her some funny stories, and in a little while the little old woman was laughing and slapping her knee. "Your mother is certainly a wire," she said to me. When the train stopped she said to my mother, "You stop around tonight at our house with your boy, and we'll get him fixed up with a room." My mother thanked her and we parted at the station.

"You see how I handle them," my mother said. "She never had a laugh like that in her life."

We checked into the Star Hotel which we had been told was the biggest hotel in the college town. The receptionist was a pretty woman with one arm. She looked up our reservation and told us our room number. Then she asked whether we wanted single beds or a double. "Don't tell me you think this is my boy friend," my mother said. "Oh, this is too good. This is something I have to tell everybody. I can't get over this. Tell the truth. You *did* think Ronald was my boy friend, didn't you?"

"Oh," the woman said, smiling. "I guess I knew he was your son all right."

"This is something I can't get over. How old do you think I *am*? If I told you how old I was, you'd probably faint."

"Oh, you're not as old as all that," the woman said. The other women clerks came over and soon my mother had them all laughing hysterically. I sat down because I knew it would take a while for her to get finished. The lobby was full of men who seemed to be there on business. All they talked about was the weather and highways. "Now you go on out there to 31 where it crosses 12 and you see a fork opposite the ham house. Get on 85. . . ." I felt very shaky and unsettled, and it seemed as

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though I would never actually get around to something like studying. My mother finally promised all the desk clerks bras which are what my father manufactures, and then we went upstairs in the elevator. "How do you like the way I make friends everywhere I go?" she asked. "Two seconds longer and they would have given me the whole hotel."

"I'd like to get unpacked so I can go over and register," I said.

The bellhop took us to our room. "How did you like the way she asked us if we wanted a double bed? Don't you think she thought we were lovers? In all seriousness, she thought we *were*."

I unpacked quickly, showered, got dressed, and told my mother I was going over to register. Outside, I still had the shaky feeling. I couldn't relax, and I felt smothered. As I registered, an older student invited me over to his house for a fraternity dance that evening. I told him I'd try to make it, and then I went back to the hotel. My mother had changed into a new dress. "Do I have too much perfume on?" she asked.

"It's pretty thick," I said.

"This particular brand seems thick, but it settles quickly, and in a little while you don't smell anything."

It was getting on toward evening, and it was dark outside. We had dinner in the hotel, and then my mother suggested we call on Mrs. Sloan so I could get settled with a place to live. We got a taxicab and gave the driver Mrs. Sloan's address. As he drove through the small town, my mother said, "It's funny, isn't it, how the very person you don't think will be able to help you helps you. That's why I say it's better not to leave a stone unturned. I'll talk to the devil himself if he'll help me out." The driver went out past the town and into the suburbs and past a miniature golf course. "You wouldn't think that woman could ever laugh and in two minutes I had her laughing." We came to a dark street with one house at the end of it. The lights were on and the driver said, "This is it." We got out of the cab, and the lights in the house went out. My mother and I went up to the entrance and rang the bell. No one answered. "The son of a bitch," she said.

"Let's get out of here," I said. The cab hadn't left, and we took it back to the hotel. "It wasn't her," my mother said. "I'll bet you a thousand dollars it wasn't her and it was her daughter."

"A lot of good it does me," I said.

"I could have had her eating out of my hand," my mother said. "I didn't meet her daughter so I couldn't cope with her."

At the hotel, my mother asked me to come in and have a drink. "It'll make you feel better," she said.

I told her I didn't want a drink. I wanted to go up and read. She said all right, and she'd be up in a little while. I went upstairs and sat on the bed. Then I read for a while. After about an hour, I came down and went into the bar where my mother was. There was a jukebox on, and she was swaying to the music with her head held back as if she were carried away by it. "Look at my feet," she asked the bartender. "What would you say I'm doing, swaying or dancing?"

"I can't really say," the bartender said. "Swaying. Dancing. Anything you say."

"We had a louse on the train who couldn't stand dancing. The world could come to an end and he still wouldn't want you to dance. The ridiculous part of it was I wasn't dancing. I was swaying. Just like I am now. Right, Ronald?"

"I always sway," my mother said to the bartender. "My son will bear me out. Even here where you don't care about dancing, what am I doing? Swaying."

I told my mother I thought I'd like to go over to the clubhouse dance where the older student had invited me.

"All right," she said. "You can go later. I want you to meet my fella." She put her arm around the bartender. "I'll bet you'd never believe he was my fella," my mother said. The bartender eased away, laughing. "Now he doesn't want to be my fella. Two seconds ago, what were you crooning into my ear?"

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The bartender laughed and looked at me.

"*Those Little White Lies,*" she said. "You should hear him sing. He doesn't know the words, but he loves to sing. He was singing in my ear."

My mother asked me if I wanted a drink, and I said I didn't but that I'd really like to go to that clubhouse.

"If they like you, you can live there," I said. "You don't have to stay with a Mrs. Sloan."

"Okay," my mother said. "Goodbye," she said to the bartender. We went upstairs in the elevator.

"He's cute, isn't he?" my mother asked.

"He's just a guy. I didn't see anything special about him," I said.

INSIDE the room my mother opened her closet and asked me what I thought she should wear.

"Maybe you shouldn't go with me," I said.

"You generally like me in something tailored, don't you?" she asked.

"I don't care what you wear," I said. "I really mean it though. I don't think you should go."

"When you talk stupidly, I can't talk to you. There'll be a thousand mothers there."

"There won't be," I said. "If I come in with my mother, they're liable to think I'm a jerk. They don't want to meet *you*. They *invited* me."

"I'll go there for two seconds altogether. If you're afraid I'm going to stay there and cramp your style, you're wrong. I'll stay there for two seconds."

She went into the bathroom to change. When she came out, I said, "I don't want you to go, Mother," and we had an argument. I told her I knew why she was sending me to college. That it was to make up for the way she'd treated me as a child. I told her I remembered the Negro girl she'd hired to take care of me when she went off with her girl friend for weeks and months at a time. I told her that once my friend Gordon had come to the house and she'd been lying there in a slip and ordering me to bring her things and Gordon had asked me later, "What is she to you anyway, a stepmother?"

She said that there'd never been the closeness between us that there had been between her and my sister. "You've always had an ugly streak in you your sister never had," she said.

I told her about the country and how she'd sent me down each evening to steal a red rose for her hair and how I hated it and how much it embarrassed me. And as I shouted at her, all the shakiness went out of me and I felt much better. Soon I was arguing all alone, feeling very good, bringing up things I thought I'd forgotten all about. How she'd embarrassed me by making me sing on the stage; how she'd tormented me by waking me up to entertain for company in the middle of the night; how she and my sister would get together and embarrass me about girl friends. Some of the things I brought up were almost a little nostalgic and my mother was sitting back now, not mad, but a little amazed at how I could remember all these things. And then I told, with a little smile, about the time she had brought a bandleader into our hotel room in Wisconsin one summer and turned on the sink water and thought I was sleeping.

"I was awake," I said, smiling a little. "I wasn't sleeping."

My mother's nose got very fat all of a sudden and her face became contorted. She started to cry, and I said to her, "I didn't mean that one."

She cried for a long time, and then she opened her purse and took out the bills that had been lying on the frigidaire at home the night before, marked "College Money." She counted out a number of them and put them on the dresser. She said it was to pay for college and that she was leaving the next morning. Then she went downstairs to the bar. I stuck around in the room and fell asleep, and the next morning, just as she promised, she kissed me goodbye, got into a taxicab in front of the hotel, and left me to begin my first year of college.

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EUROPEAN ANTI-SEMITISM EAST AND WEST

The Jewish Stake in Democracy

LEON POLIAKOV

"IF TO hate the Jews is to be a good Christian, then we are all good Christians," wrote the humanist Erasmus early in the 16th century; and if from the Crusades to the Enlightenment there was no such word as "anti-Semitism," there *was* scorn and hatred of the Jew, the outcast, shut away in his ghetto. Such scorn and hatred were a matter of course in medieval Europe, needing no justification. Then, with the 18th century and the Age of Reason, came the notion that all men are equal before the law, and it was under the aegis of this idea that the principles which were to govern the "Jewish question" up to the 20th century were formulated. Jews could enjoy the same legal rights as any other citizen; anti-Semitism was a matter of political opinion, or of personal taste; and, finally, an anti-Semite would make an exception of the "good Jews" he was personally acquainted with.

Jews, it appeared, were being given the chance to prove they could be, like all enlightened persons, good, loyal citizens, useful to the state. It was entirely up to them to make all the old anti-Semitic prejudices vanish—or so it seemed. And the Jews fell in with this view, striving conscientiously and passionately to contribute to the development of commerce, industry, the general prosperity. They became soldiers, diplomats, civil servants, Nobel Prize winners. Some sought to be more German than the Germans, more French than the French—even to the point of running with the pack and becoming anti-Semites themselves.

During the course of this era, which we might call the "probationary period"—probationary for Christians as well as for Jews—the latter enjoyed a relative tranquillity. The principles set forth above concerning their relation to the state were generally acknowledged in all the great European countries—in all, that is, except the Russia of the Czars, where anti-Semitism was an official state policy and where the essential form of modern anti-Semitic propaganda was perfected by the political police in various documents like the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." Both the idea of using anti-Semitism as a state policy and the legend of the "Elders of Zion" were inherited by Hitler, whose appearance brought the extended "probationary period" to a bloody close.

It took the Nazi crematoria to make Europeans recognize that the diagnosis of the Enlightenment had been faulty. After Hitler, anti-Semitism could no longer be regarded as just one political opinion among others, one taste among many; nor could it be seen as decisively determined by what Jews did or did not do. The mainspring of anti-Semitism now had to be sought not in the Jewish character but in the obscurer

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THE 1903 Kishinev pogrom in Russia prompted the formation of the American Jewish Committee, and it is therefore fitting that on the occasion of the Committee's Fiftieth Anniversary, which is being celebrated throughout this year, we should offer a survey of the current state of anti-Semitism in Western Europe and behind the Iron Curtain. LEON POLIAKOV is the research director of the Centre de Documentation Juive in Paris, and the author of two studies of Nazi anti-Semitism, *Harvest of Hate* (*Bréviare de la Haine,* 1951) and (with G. Wulf) *Das Dritte Reich und die Juden.* Mr. Poliakov is now engaged in a three-volume "History of Anti-Semitism," the first volume of which, *Du Christ aux Juifs de Cour,* appeared last year. He drew on material from that work-in-progress for his article "Official Anti-Semitism in Old Russia," which appeared in the July 1956 COMMENTARY.

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reaches of the historically conditioned Christian psyche. This is the new lesson that seems to have been learned in Western Europe from the tragedy of 1939-45. In the Communist regimes of East Europe, however, no such lessons have been learned; indeed, the Nazi slaughters have only served to give the old anti-Semitism new shape and form.

II

IN CONSIDERING anti-Semitism in Western Europe today, I shall concern myself mainly with France, since France has always been a leader in the intellectual life of Europe; it is, moreover, the country which I happen to be most familiar with.

Traces of anti-Semitism can still be found in certain areas of French life—the medical profession, the navy, the diplomatic service (a Jew can become President of the Council or Minister of Foreign Affairs, but his chances of being appointed an ambassador are practically nil). On the whole, however, many changes for the better have become apparent since the war.

The memory of Nazi persecutions remains strong and vivid, and the consequence, it seems to me, has been to stimulate a preoccupation with the "Jewish question," which, in turn, has reinforced the tendency to think of Jews as a completely singular group, a people utterly set apart. This is not necessarily an expression of anti-Semitism—often, indeed, the contrary. Readers of COMMENTARY may recall in this connection the remarkable essays by Jean-Paul Sartre which were published in the magazine in 1948.* Since then, countless other discussions of the "Jewish question" have appeared in print, both by Jews and non-Jews, and for the most part friendly to the Jews, who are seen as tragic victims of persecution. (It may be noted in passing that the inspiration for the non-Jewish thinking on the subject has been Christian rather than secular.)

A corollary of the new preoccupation with the Jewish question has been—and this is true for the French people as a whole rather than for intellectuals alone—that anti-Semitism is no longer politically respectable. The consensus of public opinion views anti-Semitism as a frightful and shameful prejudice (though as always, no one is averse to hearing anti-Semitic sentiments expressed in private, and in colloquial French usage the word Jew may still connote miser, usurer, cunning dealer). In the press, for example, no propagandist today dares admit openly that he is anti-Semitic, or in favor of special measures against the Jews; all he can say is, "I am not an anti-Semite, but . . ." and though this *but* may be followed by a good deal of venom, it is now a necessary preliminary.

A remarkable instance is the attitude of the Poujadist movement. Born of a league of discontented taxpayers—in France all taxpayers are discontented—it developed into a political force, electing more than thirty deputies to the National Assembly, and openly demanding a change of regime. Poujade's political advisers were recruited from among the sworn enemies of the regime, which is to say from the old Vichyites and collaborators; his supporters were mainly drawn from the class of small businessmen and retailers who have suffered keenly from the competition of the large department stores. Since many of these stores are owned by Jews, the situation was opportune for making open anti-Semitic propaganda.

But what actually happened? After some zigzagging and internal conflicts, the Poujadist movement withdrew from its position of open anti-Semitism: while Poujade freely attacked all "foreigners" living in France, he never attacked Jews as such.

Since Hitler and the war, the Catholic Church too has shown a marked change in its position on the Jewish question. At the beginning of this century, anti-Semitic writings were published by many prelates and canons with no interference or protest from Rome. But during the past decade or so, the Church has tried to stem the tide

*Published in book form as *Anti-Semite and Jew* (Schocken).

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of anti-Semitism in countless ways—through sermons and pastoral letters and by censoring its own publications. In many cities of France, especially, interfaith groups known as "Jewish-Christian friendships" and made up of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants have done valuable work in promoting tolerance.

Here it may be interesting to note a parallel change in the attitude of converted Jews. The percentage of Jewish converts to Christianity in France has increased a little since the war, but they no longer try to conceal their origin, as they used to, and they rarely take a conspicuous part in anti-Jewish polemics. On the contrary, they now tend to go out of their way to reveal the fact that they are converts from Judaism, even declaring that in becoming Christians they have only become "better Jews."

THE situation is pretty much the same in other West European countries—except for the Iberian Peninsula, which is in fact a world of its own. In England and Switzerland, for example (which were, of course, never occupied by the Nazis), an inherent social and political equilibrium has always guarded against the possibility of any violent eruption of anti-Semitism as such: and it is the same today. The general observations I have made for France certainly hold for Belgium and Holland where the German occupation was much harsher, and, as a consequence, the anti-Nazi reaction of the people much more violent.

In the Scandinavian countries, anti-Semitism continues to be the prerogative only of a number of cranks. One of these, a certain Gunnar Aberg, has been flooding five continents with his anti-Semitic leaflets for some twenty years; the names on his mailing list are apparently culled from telephone directories. In this literature we find the usual Hitlerite content: the "Jewish world plot," the Jews as the "enemies of humanity," and all the rest of it. Where does Gunnar Aberg get his money? Some say that he himself is a millionaire, others that the name is the cover for a secret organization which was endowed with substantial resources by the Nazis before their downfall. But nobody really knows.

Italy has for centuries been free of anti-Semitism, Jews having been settled there since the time of the Roman Empire and having been culturally assimilated since the Renaissance. Religious or racial hatred, moreover, seems always to have been inimical to the Italian spirit. Nevertheless, it seems to me that today Italian attitudes toward Jews still bear the marks of the year 1938, when Mussolini thought it politically expedient to launch a campaign of persecution against the Jews of Italy; and of 1943-44, when the Nazis were in direct control of Italy. Anti-Semitism was an international sore, and it showed itself even in a country whose people are by nature incapable of self-exaltation through racism.

III

THE public opinion polls that have been undertaken on the subject of anti-Semitism in Germany are revealing*:

Question: Do you think that the National Socialists have increased feeling against the Jews, or do you think that their anti-Jewish propaganda has had the opposite effect?

Has increased feeling against Jews	65
Has had opposite effect	13
Undecided	22

Question: What is your over-all attitude toward the Jews?

Anti-Semitic responses	23
Guarded responses	15
Tolerant responses	41
Pro-Jewish responses	6
No opinion	15

Question: What do you think is the primary, fundamental cause of anti-Semitism: is it the characteristics of the Jewish people, the Jewish religion, anti-Jewish propaganda, or what else?

The characteristics of the Jewish people	53
The Jewish religion	12
Anti-Semitic propaganda	30
Other reasons	8
Undecided	**14**
	[sic]

*See *Jahrbuch der öffentlichen Meinung* 1947-1955, Verlag für Demoskopie, pp. 128-131.

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Question: Would you marry a woman (or a man) of Jewish origin?

No	70
Perhaps	22
Yes	8

Between one-third and two-thirds of the German people, then, continue to regard Jews as "different" from themselves, and to regard the "difference" as unfavorable to the Jews. On the other hand, there are few violent anti-Semites around, and few scandalous incidents: all the more so because of the small number of Jews remaining in Germany. (The most common type of incident is the profanation of cemeteries.)

The general tendency among Germans with regard to the Jews shows itself in a desire to avoid any disturbing questions, an attitude that comes from the ubiquitous desire to explain away the whole Hitler era. The dangers of that tendency were well defined by the Catholic publicist, Walter Dirks, writing in the *Frankfurter Hefte* (March 1956):

> The active or latent anti-Semitism of a minority would not be dangerous if the . . . German people as a whole were not tempted to unburden itself, at least a little, of the responsibility for even its passive participation in Nazi atrocities, by claiming that "something must have been the matter with the Jews." Indeed, there was something the matter with the Jews, as something is the matter with Germans and Frenchmen and Americans, which at times makes people anti-German, or Francophobes, or anti-Coca-Colaites. Thus . . . the shame of German persecution of the Jews is not purged from the heart of the German people. This qualifying, quiet, secret urge to find a trace of justification for these persecutions, in order to justify one's own passivity at that time, will create opportunities for active anti-Semitism in other circumstances. . . .

Positive education against anti-Semitism —a project which concerns many responsible Germans—is obviously up against great psychological difficulties. Those Germans who were committed Nazis (as the majority were) either continue to believe that Jews are the bane of the universe, or feel a measure of resentment against Jews for having forced an admission of error out of them; those who were not Nazis may very well feel a like resentment because of German sufferings in the first postwar years, and their disgust at the subsequent rehabilitation and whitewashing of so many former Nazis may contribute to this resentment.

Under these circumstances the indirect message of the work of art seems to have been more effective than direct admonition, as appears from the success of various recent novels like Heinrich Böll's *Wo Warst Du, Adam?* (*Adam, Where Art Thou?*) Rudolph Schrörs's *Der Stein und der Dreizack* (*The Stone and the Trident*), or *Das Brandopfer* (*The Burnt-Offering*), by Albert Goes; and particularly from the success of the dramatic version of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, which is now being played simultaneously in seven cities of Germany, to hushed full houses.

After a silence of more than ten years, a number of books finally appeared in German dealing specifically with the Nazi crimes against the Jews.* These books received a great deal of attention throughout 1956: radio programs repeatedly mentioned them, and practically every newspaper in the country devoted a lot of space to them. As co-author of one of these books, I read every review that came out and I was struck by the similarity of the titles chosen for them by the various editors—who represented many different political groupings and tendencies: "Documents of Shame," "Documents of Crime," "Documents of a Shameful Epoch," "It Would Be a Crime to Forget!" and the like. Others were even more explicit: "Let's Have the Courage to Face the Truth," "Let's Look the Truth in the Face." And the Speaker of the Bundestag, Dr. E. Gerstenmayer, proclaimed publicly, "The truth hurts but is salutary."

A long article published in the important

**Theresienstadt, 1941-1945*, by H. G. Adler (reviewed in COMMENTARY, July 1956); *Das Dritte Reich und die Juden* (*The Third Reich and the Jews*), by L. Poliakov and G. Wulf; *Die Endlösung* (*The Final Solution*), by G. Reitlinger (reviewed in COMMENTARY, January 1955); *Er ist wie Du* (*He Is Like Unto You*), by E. Sterling.

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newspaper *Frankfurter Neue Presse* had this to say:

> . . . Some day the psychologists will be able to explain the mysterious silence which continues to surround the subject of the extermination of the Jews. . . . When President Heuss declared recently that he himself had never heard the names of Auschwitz and Belsen until after the war was over, he was speaking for almost all Germans. An iron curtain of silence had been raised.
>
> But Heuss did not mean to say (who among us could?) that he had not witnessed heartbreaking tragedies, or seen deportations of Jews or the bestial hunt for women, children, and old men, who were sealed up in box cars for the trip from which there was no return. Such shame cannot be wiped out by hiding behind the iron curtain of silence set up by the assassins themselves. Our children ought to know what happened in order to understand the barbarism to which, for twelve years, the whole German people submitted, and in order that they may finally understand other things which must needs remain incomprehensible to them so long as they are ignorant of the cold-blooded massacres preceding them. . . .

The last remark refers, of course, to the "sufferings of the Germans," to the bombardment of their big cities, etc., etc.

There remains the handful of impenitent Nazis who have not given up, who continue to affirm that the fault lies with the Jews. In a country the majority of whose present leaders are sincerely trying to set up a democratic society, these Nazis are of course able to profit by the laws that guarantee a free press, and they voice their propaganda openly. There was a time when they simply denied the fact of the Nazi crimes and branded any such suggestion as a Jewish invention: by now, this explanation has become impossible, and they have found an extraordinary argument, broached, if I am not mistaken, by the Nazi review *Der Weg* (in Buenos Aires): "The massacres of the Jews may very well have taken place, but they were unknown to the Führer, and organized by German anti-Nazis in order to compromise the National Socialist movement." Interestingly enough, these propagandists claim that they are not anti-Semites.

Another disagreeable symptom is the proliferation of more or less fictionalized "war memoirs," such as "entertaining" accounts of the private lives of the Nazi bigwigs, or apologias for them edited by wives or widows like Frau Rudolf Hess and Frau Joachim Ribbentrop, or reminiscences by Marshals of the Wehrmacht. The German book market is glutted with this kind of thing. Recently a list was published of books acquired for the soldiers' libraries of the new German army. Certain volumes of the kind I have just described were purchased (for instance, the memoirs of General von Manstein), but no books dealing with the Nazi crimes were included—the reason given in explanation: lack of funds. Many newspapers protested against this significant omission, and the matter was hotly debated for a number of weeks. The latest word I have received is that *Das Dritte Reich und die Juden* is being added to these libraries.

Summarizing, one may say that on the whole, more than ten years after the Hitler debacle, Germany, once again powerful and independent, is beginning to go through a phase of ideological soul-searching, centered mainly on the problem of past responsibility. The country has come to a parting of the ways, with the Jewish question the crucial test. There are many indications that a real moral stock-taking will enable Germany to become fully aware of its past, to overcome its anti-Semitic forces, and to establish itself as an organically healthy democracy. The fact that a new generation, not personally stained by the past crimes, is slowly replacing the old one, certainly lends hope for the future.

I have not included East Germany in this discussion, since I view the problem of anti-Semitism there as part of the general situation in Communist East Europe, which is treated in the following section. Here, however, it should be noted that the official propaganda of East Berlin makes a great point of the so-called anti-Semitism in West Germany, heaping together true and false allegations and confusing the various problems, with the result that some Germans are be-

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ginning to succumb to the old Hitler equation of Judaism with Communism.

IV

THE first symptoms of open anti-Semitic discrimination in the USSR date from 1939, that is to say, from the German-Soviet pact, when a *numerus nullus* for Jewish students was instituted in the Soviet military and diplomatic schools. In the same period, Stalin informed Hitler through von Ribbentrop* that he would continue to make use of the Jewish intelligentsia as long as he needed to, but that when it became convenient—that is, as soon as he had educated a new non-Jewish intelligentsia—he, too would liquidate the Jews.

Evidently it became "convenient" in 1947, when the campaign against "cosmopolites" was launched. It was then that the suppression, arrest, and execution of Yiddish writers, artists, and journalists began. The second stage was inaugurated in 1953, hard on the heels of the trial of Slansky and others in Czechoslovakia; with the so-called "doctors' plot" (also termed a "Zionist" plot) for justification, Stalin conceived a plan for the mass deportation to Siberia of the Jews of the USSR. Already the dossiers of all Russian Jews had been classified by the MVD in Moscow and were being scrutinized with the idea of deportation in mind; that such an immediate and total deportation was indeed the plan was confirmed by Khrushchev himself, at a meeting of Communist leaders in Warsaw last year.

Before the plan could be carried out, however, the mad dictator died. After de-Stalinization, after Khrushchev's speech, one might have expected the Kremlin to renounce, among other things, its anti-Semitic policy; but a closer look revealed that this was not to be the case. The text of Khrushchev's speech that was circulated among the Communist parties of other countries was carefully purged of the section dealing with the responsibility of Stalin for the organization of the "doctors' plot."

In contrast to other victims of Stalinist terror, the Jewish intellectuals and writers executed in 1947 were not publicly rehabilitated in the wave of de-Stalinization; members of their families were simply called in by the police, who privately explained the 1947 murders as "a crime of Beria." Nor were the anti-Jewish purges of the last years of Stalin's reign followed by any kind of reparation. The top Jewish functionaries who were demoted or dismissed have not been restored to their former positions, and the strategic jobs continue to be held by non-Jews. (Today Lazar Kaganovich is the only Jew in the Central Committee of the Russian Communist party—a body composed of one hundred and thirty-three members.) In the Soviet of Nationalities, the "autonomous" Jewish region of Birobidjan is represented by four Russians and one Jew. In short, the program Stalin announced to von Ribbentrop has been largely realized.

But what is perhaps most significant at the moment is the fact that the charge (made in connection with the Slansky trial) of a "Zionist world plot" against the Soviet Union has never been withdrawn; Rajk and Kostov were posthumously rehabilitated, but Slansky and his fellow (Jewish) "conspirators" remain condemned for "Zionist bourgeois intrigues." The charge, of course, has been kept alive at least partly because it is useful to the Russians in their pro-Arab, anti-Israel foreign policy. That this policy of hostility to Israel reflects, among other things, anti-Semitic attitudes on the part of the Soviet leaders seems indisputable.* In any case, Khrushchev has not hesitated, on different occasions, to make a public show of his personal views on the Jewish question. In the spring of 1956, when receiving the French socialists in Moscow, he exclaimed, during the course of a discussion of the Dreyfus Case: "Here in a socialist state, the Jews ought to know their place, and I don't think Comrade Kaganovich who is with us here will, as a good Marxist, contradict me." At about the same period, at a meeting of the newly elected Polish Polit-

*See Walter Z. Laqueur's "Soviet Policy and Jewish Fate," COMMENTARY, October 1956.

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buro, he singled out Roman Zambrowski, its sole Jewish member, for attack. "I think that the Polish Communist party should see to it that only Poles are in its leadership," he remarked, emphasizing the word "Poles."

Finally, it seems that new deportations of Jews to Siberia have recently taken place in the western part of the USSR—in Vilna and Lvov, particularly. These deportations may have been a response to the fact that many hundreds of Jews were suspected of being too sympathetic to the movement of liberalization going on across the Polish border. When the deportations started, the Polish consulates of the cities affected were besieged by thousands of Jews who had lost their Polish nationality in 1941 and now wanted to regain it and re-enter Poland. (Many such Jews were permitted to emigrate to Poland, where recent developments have prompted them to seek passports and leave for Israel.)

INSTINCTIVELY, Russian Jews have known for a long time what was in store for them. I remember one, a Hasidic *rebbe* who came to France shortly before the last war: he argued that the Nazis, in aiming at the physical extermination of the Jews, were less dangerous to Judaism as such than the Communists, who attacked their minds also. All sources indicate how right the Hasidic *rebbe* was. Rabbi Joseph Miller, one of the group of American rabbis who in 1956 visited the Soviet Union, recently wrote in *Look* magazine: "As a result of forty years of post-Czarist anti-Semitism, which reached its bloody peak during Stalin's time, two and a half million Russian Jews face cultural and religious extinction—not to mention, in some cases, actual physical extinction in Siberia. Plainly and simply, the Red leaders want to destory the Jew as a Jew." Other statements by visitors to Russia, and refugees from it, testify roundly to the new terror, the new oppression that continually weighs on the heads of the Jews.

That the ultimate aim is "to destroy the Jew as a Jew," has been confirmed by Soviet sources themselves. The 1952 edition of the Soviet Encyclopedia, in the article entitled "Jews," unmistakably expresses this aim. According to this article, the Jews are neither a race nor a nation, but a human group *sui generis*, held together partly by bonds of faith, but mainly by the "class interests" of the Jewish bourgeoisie and clergy. The Jews, from the Soviet point of view, are a subdivision of bourgeois society, and Communists can cite Marx's essay on the Jewish question in support of this view. The encyclopedia article says explicitly: "In the USSR and in the people's democracies the Jews are very quickly assimilated by the people among whom they live. Such is not the case in the capitalist countries where a marked class differentiation exists among the Jews themselves."

For more than twenty years, then, the Soviet leaders have systematically pursued a policy, whatever its zigzags, of forcible assimilation of the Jews; in many respects one is reminded of the anti-Semitic policies of the Czars. "One-third will die, one-third will be assimilated [converted], one-third will emigrate"; such, almost a century ago, was the program of the infamous Pobiedonostsev, and there is not a member of the present Politbureau who has not worked for the realization of the first two points of this program. But the resemblance goes still further. The "Zionist plot" of 1953 was only a new version of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," and in both cases the author of the forgery was the same: the political police of the Russian empire.

In the Soviet Union, of course, public opinion, in the Western sense of the term, is non-existent, or at least inoperative, so that only the official policy counts. Nevertheless, it is still possible to speculate on the private feelings of the people. What we can say with some assurance is that the new economic and social structure created by the revolution of 1917 contributed to diluting and weakening the traditional anti-Semitism of the people; on the other hand, the German occupation of Russia, which spread the contagion of hatred and cruelty, and the subsequent Stalinist moves against the Jews

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(not to mention the current hostility to Israel) have contributed to reviving anti-Semitism; finally, as in the Russia of the Czars, there are traditionally anti-Semitic regions: chiefly the Ukraine.

We are even better informed about the state of anti-Semitism in the so-called peoples' democracies. Official anti-Semitism was implanted in the satellite states between 1948 and 1953, beginning with attacks on "bourgeois Jewish nationalism" and "cosmopolitanism" and culminating in the monstrous trials (copied from the pre-war Moscow Trials) whose chosen victims were Jews —Communist or otherwise. Anti-Semitism among the people of these countries is probably even stronger than in Russia, and has the same deep roots: a powerful anti-Semitic tradition stimulated into new life by the years of Nazi occupation. We are also better informed on concrete manifestations of anti-Semitism in the satellite states. When the Polish newspapers began to speak freely on all sorts of questions, we learned that there had been outbreaks of anti-Semitic incidents in Poland, such as the defiling of cemeteries. Then it became clear that these incidents were minor symptoms, that something far more serious was happening. The pro-Moscow minority in the Polish Communist party was using anti-Semitism as a weapon against Gomulka and blaming the atrocities of the Stalinist period on the Jews. Gomulka has attempted to stem this anti-Semitic tide, but reports tell us that panic has spread among the 50,000 Jews still in Poland: some twenty thousand of them applied to the Israeli consulate for visas last December. Their emigration was authorized and is now in progress—at a monthly rate of between 2,500 and 3,500. Many observers now believe that in two or three years Poland will be a country practically without Jews,* though there are indications at the moment that Jewish emigration may soon be restricted by the government.

In other "peoples' democracies" the identification of Stalinist oppression with the Jews seems also to be made. The fact is that during the Nazi occupation of East Europe, many Jews joined the Communist party, and from the start filled numerous leading positions; it has been easy for the masses to blame their troubles of the Stalinist era on Jews. The Jewish refugees from Hungary, for instance, who constitute nearly 5 per cent of the total number in the recent wave of refugees, are unanimous in complaining about Hungarian anti-Semitism, which continues to pursue them even in the refugee camps. So far as it is possible to judge, popular anti-Semitism remains equally strong in Rumania, where persecutions of Jews as such have been taking place since 1948. By contrast, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have an honorable record as far as Jews are concerned. It is to be particularly noted that emigration of Jews has never been forbidden in these two countries, and here is the true test.

This brief survey, then, would seem to indicate that the Nazi atrocities have led to a diminution of anti-Semitic sentiment (or at least activity) and a new point of view on the "Jewish question" in all those countries where democracy has a foothold—including, with some obvious qualifications, West Germany. But in that part of the world where tyrannical regimes are in force, anti-Semitism continues to lie in readiness for political use whenever the occasion arises. For the truth is that anti-Semitism, far from being a political opinion or a matter of taste, is a crucial test for the whole body politic. There is a fundamental incompatibility today between a tyrannical regime and the survival of Judaism; conversely, any regime which persecutes Jews is a tyrannical regime. One may judge for oneself the significance of the distinction between Nazism, which aimed directly at the physical extermination of the Jews, and Communism, which seeks to destroy Jewish identity. But of one thing there can be no doubt: the future of the Jews, their very survival as Jews, is indissolubly linked to the future of the Western democracies.

*See Lucjan Blit's "Poland and the Jewish Remnant," COMMENTARY, March 1957.

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TO BE A JEW

A Discovery

DACHINE RAINER

"I HAVE a most curious feeling," I began.

"Please!" The little man held up a thin, imperious hand. "I have feelings all the time. My heart palpitates, I have pains in my chest, I think I'm going crazy. Do I bother my friends with my feelings?" He spoke with an angry rapidity.

"I didn't say *symptoms*, I said *feeling*," I contradicted, exaggerating the plural of one and the singular of the other.

"So. All right. Some people have *symptoms*, you have *feelings*. Maybe you're too fine for *symptoms*, it would make you a human being like everybody else. . . ." His large, full-lipped mouth parted in a smile in which his crooked teeth showed yellow and black in the dimly lit hotel room.

I wanted to say something, but "Please!" his hand interrupted again. "I've known you—how many years?—since high school, and chased you pretty steady, maybe even got a good run for my money too. I've been two-timed, first by a husband, then by lovers—how can a man stand so much?" The grin broke his homely face into proportions of high comedy. I looked at him helplessly as he continued talking away.

"Now you're leaving Dudley after ten years. Good! And you're not serious about someone else—it doesn't look like it anyway," he added, suspiciously. "So . . ." he took a quick, shallow, rasping breath and plunged along with his doomed suit, ". . . after all the men and all the women—I haven't been hanging around doin' nothin' exactly for fifteen years—it's fifteen years since . . ." (Milton *was* vulgar). "Now that maybe you're not so interested in sex any more"—he looked at me carefully, and I burst out laughing. He looked hurt, but he took my hand, and I allowed it to rest limply (maybe I *wasn't?*) in his warm, damp, fervent one. ". . . I thought maybe we could finally get together again," he concluded.

What a euphemistic expression: "to get together"; yet, in a sense, more literal than the Biblical "to know." The coy attitude toward sex. Neither the word nor the concept had existed in any discernible way during all my eighteen years in my parents' apartment.

Milton was all right. I sighed. Certainly I wouldn't have to call the desk clerk. He was an old, good friend, except for his lack of emancipation from the Bronx. The youth an adolescent girl will sleep with if she's determined to repudiate the mores of the Bronx! Most of the boys are also seventeen and eighteen, and in that brief interim before they repudiate their rebellion and return to the drug stores and dental offices of their fathers—homely, scrawny, inexperienced as lovers—they are almost invariably intelligent, sometimes brilliant or gifted or amusing, except when they're in earnest, when they're fearfully dull. I looked at Milton apathetically.

I couldn't remember him as a lover, thank goodness! He was almost inexcusably homely.

"But now you have feelings," he murmured reproachfully, clinging to my em-

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DACHINE RAINER has appeared previously in our pages with verse. A young writer now living in Bearsville, New York (and the mother of a little girl), she was born in the Bronx, and took her degree at Hunter College. Her work—poetry, fiction, criticism—has been published in the literary magazines and in a number of anthologies, including W. H. Auden's *Book of Modern American Verse* and the recent Ballantine Books *New Short Novels 2*, which contained her novella "A Room at the Inn."

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barrassed hand. "Yesterday, your heart palpitated. It is *nothing*, I tell you. Emotional strain like the doctor says, see another doctor, go, go to a heart clinic if you want to be sure. But don't tell *me*. Fifteen years is it? . . ."

"Thirteen or fourteen only!" I protested mildly. I could hear myself lapsing into the argumentative manner and disagreeable sing-song of the Bronx.

"And you want to exchange other men for hypochondria! Nothing doing! I thought you didn't like the Bronx. That's what they do *there*. Middle-aging Jewish women. . . ."

"My God! I'm in my early thirties—that's not middle-aged," I flared. Before he could answer I waved him quiet. No one that I could remember had called me, to my face, a Jew—of *any* age. Now Milton, not only to imply that I was fast approaching middle age, but a Jewish middle age, at that! I saw the ponderous bosoms and the heavy swollen ankles.

I HADN'T tried to dissimulate. In the environment, largely Gentile, of my husband's ancestral home, to which I had removed myself, people who were Jewish or who knew Jews, generally cautiously, uncertainly, as though an error would have been fatal, identified me; the others didn't. For them, the possibility never entered their minds. My father-in-law, a rich manufacturer and banker, was president of the Country Club, a notoriously anti-Semitic social group which I was invited to join—so few anti-Semites recognize a Jew when they see one—and politely declined. They were the sort of people—square, upper-middle class, and for us not only ideological enemies—for Dudley and I were both radicals and he could no more contemplate joining the Club than he could think of inviting his own father for a cup of tea in what to the old man appeared as an inexcusably impoverished, even depraved setting—that, quite apart from the Jewish question, we would have had nothing in common with under any circumstances.

We don't golf and we don't need the Club pool; we swim in a creek on our property, or in a neighbor's quarry pool, and although we drink, we're not alcoholics; this virtually exhausts what constitutes the good fellowship at the Club. Except for tennis and horses. We don't play tennis any more, we have a donkey and goats, but no horses, and whatever relations we entered into with other people, however casual, could not possibly have been gratified by anyone at the Club. Oh yes, and we weren't Republicans. In the local upstate New York mind, Democrats, Jews, and Communists—and Communists include all eccentrics—formed the three sides of the Devil's Triangle.

So my being Jewish never came up. I was suspect on too many other scores. Neither did I languish with any longing for my homeland in the Bronx, having as little in common with my own parents as I had with my husband's.

We loved the country, but periodically we craved the stimulation, largely Jewish, of the city. We used to see Milton, who was in the trade union movement, a couple of times a year, and other friends, usually partially successful practitioners of the arts, about as frequently. For Dudley, perpetually provincial, I believe they all had an exotic flavor, for New York always remained a foreign city to him. I too had had my foreign attractions, but before Dudley, largely; among the confraternity of my boy friends, acquired and relinquished in an uneven but relatively rapid and continually accelerating succession, there numbered an East Indian, volatile and pathologically jealous, a blond, superbly constructed German clam-digger, a Greek sociology scholar, a relatively decadent, unwholesomely pure Anglo-Saxon playboy, and then Dudley—Panamanian, English, Huguenot, but representing for me—perhaps it was only a question of status, for his immediate family included a Panamanian president, an ambassador, a recent governor of Connecticut—more than any of the others: the Gentile; the Man Who—although he had no desire to—Belonged.

Our crossed patterns came up only during

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our numerous arguments when I burned and he froze:

"Your capacity for rage is dismaying"—Dudley.

"Your incapacity for *any* passion maddens me"—me.

But the origins of our differences never arose, in themselves, as an issue. That's why my feeling, so intangible but so profound, that I was trying now to describe to Milton, was so baffling.

"IT'S not a *sick* feeling. Actually I've had an *experience*."

"An experience . . . so . . ." Milton was on the alert.

"A very small experience, but a very deep feeling," I began. I was beginning to tell stories circumlocutionally, like the old Jews, I thought. I wanted to stretch out luxuriously. It was so warm at the hotel, so comfortable after the harsh country winter. I didn't, I *shouldn't,* feel happy—("You shouldn't use *should,*" Dudley used to say; "it sets up impossible standards for yourself and everyone else"). Anyway, I didn't feel happy, but peaceful, even though I was here with my young daughter, in a rather dinky couple of hotel rooms, on borrowed money, making plans to dissolve my marriage. Dudley and I were still in love but we just didn't like each other any more. Our differences were aesthetic and economic.

But I mustn't stretch, I mustn't look voluptuous, or even moderately attractive—I scowled. I mustn't set Milton off, and how little he required to build on. I couldn't, even deploring the marble-like virtues of my about-to-be-recent husband, sail into the turbulent, unreciprocated passion of someone that, at the risk of seeming vain or absurd, I had evolved beyond so many years ago. But he was here, and although it was pleasant just sitting quietly, I wanted to communicate my experience, so curious and moving, earlier today.

Gently I removed my hand, and shifting my weight as gracelessly as possible on the small, deep red divan, I began again. This time more forthrightly.

"There's a cleaning woman comes in here every day. Middle-aged. That is," I added severely, but smiling, "in her *late fifties.* And I've been enormously attracted to her." I paused momentarily, as Milton, having heaved a sigh of relief, but recalling that one of the rivals to his distant pursuit of me had been a young girl—we were both perhaps eighteen—tensed his thin body, and moved forward expectantly into his slouch.

"Oh, for God's sake," I swore irritably, for his look and anxious gesture had been apparent. "What I mean is that I had an ineffable feeling of identity with her, something out of my past. She speaks with a heavy foreign accent—but I couldn't—and day after day, in the two weeks I've been here I speculated on it—identify what it was. It bears unmistakable resemblances to the speech of my parents—they're both Polish Jews—but even more it suggests the speech of other Jews, my grandfather's, who has a more atypically foreign accent. Their speech is perhaps thicker, more guttural, and from it are absent those specifically Jewish mannerisms, both semantic and mechanical. While it was her speech that impressed me most" (I noticed with relief that Milton looked less amorous and more interested) "and her eyes second—they were luminous and quite expressive, not dark, but with that depth that one associates with certain Jewish eyes." I stopped. Milton has such eyes; I don't find them attractive in men, although they are often very arresting in women. "Soulful I believe they call them. Or bedroom eyes." The soul and the body, satisfactory in both domains, they find them. "But her body, her body although medium-sized was so strong and capable-looking, so hard, sturdy, so worked and lived in, tough, no sign of any delicacy, and her face, too, was firm, uncomplicated, except for the eyes, an open face one associates with peasants in the field—she even, despite her obviously urban pallor, created an incomprehensible impression of having the wind, sun, rain part of her heritage—that I decided almost at once that she wasn't Jewish."

"Now!" Milton indignantly objected to

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the stereotype. But he objected with his small, thin, intellectual's body, his large, unwholesome-looking eyes in his large, curly-haired head, his Second Avenue clothes. . . .

"Anyway," I insisted, riding roughshod over his objection, "I decided almost immediately that she wasn't Jewish, although I didn't know exactly what to go on except instinct. My instinct is exceptional. . . ."

Milton smiled, ruefully, possibly remembering my talent at suspecting which had been the FBI people in the radical party to which we had belonged in our late teens and early twenties. I could identify Communists, Socialists, the police in plainclothes, Trotskyites—anarchists still eluded me—with fairly impressive success.

"But what *was* she? And to what was I responding? Partly, and I'm ashamed to say this, it was her prodigious efficiency—she cleaned the two rooms thoroughly in something under a half hour—and she was very kind to Thérèse, had a dozen grandchildren herself she told me—and she didn't seem to be doing anything out of a desire for a tip—"

"Listen! You tip too much and too often. I notice that!" Milton interrupted proprietorily, peremptorily, and irrelevantly.

I hadn't borrowed any money from *him*, so I replied airily, "Lorraine Cummings says, 'Some people are heavy tippers and some people *aren't*, and there's nothing you can *do* about it.' It's like having long or short legs," I added. I didn't believe that, but I returned to my story, to stave off any further discussion. "Anyway, I didn't tip her often—I've noticed that I tip people a lot in direct proportion to *not* liking them; there's an element of pity, but also of irritability. I tip them to make them go away, and stop fawning on me."

Milton shook his head, marveling at my unnecessary complexity. "Many times I've asked, why isn't she like everyone else?"

I smiled sympathetically. A question right out of my mother's book. Who did he have in mind? His sister, or mine?

"Everyone else is too good for her?"

I shook my head protestingly.

"Year after year I have to be in love with a crazy mixed-up kid. Why? I ask myself. Am I maybe a little bit crazy too?" He resecured my hand.

"You should have settled down with Marjorie Morningstar; soon you'll be able to afford that house in Scarsdale."

"*That* phony!" Milton glared. (It's curious how men repudiating the radical movement—what was there left to affirm anyway?—still fancied themselves intransigent.) I wanted to add, "Anyway, these mixed marriages don't work," but caught myself up in incredulous surprise, for I was thinking of Milton and me, not of Dudley.

How thoroughly I had repudiated being a Jew, so that some men although they had repudiated it too—after all Milton was an atheist, very much in the secular world, cultivated in the European tradition—how was he more a Jew than I? Was it merely that he had never been a young girl attractive to Gentile men? But among his affairs I'm certain there figured non-Jewish girls. Obviously, some men could only appear hopelessly alien to me. But why? I wondered how much was aesthetic. The Jewish men I'd been intimate with didn't look Jewish—Milton was—and that was so long ago—the solitary exception; they were tall, strong, at least strong-looking, small-nosed, and fairly unharassed. Living out of town for so many years I had come to associate the neurotic New York face, only partially reflecting the Jewish "type," with Jews as such. I sighed.

"So?" Milton queried. "About your cleaning lady? You think I've got all night for cleaning women?" he smirked.

Oh, God, won't the phone ring? I don't know how to extricate myself from this. But I continued.

"This morning I gave her a dollar. Or rather, seized by my intense feelings of rapport—I couldn't bear to sully these with money—embarrassing for me that it's less difficult to allow her to make my bed and clean my tub than to confront her with that vulgar definition of our dissimilar status—"

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"A sociologist too," Milton interrupted. "Look, so you wanted to give her a dollar, but you couldn't touch the money. So you don't come from the Jews who were money-changers. You descend from a pure line of neurotics. You can't touch money. So?"

"You're confusing things. Giving it the wrong emphasis. I have to tell it straight. It's so slight, so tenuous, you'll miss the essence. . . . I gave the dollar to Thérèse to give the woman. . . ."

Milton couldn't resist, "You made it kosher. Like asking a Negro to turn on the lights in the synagogue. . . . Thérèse is half *goy* anyway."

I flushed. I hadn't heard the word for ten years. (My mother had said, perplexed but not prohibitive for once, perhaps somewhat resigned, "What could I expect? You want to marry a *goy* . . . all right . . . you'll marry him anyway.") But I went on; it might be fairly hopeless trying to communicate something this oblique to Milton, but I was committed to the attempt.

"No, it's that a child—its innocence—can take the curse off almost anything, even money, even degrading relations. . . . Thérèse dropped the bill, retrieved it, gave it to the woman. . . ."

"What are you making such a production about?" Milton asked impatiently.

"It wasn't the money, it was what it unleashed. The cleaning woman dropped her mop and came over to where I sat braiding Thérèse's hair. 'Mrs. . . . you don't know . . .' she began, and in a few moments I had all her sorry story; she sketched in her background with rapid, melancholy strokes: she came from the Old Country in 1929; she'd had a 'no-good' husband; when she emigrated she left her five young daughters—the last an infant—with her sister, and from here, paid regularly for their upkeep and gradually accumulated enough money—always doing this work, housework, when she was fortunate enough to find it during the long depression—to bring her children here, one by one. There was only the youngest left, and she was coming soon.

"'But where, where are you from?' I had asked her early in her recitation.

"'Poland,' she answered, surprised that I didn't know. Poland! And at the word 'Poland' I felt my guts constrict. A wave of confused feelings burst over me violently as she talked on and on, expecting my sympathy, pleading, her hand lightly on my arm, for our continued rapport. But my grandmother had been incinerated in that country, uncles, aunts, cousins I had never seen . . . whom had I given a dollar to? I cringed under the most excruciating guilt as I listened to her guileless tale. The word 'Pole' had been synonymous with 'pogrom,' with hatred and fear in my mother's vocabulary. The only Pole I had ever known was a little girl named Olga in third grade with whom I had had my only physical fight. We had pummeled each other on the school playground with a violence and inseparability that still astounds me. I can no longer remember the issue and I can scarcely remember the face of my most beloved friend during all those early childhood years as vividly as I recall the white, hate-seared face of Olga. But it was small wonder I hadn't identified the cleaning woman's speech. Olga had no accent I could recall; although we must have exchanged words before we had come to blows ('dirty Polack, dirty Polack') I could remember none. And I had, to my knowledge, not known another Pole . . . ever . . . until now. . . ."

MILTON listened silently. His eyes were closed but his face was unrelaxed.

"What really was strange" (if only I could communicate *this,* but I couldn't quite articulate it for myself) "was my *feeling* when she said 'Poland,' an almost biological feeling. I don't know how else to explain it: my glands were involved. It was so deep, so irrational—the only thing I can think of that suggests its intensity was my equally overwhelming emotion revolving around my compulsion to have a child. That, like this, had nothing to do with any intellectual process. Actually, it was antithetical to it. I *felt* I was a Jew—and, consequently, the

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Pole—this poor old Polish woman—was the mortal enemy. In some inchoate way I thought of the concentration camps, the gas chambers. . . ."

"Those were the Germans, not the Poles," Milton countered softly.

"I *know*, but the Pole in my mind is the archetype of the persecutor of the Jew . . . and here she was!" I cried, filled with self-mockery, mimicking the tones in which I read the final exciting passage of "The Three Bears" to Thérèse. Now I could laugh at myself a little, but uncertainly. My deep and inchoate feeling persisted vividly.

Milton shook his head.

"But almost instantly I recognized the absurdity of my feeling . . . or maybe, the feeling so imprecise and tenuous couldn't endure, for certainly this kindly, conscientious, appallingly exploited woman could not be my enemy, or the enemy of my race. . . ." I mused.

"Your race?" Milton echoed. "So even you—you escape for a while—like a light Negro 'passing' on a Southern bus, or in a restaurant—but it catches you. And not that one gets caught from the outside. . . ."

"You're right," I interrupted softly. "That's the way the German Jews were caught . . . not by the outside. . . ."

"True; many of them had passed over into the Gentile world completely . . . but it catches you from the inside . . ." he gently pounded his chicken-breasted chest. "You don't want to pass. You find you *want* to belong."

He clasped my hand again.

"I don't know," I began hastily, meaning to imply that I didn't want to belong to him, in any case.

THERE was a solemn pause. And I was foreseeing a difficult interlude, from which I couldn't imagine quite how I would extricate myself, when the telephone rang.

"Hi, doll, can I come over tomorrow eve and take you and Tess out to dinner?"

John Phelps. Divorced. Very charming. A school friend of Dudley's who lives on a small income derived from his ex-wife, very rich and forever fond of him. It was impossible not to be. Gay, breezy, affectionate.

"I'd love it."

I repressed my relief, but could not avoid perceiving Milton's questioning, suspicious, penetrating glare.

"Six do? Early enough for the kid?"

"Six is fine. What've you been doing?"

"Nothing much. Beginning my memoirs: 'Confessions of an Anglo-Saxon Protestant Male.'"

I laughed. It *was* a funny epilogue to the anecdote I'd just told Milton.

"But really—it's fairly typical I suppose—confessions are all the vogue, you know; I'll make a mint! It'll be the story of a persecuted minority—me!"

I laughed again.

"No. But *really!* It suddenly occurred to me: I don't know *anyone* but Negroes and Jews."

It was true. John, having come from the Midwest a dozen years ago, was hopelessly addicted to what he thought of as an intellectual's demi-monde: New York, literature, and jazz. His only friends *were* Jews and Negroes.

"Six, then?"

"Right—"

"Say, as an afterthought, can I come over tonight? I'm downtown—on Jane Street, and I've got a bottle. On my way home."

"I've got a friend over; I'm sorry." I was.

Milton tensed, then relaxed.

"Six then tomorrow."

"Fine. See you," and I hung up, studiously avoiding Milton's worried look as I returned to the sofa.

Just when I had thought it possible that I might belong somewhere after all. Of what had this morning's incident tried to inform me?

I looked apologetically at Milton. And I thought of John. He was such good fun. And besides, he knows what it is to be persecuted. I smiled, and Milton answered it tentatively.

Persecuted, for what? For not belonging, perhaps only for his sense of not belonging—

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a Gentile, white alien among Jews and Negroes, the people of his choice. However, the persecution was powerless, existing only in John's head; no one wished to exclude him. On the contrary, he was as popular as a Negro in the Communist party in the 30's, and not altogether for dissimilar reasons: he cast an unorthodox stamp of approval on an in-group that was painfully aware—to the extent of evolving a new language (Negro jive, or Jewish-intellectual-jargon)—of its repudiation of that society within whose blatantly hostile borders it had constructed its arbitrary ghetto.

But what of my exclusion—was it too strong to speak of my self-exile?—from the society of Jews, from their scholars and merchants alike. My cleaning woman had hurled me into their midst with that terrible word "Poland!" but John's cry, "I, too, am lonely but belong nowhere," had reverberated between the carefree words of his telephone talk, so that the "Poland" I had carried in my blood had cooled to an endurable temperature, and now the apathy, a not uncomfortable apathy of the homeless, again flowed smoothly and cruelly through my veins.

I would spend tomorrow evening with John. That much I could decide. But what of tonight? I regarded covertly Milton's expectant form at the far end of the sofa and saw that the simple matter of my self-awareness had only just begun. It was not tonight, and not Milton, but it was *who I was,* and *where* I was, in distinction to who I wished to be, or desired to become, and where, in Whose Universe I chose to exist. Altogether apart from my unreasonably intense feelings about the Bronx—and one could substitute, I knew, Brooklyn, Manhattan, or Queens—for it was not a matter of architecture or geography, nor even of social organization, neither of pool rooms, nor of marriage bureaus, that disconcerted and dismayed me so, but that great, insuperable, quite obviously insurmountable accident of the blood that confronted my longing and sense of futility, my unfulfillment everywhere.

So tonight—would it have been otherwise without the interruption of the telephone reminding me that not only Jews are thrust from their heritage?—so, tonight—yet, if one could repudiate one's family, why not one's race? both factors existing irrespective of free will—but, tonight, and for all the nights next week, next year, and forever, I would, disengage myself as I might try, be faced with certain insoluble problems—my involuntary disenchantment with Milton or his counterpart, for one—problems whose existence I had been tardy at recognizing, but which confronted me finally, ruthlessly, with undiminished vigor in their presentation, problems—that small matter of self-recognition, for another—that I had watched my old compatriots grow up to reckon with, one by one, but which I had somehow, miraculously, I had thought, escaped. How mistaken could one be about one's self? I darted a pleading, questioning smile upon Milton's wistful, forsaken face.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

JACOB H. SCHIFF, HUMANITARIAN

Some Letters

In our April number, and again in May, this department presented selections from the writings of Louis Marshall, a founding father of the American Jewish Committee, which is now celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary. Jacob H. Schiff, famous of course in the annals of American finance, was another of the Committee's founders. Profoundly religious, he acted upon a broad sense of responsibility not only to the Jewish community, but to the American people as a whole. Below we print excerpts from some of his letters; they deal with various matters of social import, expressing views strikingly in advance of his time. The selections are taken from Cyrus Adler's two-volume biography *Jacob H. Schiff: His Life and Letters* (Doubleday, Doran, 1929); Adler was himself a founder of the Committee.

(Shocked by the situation of the unemployed following the panic of 1907, Schiff had been instrumental in establishing in 1908 the National Employment Exchange, a non-sectarian bureau. He was active in the organization until 1915, when he took issue with the management over complaints that the Exchange was discriminating against Jewish and Catholic applicants. In the end, he wrote a letter of resignation, from which we publish the following excerpt.)

March 27, 1916

. . . In founding the Exchange, it was the basic understanding that it was to be purely a social service society, was to serve all alike without discrimination, neither in favor nor against any class of workers, and the question of a return upon the capital which had to be provided was to be a secondary consideration, if any at all. . . .

Some months ago I was flooded with letters from applicants to the Exchange protesting against the discrimination that was practiced against seekers of employment of the Jewish faith—in some instances, also against Catholics—and also against the discourtesies and indignities these applicants had to submit to from the employees of the Exchange.

In investigating this, I found to my amazement that the situation had scarcely been overstated. I discovered that the forms applicants had to fill out contained a space requiring a statement of the applicant's religion—this is an American social service society!—and that applicants who stated their faith as Jewish were treated with scant courtesy and discouraged from returning for further aid and information. When I brought this to the notice of the directors, the manager did not deny that these conditions existed, but justified them as resulting from the unwillingness of many employers to employ Hebrews, and from the conditions made that such should not be sent. While I was well aware of the existence of this prejudice, and that it was unfortunately widespread, I insisted before the directors—of whom, however, seldom more than two or three were present at the meetings of the board—that as far as the National Employment Exchange was concerned, it could not make itself the handmaid of prejudiced employers; that it must not inquire into the religion of any applicant; that it could not consent to do anything else than to carefully look into the qualifications of applicants for any given position; that it should in every instance send to employers men or women whom it believed competent for a vacant position; and that if employers had prejudices, and wished to discriminate, they must decide themselves in the last instance,

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whether or not to employ any candidate sent by the Exchange. . . .

(Jacob Schiff felt a strong sympathy for the Negroes, and spoke up in defense of their rights on various occasions. In the early part of Wilson's administration, he wrote to the President protesting against the segregation of colored employees in the government departments in Washington. An excerpt from this letter [undated] follows.)

. . . May I ask to be permitted to add my voice to that already raised in defense of the inalienable rights of the colored people, who are human beings, as we are, endowed by our common Father with the same characteristics, with the same feelings of pride, and whom we have no right to humiliate because of the fact, for which they are not responsible, that they have a different color than our own. Unlike others of the many elements that compose our population, the forebears of the colored people in the United States did not come into this country of their own free will, but were brought here by brute force and under conditions which greatly enhance the obligation we of the twentieth century have, to see that the descendants of the free men and women who were brought here from their distant homes to be sold into slavery have vouchsafed unto them the human rights without the enjoyment of which no one who is imbued with the dignity of life can feel happy. It is entirely proper that the officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are asking their fellow citizens to address you, Mr. President, as head of this entire nation, of which the colored people form an integral part, in support of the protest the association has sent to you, and, because of this, I have not a moment's hesitation in respectfully asking you that proper consideration and heed be given to the protest which has been made, and from what I believe to know of your high-minded sense of justice, I have little doubt that this will be done by you.

(On May 21, 1920, in the last year of his life, Jacob Schiff sent a telegram to Moorfield Storey, president of the NAACP:)

I am fully in accord with you that race problems can be settled only by complete justice to the Negro, and so long as this be not granted to the utmost and this grave question which becomes more important from year to year as an economic problem as part of our labor situation is not completely settled to the satisfaction of both the white and the colored people, it will come back to plague us and make us feel ashamed of ourselves.

(During the depression of 1908, in a letter to Mayor George B. McClellan of New York, Jacob Schiff advocated a public works program.)

. . . I wonder whether you have observed in passing any of our public places, such as Union Square, the Recreation Piers, and other spots where the unemployed gather, how large a number of men are among the multitude, with that sad, far-away, despairing look upon their faces, men whose whole appearance betokens even now that they are making an effort to keep up an appearance of self-respect and dignity. Every day authenticated reports come to me of families on the verge of collapse, because their breadwinners, willing to do any kind of work, cannot find employment and would rather starve than ask for charity support.

In such a condition of affairs it appears to me to be the urgent duty of all who can create work to promptly do so; in the first instance, the municipality, for which it will be cheaper and better to spend half a million or a million in wages than to have to increase its appropriations to the Police Department, to the penal institutions, to the hospitals and the almshouse. The parks, the streets, the speedways, and various other communal properties need work to be done upon them, which, if now taken in hand, would, especially if work in connection with the contracts already decided upon be accelerated, give employment to a very considerable number of unskilled workmen. Several hundred thousand dollars thus put into circulation during the next few months would mean so very much to the unemployed in this city, and would prevent a great amount of suffering and tend to maintain the self-respect of thousands of our people. I urge that with the Comptroller, whom I am likewise writing, you give early consideration to this situation, and, convinced that you will take action . . . I am with great respect . . .

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, OR WHAT YOU WILL

A Layman's View

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

THE recent books on the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Jewish monastic community at Qumran that produced them almost unanimously disavow a scholarly audience.* Allegro calls his Pelican paperback "a small popular volume" attempting "to give to the general public some conception of the extent and importance of recent discoveries in this area." Fritsch is somewhat more equivocal, stating, "It is my purpose to relate these thrilling discoveries and present their significance for Biblical studies in a way that will catch the imagination of the general reader, and at the same time be practical for the student who may wish to pursue the subject more thoroughly." Gaster writes flatly: "This book is addressed to laymen." Graystone says he is reprinting his articles from a theological quarterly "in the hope that they may be of interest to a wider public." Whitman's stapled pamphlet defines its intention as "the hope that it can, in some small measure, alleviate" the "tremendous need that Americans in all walks of life were beginning to feel for a full but concise treatment of the subject, in layman's language." Only Rowley makes no concession to a popular audience, but then his book turns out to have been published in 1952, and reissued unchanged after widespread interest in the subject had been created. All in all, no layman need feel abashed in the presence of these volumes, even if he reads no Semitic language and does not know a palimpsest from a Carbon 14 dating.

The principal by-product of the Scrolls to date seems to be controversy. "Some of the discussions have savored of propaganda and a needlessly sharp note has been frequently introduced," Rowley says in his moderate way. "This has prejudiced the discussion and has made more difficult the attainment of agreed solutions." The debate against one bold scholar, he adds, "has not always been carried on with the serenity of a purely scientific discussion." Putting it more graphically, Gaster says the controversy has been as hot and dark as the caves themselves. Yet the principal impression the reader gets from the six books under discussion is not so much of controversy as of a Sunday outing on the madhouse lawn, with everyone mumbling his own fancies and no

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THE Dead Sea Scrolls have been discussed in COMMENTARY by two Bible scholars, H. L. Ginsberg (in "The Cave Scrolls and the Jewish Sect," July 1953, and "More Light from Judean Caves," November 1955) and Theodor H. Gaster ("The 'Sons of Light,'" September 1956). Here STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, professor of literature and folk literature at Bennington College and a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, ventures as a layman into the bewildering mass of conflicting scholarly interpretations of the Scrolls. Mr. Hyman's most recent previous appearance in our pages was with "The 'Two Worlds' of David Daiches" (September 1956).

**The Dead Sea Scrolls*, by J. M. Allegro (Penguin Books, 208 pp., illustrated, $.85); *The Qumran Community: Its History and Scrolls*, by Charles T. Fritsch (Macmillan, 147 pp., illustrated, $3.25); *The Dead Sea Scriptures*, in English translation with introduction and notes by Theodor H. Gaster (Doubleday, 350 pp., $4.00); *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ*, by Geoffrey Graystone S. M. (Sheed and Ward, 117 pp., $2.50); *The Zadokite Fragments and the Dead Sea Scrolls*, by H. H. Rowley (Distributed by Macmillan, 133 pp., $3.75); *The Dead Sea Scrolls and What They Mean to Protestant, Catholic, Jew*, by Arthur Whitman (Charlton Publications, 64 pp., $.35).

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one listening to anyone else. So much, apparently, can the Scrolls be made to demonstrate precisely what the demonstrator already had in mind that it is hard to believe that these writers are talking about the same documents (as it would be hard to believe that the blind men were describing the same elephant).

John Marco Allegro is thirty-four years old, a teacher of Comparative Semitic Philology at the University of Manchester, and one of the international team of scholars piecing together scroll fragments at the Jerusalem Museum in Jordan. Allegro may be a prodigy of philology, but he does not seem characterized by the scholarly temperament or habits of caution. After some sensational interpretations of the material in talks on the BBC in January 1956 had produced dissents from his fellow scholars at the Museum and a public reproof from his colleague and former teacher Rowley, Allegro backed down, and *The Dead Sea Scrolls* omits some of his bolder reconstructions. In the *New Statesman and Nation,* October 27, 1956, Edmund Wilson reviewed Allegro's book enthusiastically, identifying him as one of the "scholars with no clerical commitments" of whom Wilson says: "They are free, as the ordained scholars—sometimes Protestant and Jewish as well as Catholic—do not always seem to be, to piece a story together, to speculate on what must have happened."

As Wilson says, Allegro apparently has no religious bias, aside from traces of a conservative Christianity that calls the doctrine of justification by grace "the warmth of a familiar hearth," and identifies the New Testament miracles of feedings and healings as eschatological ("signs of the ultimate victory") rather than humanitarian. However, his book shows at least one marked bias, pro-Arab and anti-Israel, which may be natural or may be the artificial protective coloration of a scholar working under the Jordan government. Allegro writes of brave little Jordan: "Every penny has to be put to urgent use, and development schemes cry out for attention if the meager resources of the country are to be stretched to support an abnormally swollen population. With an enemy at her gates, she must forever keep a standing army at the alert, which drains her reserves intolerably."

Noting that for many years before the discoveries the Bedouin had been collecting guano in the scroll caves and selling it in Bethlehem, Allegro suggests wittily (and ungrammatically) that it is not at all improbable "that the Jewish orange groves near Bethlehem were fertilized with priceless ancient manuscripts written by their forefathers."

The real problem is that, like pro-Arab Englishmen generally, Allegro is a retarded adolescent romantic. His account of the discovery and purchase of the Scrolls is written in the language of the cheap thriller: "Events now had taken a sinister turn. If Jabra's fears were justified, it meant that this dealer and his confederates were willing to go to any length to avoid interference in their territory. It was clear that from now on the game would be played to very high stakes, perhaps to higher values than mere money."

Allegro's ultimate interest in the Scrolls seems to lie in constructing a melodramatic story: the evidence regarding the Qumran community "points to the early influence of a very strong personality"; he deduces (from no evidence) that the sect's "Teacher of Righteousness" probably set up as a rival high priest to Alexander Jannaeus, the "Wicked Priest" in his interpretation; and as his book's high point Allegro creates a garish cinema confrontation scene between them: "In any case, the scene as these two priests faced one another must have been dramatic enough. The one, haughty and proud, scarred by the wounds of many battles, and the ravaging of a lifetime of greed and lechery, the other, white-robed and saintly, gazing scornfully on his enemy, secure in his simple trust in God and the hope of resurrection to eternal life." As for ties between the Qumran sect and Jesus, the withdrawal into the desert for forty days "is the key to the whole life and teaching of Jesus," and Jesus threw down his challenge to the Devil and his forces "perhaps only a mile or two from Qumran itself."

CHARLES T. FRITSCH is a Presbyterian clergyman, an associate professor of Old Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary, whose visiting lectureship at the American Schools of Oriental Research in Jerusalem seems to have occasioned *The Qumran Community: Its History and Scrolls.* He writes in the pulpit style of ringing clichés so democratically shared by all the religions in America—"Little did the unsuspecting Bedouin realize," "to date with uncanny accuracy"—and displays its special fondness for the *non sequitur*—"The large natural caves have been used by Bedouin

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shepherds through the centuries, so that the archaeological evidence in them is very meager."

Fritsch shows a curious literalness in reading the Scrolls. Alone of these six writers, he takes "The War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness" to refer to a literal rather than an apocalyptic war, at least to the extent of assuming from it that the community "had numerous banners and a complicated military organization." Following out its apocalyptic fantasies, he sees the tiny Qumran community of a few hundred studious ascetics lined up in serried ranks of thousands, hundreds, fifties, and tens. Fritsch is as pro-Jewish as Allegro is pro-Arab: quoting A. Dupont-Sommer's "fitting tribute to these fallen heroes of Israel"; welcoming the under-cover purchase of the Metropolitan Samuel's four scrolls for Israel so that "once again all the manuscripts discovered in Cave 1 will be together in the land and among the people that gave them birth two thousand years ago"; taking the Hebrew documents from the time of the Second Revolt found in the cave at Murabba'at as evidence "of the high cultural level of common people" among Jewry at the time; even noting the ironic implications of the guano traffic without any of Allegro's nasty bite: "it is quite possible that the orange groves around Bethlehem were fertilized with fragments of papyrus or skin from the caves."

All of this adds up to the Scrolls as an affirmation of the common "Judaeo-Christian" heritage so important to liberal Protestantism. Fritsch welcomes all connections, and ends with theology as a seamless garment. The early Church Father Origen, who tells of the finding of manuscripts in a jar near Jericho during the reign of Caracalla, may have taken scrolls from these very caves. Like the later Christians, Fritsch holds, the Qumran community had a genuine baptism, not a rite of lustration, in that they believed "The Holy Spirit, and not water, cleanses a man of his iniquities," and they had a sacramental meal "at which the Messiah was present." Furthermore, their Messiah was not the traditional Jewish Davidic king in glory but the Suffering Servant of Deutero-Isaiah. "The way was now theologically prepared for the coming of God's Son," Fritsch writes, "in whom the Messianic hopes of Israel were to be fulfilled and the mission of the Servant realized. These profound Messianic teachings of the Essenes must have been known by Jesus."

THEODOR H. GASTER, professor of Comparative Religion at the Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning in Philadelphia, and an outstanding Hebraist and Semitic philologist, is no stranger to the readers of COMMENTARY. *The Dead Sea Scriptures* offers itself as "a complete and reliable translation of the celebrated Dead Sea Scrolls," and its belly-band shrieks: "For the FIRST time The ACTUAL TEXT of the DEAD SEA SCROLLS." Gaster has worked scrupulously in every case "from the facsimile plates, not from the editors' transcriptions," and he announces his intention of following this volume with another explaining and justifying its translations. The present book, he assures us, "does not gear these renderings to any particular theory, but allows the documents to raise their own voice and give their own testimony amid the din and hubbub of current controversy about them."

On the basis of his own notes and explanations, some of Gaster's versions seem remarkably free. He reverses the meaning of one passage in the Zadokite Document (the manuscript that preceded the cave finds, discovered in a Cairo *genizah* and published by Solomon Schechter in 1910 as *Fragments of a Zadokite Work*). As Gaster says in his notes, the text reads: "If a human being falls into a place of water or into a place of . . . let no man bring him up by ladder or a rope or by any other implement." Gaster renders it as: "If a human being falls into a place of water or into a dark place, one is to bring him up by means of a ladder or a rope or some other instrument."

His justification is that the text's reading "would be against the universal Jewish rule that Sabbath laws may be broken in cases of life and death." Elsewhere Gaster inserts whole lines with such explanations as: "This restoration is based on the assumption that there is once again a play on the expression 'lift up,'" or "in order to bring out the nexus of thought I have had to resort to a certain amount of expansion and paraphrase." At other times he ends a hymn with a Shakespearean couplet, or alternates what he calls "Biblical English" with such slang as "will 'put their bite' on thee," or omits from a text "a series of esoteric glosses."

Oddly accompanying this liberal theory of translation, and apparently justifying it, is a conservatism in interpretation more extreme than that of any other scholar I have read on the Scrolls. Gaster devotes a whole section of

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his introduction to a warning against attempts to "historicize" the Scrolls, "that is, to detect in them precise and specific historical allusions," or even "to speculate about historical allusions." It is this tendency, he believes, that has "compromised (or at least embarrassed)" the "true understanding" of the Scrolls to date. As for the parallels so many scholars have found between the Scrolls and Christianity, the covenanters "were in no sense Christians and held none of the fundamental theological doctrines of the Christian faith." There is in the Scrolls "no trace of any of the cardinal theological concepts—the incarnate Godhead, Original Sin, redemption through the Cross, and the like—which make Christianity a distinctive faith."* At the same time, the religious ideas of the Scrolls "served largely as the seedbed of the New Testament."

What motivates Gaster seems to be a familiar combination of Jewish pride and exclusiveness. *The Dead Sea Scriptures* is dedicated "To the Memory of the Men of Qumran," and the preface explains:

"More than to all the foregoing, however, the writer adheres to the view that the Dead Sea Scrolls should be regarded as something more than the subject matter of a scholarly controversy. For those who will read them sympathetically, they possess value in their own right as conveying the religious message of men who gave up the world and were able to find God in a wilderness, simply because they preferred nakedness to motley and because they realized that, in the larger analysis, crucifixion can itself be resurrection."

In Gaster's hands, the Scrolls demonstrate high Jewish religious experience independent of Christianity, but comparable to its ethical and aesthetic heights. It is this that leads him to call them "Scriptures" and translate them as eloquently as possible, to reverse the doctrine about pulling people out of wells on the Sabbath, to deny Christian identifications while affirming later Christian dependency.

For Gaster, high religious experience appears to be primarily mystic, and there is a running comparison in his book between the religion of the Scrolls and the experiences of mysticism. The Qumran covenanters "achieved, in short, what mystics term the 'unitive state'"; they believed "in a constant cyclic repetition of primordial and archetypal elements"; they resemble the medieval Waldensian Brotherhood; the literary conventions of their hymns "should no more dull our ears to the underlying passion and authenticity of feeling than do the mannered conceits of a Donne or a Herbert or a Vaughan"; they use "the standard and characteristic idiom of mystical experience"; their recurrent despair at God's "seeming remoteness" is comparable to that of St. John of the Cross in "The Dark Night of the Soul," and their sense of renewal and rebirth to that of George Fox's *Journal*.

In 1950, when he published his invaluable *Thespis: Ritual, Myth and Drama in the Ancient Near East* (with its revealing epigraph from Psalm 39, "Surely every man walketh in a vain shew"), Gaster apparently agreed with Gilbert Murray and Jane Harrison on the primacy of ritual over either belief or the believer's subjective state. In *The Dead Sea Scriptures,* there is one page relating the War Scroll to the ancient Near East seasonal combat, but Gaster now seems to see religion as essentially a matter of inner experience, and to present the Scrolls as evidence that Jewish inner experiences are second to none.

GEOFFREY GRAYSTONE, at thirty-five only a year older than Allegro, is an English Marist Father who has taught Scripture and theology in Marist Seminaries in England and Ireland. *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ,* dated from Rome and published in America with the *imprimatur* of Bishop Jerome D. Hanna of Scranton, is a reprinting of a series of articles that appeared in the *Irish Theological Quarterly*. Three articles are on the Scrolls themselves and a fourth takes issue with Edmund Wilson's book. (Graystone has published another series of articles in the *Tablet,* not yet in book form, one of which takes issue with Allegro.) Graystone is as passionately unwilling as Gaster, from very different premises, to acknowledge any relationship between Christianity and Judaism, and the effort of his book is to play down the significance of the Scrolls as far as possible. He writes characteristically: "Much of what has been written was a little premature," or

*Some scholars have found: if not Incarnation, at least God's begetting the Messiah (of which more later); definite Atonement and Redemption through Faith; Fritsch has Baptism and a kind of Communion; Dupont-Sommer has detected the outline of the Gospel story, including Passion, Resurrection, and Epiphany; Allegro has added Delivery to the Gentiles, Crucifixion, Burial, and Return in Judgment.

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"a number of theories and opinions, one or two a little advanced, have been ventilated on this question." Graystone argues that "Christianity did not in any sense owe its origins to the Qumran sect," and, with a stroke so shrewd it should make the Jesuits look to their laurels, demonstrates that not only are the Scrolls remote from Roman Catholic Christianity, but that they display nothing of the essence of Christianity "as it is understood by leading liberal scholars" (that is, by Protestants).

For Graystone, the issue is a simple dogmatic one: Christianity did not evolve from earlier ideas like a worldly doctrine, but was revealed instantaneously and uniquely by the Passion of Jesus. The Qumran covenanters speak of their "New Alliance" ("New Covenant" in most translations, "New Testament" in King James English), but it is "nothing more than a renewal, however complete, of this old alliance of Sinai," whereas "The Christian 'New Alliance' was effectively established for all men through the blood of Christ, shed in sacrifice on Calvary, and thereby the Old Alliance, concluded between one people and their God at Mount Sinai and sealed by the blood of animal victims, was abrogated." Graystone's distinction between any idea in the Scrolls and its Christian analogue is always that the former "is not based on the teaching and example of the Son of God," and his conclusion is that the Scrolls do not challenge the originality of Christ, as Wilson and others had claimed, but rather "bring into greater relief the uniqueness of Christ." Graystone's view is best summed up in a sentence he quotes approvingly from an article by R. E. Brown in the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly*: "It should be evident that the basic difference between the two theologies is Christ."

Except for Brown and Canon J. Coppens of Louvain, Graystone does not find Catholic orthodoxy orthodox enough for his taste. He gives a history of the Qumran sect as "the Dominican Fathers actually working on the Cave material in Jerusalem would put it," but he does not agree with the "Catholic scholars of note" (even Coppens to some extent) who "are so struck with the similarities of vocabulary instanced above that they admit that the New Testament writers, particularly John and Paul, borrowed formulae and expressions from the scrolls." Graystone admits no such thing, and dissolves all similarities of vocabulary in the uniqueness of Christ.*

Graystone's tone toward Judaism is always patronizing. He says of the hymn appended to the Manual of Discipline (where in his opinion "the religious sentiment of Qumran attains its high water mark"): "No one will deny the loftiness and sincerity of these sentiments, which sum up much of what was best in Jewish piety and prepare the way for the Christian revelation." Qumran theology is always limited by un-Christian qualities: "the rigid exclusiveness of the sect, their narrow view of predestination, their sharp and inexorable distinction between Sons of Light and Sons of Darkness." The best Graystone can say for the Scrolls sect is that considered alongside the Pharisees, bitterly attacked by Jesus in the Gospels, "the comparison is very much in favor of the sectaries." The only enthusiastic use Graystone seems prepared to make of the Scrolls is to bolster Catholic dogma. He welcomes their evidence of Jewish celibacy, since it shows that Jews in the last century B.C.E. were less benighted than some have alleged, and argues "let no one now object against the virginity of Mary or her virginal marriage with St. Joseph that voluntary celibacy for a higher motive was a thing unheard of and morally impossible among the Jews of that time."

HAROLD H. ROWLEY is professor of Hebrew Language and Literature at the University of Manchester, Allegro's senior colleague and former teacher. His book *The Zadokite Frag-*

*On one scholarly point Graystone seems incredibly confused. The conventional view of an apocryphal work called "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs" has been that it is a Jewish document with heavy Christian interpolation. Graystone, with a few other recent Catholic scholars, argues that its origins are Christian. Parts of one of the testaments, the Testament of Levi, were found in the Qumran caves in Aramaic, and some fragments were in the Cairo *genizah* with the Zadokite Document. Graystone and his fellows argue that Levi "is a distinct and pre-Christian work" incorporated in the Testaments. (This decision seems to be made empirically to explain its finding, and not on internal evidence, if I can judge by R. H. Charles's scholarly edition in *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament*.) On page 104 of his book, Graystone says: "The influence of *Jubilees* and the *Testaments* on the Qumran documents and especially the Damascus Document is also incontestable." If Graystone believes that the Testaments are a Christian work, written after Jesus' time, how does he think they influenced the Qumran documents, by general agreement (including his) written B.C.E.?

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ments and the Dead Sea Scrolls consists of three lectures delivered at Canon Coppens' University of Louvain in March 1952, attempting to summarize the state of our knowledge about the Scrolls. Much of each page is filled with footnotes and citations, and the bibliography of works consulted covers thirty-five pages and consists of almost a thousand books and articles in a dozen languages. Rowley has seriously attempted to read and digest all the scholarship and opinion on the Scrolls, and somewhere in the middle of his book he ventures his own tentative view in a sentence: "The wicked Priest could be identified with Menelaus with much appropriateness, and Onias would appear to be the Teacher of Righteousness."

Rowley seems to be inhibited by no religious or theoretical bias, but to have the temperamental caution of the scholar to an inordinate degree. His preface explains:

"For a long time I refrained from forming any judgment on the age of the Scrolls or on the period which they reflect, and one of my good friends, Mr. J. Leveen, has frequently reproached me for sitting so long on the fence. It seemed to me wiser to suspend judgment until access could be had to all the facts, than to rush to conclusions on very inadequate evidence. Although the full evidence is not yet available, and it may be a long time before all the Scrolls are unrolled and published, there would seem now to be enough access to the facts to warrant a reasonably based view, though I would emphasize that it can only be tentative until all the texts are available."

This tone contrasts sharply with his statement against Allegro after the abashed broadcaster had backed down, as reported in *Time,* April 2, 1956:

"I deplore as unscholarly the presentation to the world of what scholars everywhere have supposed—as I supposed—to be specific statements in an unpublished text to which Mr. Allegro alone had access, when they are only his deductions from evidence which is capable of other interpretations. . . . Mr. Allegro was one of the most promising students I have ever had, and he is capable of doing fine work. I think it is a pity that he was entrusted with the editing of texts far from supervision. . . . Important documents, for which scholars . . . are eagerly waiting, should not be used to give immature scholars a spurious authority."

Rowley's voice only rises, one gathers, when the deepest taboos of the tribe are violated.

I know nothing of the biography or qualifications of Arthur Whitman, except what emerges from a study of his pamphlet. It comes under unimpressive auspices, as a drugstore quickie smeared on the front cover with "New revelations from the cradle of Christianity" and "The Story of the Greatest Religious Discovery of Modern Times," and on the back with a giant question mark and a series of teasing questions, ending "did they claim a superior knowledge of creation. . . ? did they in fact have a superior knowledge. . . ?" The writing is as dramatic as Allegro's, with a physical description of the Arab boy who found the first Scrolls that could only have been invented, and a great deal of melodrama about the buried treasure of gold, silver, and incense described by the copper scroll found in one of the caves, concluding "one of the greatest prizes known to mankind—the fabulous lost treasure of the ancients." There is a certain amount of clumsy writing, and some deliberately lowbrow analogies, including one justifying the disagreements of scholars over the Scrolls by "the vast differences of opinion that exist within the field of medical practice" over such matters as miracle drugs. Whitman makes a number of curious statements, including "Zadok became the first King Solomon," he does not seem to know what "the Law" means among Jews, and he is unfamiliar with Qumran archaeology.

Yet, on the whole, *The Dead Sea Scrolls and What They Mean to Protestant, Catholic, Jew* is enormously better than its merchandising would suggest. Most of its information is solid, its interpretations are sensible, its tone is moderate, and it is probably a less slanted picture of the consensus of opinion about the Scrolls than any of the other books except Rowley's. The "questions and answers about the scrolls" that constitute the last chapter are neither the dogmas of catechism nor the half-truths of sensationalism, but a summary of what has gone before in the form of intelligent questions and sensible answers. Whitman's bias in discussing Palestine history seems to be markedly pro-Israel, so that it is only "oil-rich Arab leaders who objected to Jewish colonization," and as for the Israelis: "Against enormous odds, they outmaneuvered and outfought the Arabs, forcing them after long and bitter fighting to accept the boundaries the U.N. had established." His religious bias, even more surprisingly, appears to be extreme liberal Protestant. In its paraphrases of scholarly and clerical opin-

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ion, the pamphlet gives most emphasis to the views of A. Powell Davies, pastor of the Unitarian All Souls Church in Washington, as stated in his book *The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls*. Whitman concludes: "Most scholars will agree with the views of writers such as Rev. Davies, and their agreement is, in fact, implicit in most of their writings, even though they may not state it each time they prepare a scholarly article to be read by their colleagues."

IN SHORT, the spectrum is fairly wide. For Allegro, the Scrolls are scripts for historical melodrama. For Fritsch, they document the continuity of the "Judaeo-Christian" heritage. To Gaster, they show the mystic beauties of Jewish religious experience, and to Graystone its inadequacies compared to Catholic Christianity. For Rowley, they occasion scrupulosities of scholarship, and they enable Whitman to write a Unitarian tract sugar-coated with sensationalism about buried treasure. Other books seem just as varied in their approaches. I have already reviewed Millar Burrows's *The Dead Sea Scrolls* and Edmund Wilson's *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* in the *Journal of American Folklore,* October-December 1956, and attempted to define their approaches.

For Burrows, the Scrolls afford an opportunity to demonstrate what I there unkindly called "pussyfooting divinity-school conservatism," and the mountain of his scholarship brings forth the mouse of: "For myself I must go farther and confess that, after studying the Dead Sea Scrolls for seven years, I do not find my understanding of the New Testament substantially affected." For Wilson, the Scrolls are a demonstration of the superior powers of the uncommitted, the maverick, even the amateur. He writes: "One cannot but ask oneself whether the scholars who have been working on the Scrolls—so many of whom have taken Christian orders or been trained in the rabbinical tradition—may not have been somewhat inhibited in dealing with such questions as these by their various religious commitments." "Such an inquirer," he adds, "comes finally to ask himself whether anyone but a secular scholar is really quite free to grapple with the problems of the Dead Sea discoveries."

For Wilson's hero, Professor A. Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne, the Scrolls are occasions for elaborate theorizing about pre-Christian Christianity in Essenism, and the imaginative reconstruction of history. A characteristically bold Dupont-Sommer reading finds in the sentence "God, through his Anointed, hath made known his Holy Spirit" in the Zadokite Document "something like a Trinitarian theology." For A. Powell Davies, if I can judge by the paraphrase of *The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls* in Whitman's pamphlet (for I have not yet had an opportunity to read Davies's book itself), the Scrolls are a reaffirmation of the traditional Unitarian or humanist "Jesus the Teacher," the good man deified rather than the god incarnated. For Henry Neumann in *The Dead Sea Scrolls,* a pamphlet published by the New York Society for Ethical Culture, the Scrolls naturally show the glories of ethical culture.

Nor have I yet had an opportunity to read *The Dead Sea Scrolls and Modern Scholarship* by Solomon Zeitlin, professor of Rabbinical Literature at the Dropsie College and Gaster's colleague. From accounts in these books of the series of articles he has published in his *Jewish Quarterly Review* and elsewhere, Zeitlin seems to be engaged in one of the most remarkable King Canute performances in recent scholarship. He has dated the script of the Scrolls at various times from the 7th to the 11th centuries C.E., or quite a few centuries after everyone else, and he has claimed that its palaeographic resemblance to the text of the Zadokite Document Schechter found in the Cairo *genizah* "is so striking as to indicate that they are of the same locality and the same period, i.e. the Middle Ages." Zeitlin suggests that the Scrolls were never actually in the caves or in the jars, since no reputable European or Jewish scholar ever saw them there. He has dismissed the hymns that Gaster finds so impressive as flat and poor, with little poetic quality, a poor copy of the Psalms. In a letter to the New York *Times,* March 30, 1956, he denied that "scrolls written by semi-literate persons could have any influence on Judaism." His articles have such titles as "'A Commentary on the Book of Habakkuk': Important Discovery or Hoax?" "Scholarship and the Hoax of the Recent Discoveries," "The Alleged Antiquity of the Scrolls," "When Were the Hebrew Scrolls 'Discovered'—in 1947 or 1907?" "The Antiquity of the Hebrew Scrolls and the Piltdown Hoax: A Parallel," "The Fiction of the Recent Discoveries Near the Dead Sea," "A Note on the Fiction of the 'Bar Kokba' Letter," "The Propaganda of the

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Hebrew Scrolls and the Falsification of History," and so on. As words like "alleged," "hoax," "fiction," and "falsification" make clear, Zeitlin apparently sees the Scrolls as a plot by much of the scholarly world against him and the sanctity of Hebrew studies.

In his pamphlet *The Hebrew Scrolls,* G. R. Driver, professor of Semitic Philology at Oxford, has much more moderately resisted the dating of the Scrolls in antiquity. Professor J. L. Teicher of Cambridge, editor of the *Journal of Jewish Studies,* has identified the Scrolls as products of the Christian heretic Ebionites in the 1st century C.E., explaining the "Teacher of Righteousness" as Jesus and his adversary, the "Wicked Priest," as Paul. Finally, for G. Lankester Harding, director of the Jordan Government Department of Antiquities and the man responsible for most of the excavation at Qumran, they are the occasion for not only a great deal of sober digging but for the liveliest speculation yet. In an article in the *Illustrated London News,* September 3, 1955, Harding suggests that Jesus may very well have visited the Qumran monastery. If before the year is out further excavation turns up a visitor's book with the scrawl "Jeshua ben Joseph, Nazareth," Harding will presumably not be surprised.

When the Scrolls so neatly, like the Apostle Paul, can be all things to all men, it is not surprising that scholarly disagreement exists on the most basic matters. For Dupont-Sommer and Burrows, an outstanding characteristic of the Scrolls is their revelation of Jewish Gnostic dualism, making the Fourth Gospel suddenly not the least Jewish of the Gospels, but the most. Gaster's only comment on the dramatic dualism in his texts, in passages on "the two spirits of man" and "The War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness," is "see A. Dupont-Sommer," and his only comment on their equally dramatic Gnosticism is "This is scarcely to be confused with the later more elaborate doctrine of the Gnostics." For Gaster, reference to "exile in the desert of Damascus" in the Zadokite Document is "figurative geography" for "voluntary withdrawal from the normative forms of Jewish life"; for Graystone "Damascus" is "almost certainly a symbolic name for Qumran"; for Fritsch it is a real migration to the real city of Damascus.

The Zadokite Document and a cave fragment say that the members of the community must be thoroughly versed in the "Book of Hagu." Allegro thinks the Book of Hagu is a scroll we have not yet turned up, "although it is possible that we have it without knowing." Fritsch believes it is the Manual of Discipline itself. Zeitlin doubts that there ever was a Book of Hagu, attributing it to the imagination of the author of the Zadokite Document. Gaster simply translates the problem out of existence, rendering the Book of Hagu as "the Book of Study" and giving his reasons. Gaster does the same with the "Teacher of Righteousness," identified by most scholars as the founder, leader, and sometimes Messiah of the sect, and the subject of an enormous amount of historical speculation. "Teacher of Righteousness," Gaster says, is a mistranslation for the "correct expositor" or "right-teacher" title given to whatever priest had the office of expounding Torah throughout the sect's history. (This does not prevent Gaster from himself using "Teacher of Righteousness" later in his book.)

Sometimes differences of opinion depend on variant readings of the manuscripts. Allegro translates from a fragmentary Manual of Discipline: "When [God] begets the Messiah," explaining "this word could conceivably have been used here with the weakened sense of 'produce' or the like, or it could, as the editors suggest, be a scribal error for 'leads,'" but that he has been convinced in favor of "beget" by the sect's Messianic use of the familiar Christian proof text from II Samuel 7:14, "I will be his father, and he shall be my son." Gaster translates the passage "if the anointed king of Israel happens to be present," and comments:

"We may safely leave out of serious consideration the alleged occurrence in this text of a phrase reading, 'If [God] begets the Messiah.' This bizarre statement rests on nothing more substantial than an arbitrary reading of a faded word and an even more capricious restoration of a lacuna. Such a statement, it need scarcely be observed, would be utterly preposterous to a community of Jews committed to belief in the Torah and in the traditional doctrines of their faith. This whole document, in fact, has been egregiously misunderstood."

Where there are no variant readings, the translations nevertheless show remarkable differences, apparently reflecting differences of theology and religious vocabulary. Burrows translates from the Manual: ". . . for they shall all be in true community and good humility

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and loyal love and righteous thought, each for his fellow in the holy council, and they shall be sons of the eternal assembly."

Gaster translates the same passage: "All of them will thus be members of a community founded at once upon true values and upon a becoming sense of humility, upon charity and mutual fairness—members of a society truly hallowed, partners in an everlasting communion." Where Graystone's translation has the hymn at the end of the Manual say that stumbling man will be aided by "God's graces," Gaster translates "God's mercies" and "God's righteousness"; and where Graystone's text asks "What is the son of man?" for Gaster it asks "What is mere mortal man?"

In my review of the Burrows and Wilson books in the *Journal of American Folklore* I tried to define the significance the Scrolls had for the student of mythology and comparative religion, principally their strong evidence for pre-Christian patterns of Christianity and their increasing the likelihood that Jesus was a mythic rather than an historical figure. If some of the speculative interpretations turn out to be true, I wrote there, "For this reviewer, who is relatively unconcerned with the historical origins of Christianity, but inclined to generalize with Lord Raglan that sacred books and myths are never the record of history but always narratives based on rituals, it would be a demonstration of the ritualists' contention in a particularly telling case, where we apparently know so much historical reality, from His trade to His remarks on various public and private occasions." (One more chastening example, obviously, of What You Will.)

Assessing the meaning of the Scrolls for the readers of this magazine seems a great deal harder, and there may be as many meanings as readers. One of the interesting features of the Scrolls is the open polytheism of their Old Testament readings. The text of Deuteronomy 32:43 found in the caves reads: "Rejoice, O ye heavens, with him, and all ye gods worship him." The Septuagint reads "Rejoice, O ye heavens, with him, and let all the angels of God worship him," while the Hebrew Masoretic text (and all our Christian and Jewish Bibles based on it) says simply "Rejoice, O ye nations." It is Wilson's contention in *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* that one of the factors underlying the resistance of Jewish scholars to accepting the Scrolls and their implications has been "a fear of impairing the authority of the Masoretic text." Allegro does conclude that the authority of the Masoretic text has been somewhat impaired, with more authority established for the Septuagint where it differs, and "a remarkable vindication" of the Samaritan Pentateuch. Fritsch's conclusion from the same evidence, however, is the opposite; he finds the Scrolls "supporting the fidelity of the Masoretic tradition."

THE threat to Jewish peace of mind that seems to me much greater than challenges to the Masoretic text is the Scrolls' evidence that monolithic Judaism is a modern invention retrospectively imposed on history. The Qumran Jews apparently considered themselves orthodox, and were considered orthodox, despite some remarkable innovations. They did not sacrifice in the Temple in Jerusalem (here the Manual of Discipline disagrees with the Zadokite Document, which says that under certain conditions, and perhaps at another time, they did). They had a solar rather than a lunar calendar, so that holidays and even Sabbaths did not coincide with orthodoxy's. (The late Ralph Marcus suggested in "Pharisees, Essenes and Gnostics" in the *Journal of Biblical Literature*, 1954, that they did not carry out their unorthodox calendar in practice, "otherwise these covenanters would have been stigmatized as heretics," but Marcus may simply have been assuming the monolith.)

Many of their views we would certainly stigmatize as heretic, including their celibacy, ritual baptism, and wildly uncanonical scriptures. Their keeping of the Sabbath, even if it came on a Wednesday, seems to have been extraordinarily rigid: despite Gaster's emendation, it is not at all unlikely that anyone unlucky enough to fall into a well on that day was allowed to drown, and they certainly dispensed with that invaluable Jesuitical institution, the *shabbos goy*—the Zadokite Document says flatly: "No one is to commission a Gentile to transact business for him on the Sabbath day." Like the earlier orthodox Jews of Elephantine in Egypt in the early 6th century B.C.E., whose papyri reveal that their god had a female consort named Anat Yahveh, and who had apparently never heard of the Law, the Patriarchs, or the Sabbath, the Jews of Qumran would find it harder to make the grade today.

While the Dead Sea Scrolls were being hawked around Jerusalem, a new edition of Sir

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Frederic Kenyon's *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts* was in press with the statement "there is no probability that we shall ever find manuscripts of the Hebrew text going back to a period before the formation of the text which we know as Masoretic." The example suggests that it is well to be tentative about these matters, when the next discoveries may overturn everything we know. In our time there has been a wild fascination with the discoveries of Near East archaeology, or any archaeology, and one popular summary after another has become a best-seller. One widespread theory is that all those book-buyers are in quest of religious certainty, or even documentation (for Christian doubters, perhaps the authenticating texts of such reassuring apocrypha as Pilate's Letters or Peter's Gospel; for Jewish doubters, perhaps fragments of the original Ten Commandments or of Noah's Ark). Here the example of the Scrolls seems to suggest that less certainty comes from more documents and artifacts, that new evidence only serenely confirms everyone in the line he was already pursuing.

There is a great deal of solid information to be acquired from these six books: Allegro prints translations of the variant Bible readings in tabular form; Allegro and Fritsch, in photographs and descriptions, give us the physical reality of the site, the caves, the jars, and the script itself; Gaster gives us readable translations of the texts, and a superb analytic index of their ideas and of Bible quotations and parallels; Rowley chews and digests the millions of words written on the subject for us; even Graystone and Whitman add to our knowledge. Around this well-lighted clearing there are the shifting figures of theory dancing in the shadows, and the animal growlings of passion and prejudice. Out there you venture at your peril.

AFTERWARD . . .

LIONEL ABEL

I THINK of Jacob, tired, alone,
His best adversary gone,
Jacob, an arm half-through his sleeve,
Doubting, fighting to believe
That the wrestler whom he'd hurt,
Tripped, and set down in the dirt,
Embraced in fear, and strangling, pinned—
Had not like him, Jacob, sinned;
And that, against his better sense
And what there was of evidence,
He, he, Jacob, lamed and spent,
Fast losing his astonishment,
More earth's now even than the dirt on him
Was—the champion of heaven!

LIONEL ABEL (whose review of Camus's *The Fall* appeared in our last month's issue) has published verse, criticism, and fiction in the literary journals. He has also had two plays produced in New York City, one of which, *Absalom,* won two "best off-Broadway" awards for 1956; the other, *The Death of Odysseus,* was published in *Playbook,* recently put out by New Directions.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"Organization Men"

To the Editor of Commentary:

Robert Lekachman, in reviewing William H. Whyte's *Organization Man* (March) asks himself if he is exaggerating in stating his case. Surely this must have been on his conscience. For every quotation, given out of context by Mr. Lekachman, one can find another which directly disproves his confused interpretation.

On the score of Mr. Whyte's acceptance of and unconscious love for the large organization, did Mr. Lekachman skip over those passages which deplore the flocking of the young to the corporations, his statement that the adventurous and aggressive spirits alone are willing to risk the small organization? Does Mr. Lekachman remember that Mr. Whyte fears—quite different from stating positively—that the large organization, and its methods *may* be here to stay? And that the remedy for this is to fight, not accept?

Mr. Lekachman's understandable prejudice against *Fortune* leads him astray. He would have done better to review this book honestly and fairly. He has twisted Mr. Whyte's "practicality" into something entirely unrelated to Mr. Whyte's intentions, conscious or unconscious.

On the score of personality tests, to fight lies with lies, fakery with fakery, is Mr. Whyte's sound advice. Statistics show the possibility that this may be a universal and, I think, healthy immorality. Mr. Lekachman assumes a humorless and lofty moral tone.

Altogether I do not feel Mr. Lekachman is particularly moral himself in trying to prove that Mr. Whyte does not really mean what he says.

(Mrs.) Jean Campbell
South Monsey, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Little unpleasantries I always try to ignore. . . . But now comes Mr. Lekachman whose errors of statement in [his] "Organization Men" bring him into view. He asserts that I have analyzed *Fortune;* that I have found it to have "a unity of outlook"; that I think it "a consistent and sure-footed organ" of one ideology; that it goes international in order to put down leftward tendencies at home; and he implies that I believe its editors omniscient conspirators.

1) I have not read *Fortune* with any regularity for many years—so superior on economic fact and business opinion do I find *Business Week.* I have never "analyzed" *Fortune* magazine, nor the strange varieties of ideology which at any time may have possessed its assorted editors, whoever they may be. I have never assumed that it is "a consistent, sure-footed organ" of any ideology. In fact, I should have characterized it as inconsistent and stumbling. With one exception: although seemingly informed by often radical backgrounds, whoever produced it appeared consistently to lack omniscience.

2) My major use of *Fortune* in the book cited by your writer is based upon explicit quotation, which appears in the following context:

"Many sophisticated conservatives would make loans, which they say are huge, to foreign countries for political as well as economic purposes. They would 'grant' money to countries like England, and 'loan' money to countries like the Latin Americas; in their effort to stop the leftward drift of the world, whomever they could not control they would team up with. The amount of public money used, write *Fortune* editorialists, would depend on the willingness of U.S. private capital 'to seize boldly upon the greatest chance, the greatest "venture" it has ever faced.' This money would be spent 'in return for a franchise to live and do business in peace at a profit.' That is a straight-forward political statement of who would get what." And again: " 'We are asking the U. S. businessman,' writes *Fortune,* 'to think of Wendell Willkie's "One World" not in fancy geopolitical terms, but merely in market terms.' In describing the glories of capitalist expansion in terms of what father and son did, they ask: 'Is this expansion from local ironmonger to "national distribution" ordained to stop there? The task of expanding trade in stove pipe from a national to an international range is a tricky and often exasperating business, but there is money in it.' This is the image of the profitable world of U. S. power, with Britain waning and Russia

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waxing strong" (*The New Men of Power*, pp. 241, 242). I have no desire to edit the ten-year-old proclamations of *Fortune* editors, although, edited or not, I do not wish them to be confused with my own assertions. I am also glad to say that I have no reason to modify the views which form the context in which these quotations are presented.

3) In this book I also cite *Fortune* as an example of "sophisticated conservatism." This little phrase, so often kidnapped and abused, cannot be properly understood without its twin brother, "practical conservatism." Among other terms of definition, "sophisticated conservatives" seem more aware of the political conditions of money-making and corporation-maintenance, which of course include the international. This I contrasted with an older vision of a more utopian capitalism: the "practical conservative," in his outlook and drive, is immediately economic and less aware of larger political realities.

When I wrote this book, a decade ago, *Fortune* had been for some time a vehicle of the sophisticated rather than the practical variety of business ideology. I do not see how this can reasonably be denied.

Mr. Lekachman fails to mention the contrast without which either term loses much of its meaning. He does not name the date of my publication, which, however convenient for him, is surely a disservice to your readers. What he has done, in brief, is mistake my explicit use of one ten-year-old article in *Fortune* for an "analysis" of the magazine's "ideology"—which he presumably takes to be permanent. Having made this up, he then uses it in spurious and invidious contrast with what I suppose must be called his own analysis of "*Fortune's* view of the world," which turns out to be conveniently and ambiguously expressed by one writer, Mr. William H. Whyte, Jr. I cannot imagine what Mr. Lekachman takes all this to be in aid of.

4) As for the statement, alleged to be mine, that "*Fortune's* stand in favor of international aid [is] motivated by a desire to stave off" leftward tendencies in America: I do not know the motives of the editors of *Fortune* as of ten years ago: and I think them of small importance. But as for the general idea, so crudely stated by Mr. Lekachman: certainly I have believed, and do now believe, that since World War II any sound business ideology is likely to be relevant to international expenses as well as to domestic politics. The motive indicated above, however, is nowadays not likely to be important, if only because in the United States there are no leftward tendencies to "stave off."

I do not believe that U. S. foreign policy can be adequately explained, as in the current formula, by (a) the numerous and evil actions of the Soviet Union, plus (b) the numerous proclamations of ideals by America. (a) + (b) = the wearisome voice of America. There are perhaps other elements those who would understand the world must consider. The relations of domestic and international problems are most intricate; I do not know of an altogether adequate statement of them. But I have been and I am trying to confront such problems.

5) Rather than doing so himself, Mr. Lekachman adopts a tone and with it covers up the issues—a fashion often displayed in your magazine. It is a way to stop thinking by the use of such easy phrases as Mr. Lekachman's "Marxist and Hobsonite echoes." I am less interested in echoes, Marxist or otherwise, than in explicit statement. It is less important that your writer imputes to me opinions I do not hold than that he obscures serious problems by such fashionable superficiality. Let me say explicitly: I happen never to have been what is called "a Marxist," but I believe Karl Marx one of the most astute students of society modern civilization has produced; his work is now essential equipment of any adequately trained social scientist as well as of any properly educated person. Those who say they hear Marxian echoes in my work are saying that I have trained myself well. That they do not intend this testifies to their own lack of proper education.

6) I need comment only briefly upon Mr. Lekachman's rather ungenerous review of *The Organization Man*—my own view of which was printed in the New York *Times* of December 9, 1956. As readers of *White Collar* (1951) and *The Power Elite* (1956) will have immediately seen, both Mr. Lekachman and Mr. Whyte agree with much of what I have written about bureaucracy and the higher business life. About the general run of the facts and about many of the meanings, that is. The political judgments involved on all sides are divergent. For I have, of course, in my several discussions of these matters, taken a consistently critical and altogether independent view.

C. Wright Mills

Copenhagen, Denmark

Mr. Lekachman *writes*:

Mr. Mills's amiable communication hinges on differences of interpretation of passages contained in his *New Men of Power*. Such textual questions are best settled by each reader for himself by consideration of the full evi-

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dence. That evidence includes pp. 25-27 of Mr. Mills's book, evidently overlooked by him in his concise letter. On page 25, for example, there is this passage:

"The sophisticated conservatives, represented by magazines like *Fortune* and *Business Week*, are similar to the far left in that their political demands are continuous and specifically focused. They leave the noise to the practical right; they work in and among other elite groups, primarily the high military, the chieftains of large corporations, and certain politicians. Knowing what they want, wanting it all the time, and believing the main drift is in their favor, these sophisticated conservatives try to realize their master aim quietly."

These remarks support my inference that Mr. Mills considers *Fortune* "consistent" and "sure-footed," and even "conspiratorial." "Omniscient" is his word, not mine. My article was on Whyte not Mills. Therefore, after summarizing Mills's view of *Fortune* (fairly and accurately, I persist in believing), I proceeded to other matters.

Points 4 and 5 I take to be expressions of Mr. Mills's global thoughts. I am pleased that we agree about the importance of Marxism to his work. As for point 6, I concede without demur Mr. Mills's right to his opinion of my analysis. Opinions, as he points out, will diverge.

Praise and Exception

To the Editor of Commentary:

This is just a note of appreciation from a Christian reader for Commentary and its many fine articles. . . . Having done doctoral work on Old Testament literature, I have found especially enlightening Rabbi Jakob J. Petuchowski's articles, "Erich Fromm's Midrash on Love" (December 1956) and "A Conference on the Psalms" (April).

Walter Kaufmann's polemic against Toynbee (April) was also instructive. One can agree with almost everything Mr. Kaufmann says, despite the existence of a certain parochialism in the author himself (e.g. in his estimate of Moses); and I should like to call Mr. Kaufmann's attention to the fact that recent scholarship finds strong indication that perhaps the Fourth Gospel is more colored by Jewish (Essenic) thought than by Hellenic philosophy. At least the work on the Dead Sea Scrolls has opened the question, and it is now impossible to assert without qualification "that the Fourth Gospel is not pre-Hellenistic."

G. Thomas Friedkin
Green Lake Presbyterian Parish
Spicer, Minnesota

Defense of D. H. Lawrence

To the Editor of Commentary:

It is always a pleasure to read Leslie Fiedler's criticism. His response to the novel is lively and accurate to a very gratifying degree. And his summary of V. S. Pritchett (Commentary, March), an admiration I share in exactly his terms, seems extraordinarily acute.

I confess myself staggered, therefore, by his remark that D. H. Lawrence "induced" himself, presumably from envy, to indulge in "surly defiance," as an "occasional outsider," of upper class writers. (Shades of the Higher Philistinism of Colin Wilson! Mr. Fiedler is very far from being a philistine in any constrictive sense, but what business has *he*, of all people, to flourish this word?) Literary manners, of course, are not important except as an index to the general character of the writer concerned. What I challenge, as a disciple of Mr. Leavis on the subject of Lawrence, after reading all Lawrence's fiction and criticism I could get hold of, is the simple truth of Fiedler's remark. As a critic, Lawrence had a very exclusive point of view but one which he applied with perfect impersonality to writers of all classes, and always with what seems to me a high sense of comedy, the very reverse of surliness. For example, this, from an essay of 1923, "Surgery for the Novel—or a Bomb": " 'Did I feel a twinge in my little toe, or didn't I?' asks every character of Mr. Joyce or of Miss Richardson or M. Proust. Is my aura a blend of frankincense and orange pekoe and boot-blacking, or is it myrrh and bacon-fat and Shetland tweed? The audience round the death-bed gapes for the answer. And when, in a sepulchral tone, the answer comes at length after hundreds of pages: 'It is none of these, it is abysmal chloro-coryambasis,' the audience quivers all over, and murmurs· 'That's just how I feel myself!' "

On the one hand, you have in Lawrence either this gusty, ragging self-assured sort of caricature, mistaken as it may be in many instances, or very just respects paid to the work of men like Wells and Forster that he likes. That class feelings play almost no part should be evident enough from the fact that in his *Selected Literary Criticism* there is no mention of either Ford Madox Ford (whom he liked personally) or Virginia Woolf, the two upper class novelists whose work rivaled his own. He was too absorbed in his own intense vision of the possibilities of the novel, too self-confident of his powers and too fine a nature, to be in any way liable to Mr. Fiedler's charge.

R. W. Flint
Cambridge, Mass.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Legends of the Jews*

ROBERT GRAVES

THE word *legend* is a monastic one: originally meaning stories about the lives of the saints, chosen as "fit to be read aloud" by the *lector* of the week, at mealtimes—when the monks were expected to turn their thoughts to higher things than food or drink, and forbidden to indulge in small talk. Such legends concerned the saint or saints of the day. Since many of these had been obscure and pious bishops of Asia Minor canonized for some forgotten reason of Church politics, it proved difficult to plump out their biographies into a half-hour story without introducing a good deal of fiction. Now, Aristotle, who enjoyed the approval of the Church, had distinguished philosophic truth from factual truth and given it a high rating; legend-makers therefore had a free hand in weaving together educative examples of faith's triumph over doubt, oppression, ungodliness, and the evil machinations of Jews, Turks, and infidels. Legends of the saints, however, though often shown in the stained-glass windows of churches built to them, never carried the same weight as Scripture; hence the conventional opposition of "truth" and "legend."

The Hebrew word *aggadah* is translated "legends" here because it deals solely with religious subjects, purports to improve its readers' minds, carries less weight than the canonical Scriptures, and is philosophically, rather than factually, true. These legends, which are scattered throughout the Talmud and Mishnah, occur even in the works of the Christian Fathers, from which Louis Ginzberg, a descendant of the great Rabbi Elijah of Vilna, began collecting them in 1899. Ginzberg presently set to work on a comprehensive dictionary of *aggadah* from the earliest examples—some perhaps contemporary with the late canonical books—down to and including those collected by Rabbi Haim Joseph Azulai at the end of the 18th century. Ginzberg's dictionary, swelled by legends from almost every country of the Diaspora, was eventually published as *The Legends of the Jews;* and here is its popular condensation with a helpful foreword by Professor Shalom Spiegel.

EDUCATIVE, pseudo-historic legend seems to be a Jewish invention. Not only do Christian *Lives of the Saints* owe much to *aggadah,* but if Professor Moses Hadas is right in believing that Vergil modeled his *Aeneid* on *Exodus*—the parallels are remarkable†—it may well be that Livy similarly borrowed the Jewish "legend" technique for his *History of Rome.* Livy wrote with the avowed aim of glorifying the ancient Roman virtues in order to remind the Augustans of their noble beginnings. His legends are uniformly heroic: Horatius, having saved Rome by killing the three Curiatii, murders his unpatriotic sister when she bewails the death of one of them, her lover; is duly sentenced to die but acquitted by the people, after a formal punishment, for having done the right thing. Mettius Curtius plunges fully armed into the chasm which gapes in the Forum, when the oracle warns him: "Rome must give of her best." Cloelia the virgin escapes from the Etruscan camp and swims across the Tiber; when the chivalrous Etruscan king offers her a choice of fellow captives in recognition of this feat, she correctly chooses boys, not girls. A magistrate wrings the neck of a woodpecker which tamely perches on his head—for though the woodpecker was the totem-bird of the God Mars, and tabu, a tame

*A review of *Legends of the Bible,* by Louis Ginzberg, with an introduction by Shalom Spiegel, Simon & Schuster, 646 pp., $5.00.

†See "Vergil, Hebrew Prophecy, and the Roman Ideal," COMMENTARY, November 1953.

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woodpecker portended cowardice in the armies —and thus brings destruction on himself, while saving Rome.

The one Roman virtue was patriotic courage to the point of self-extinction: indeed, *virtus* in Latin means no more than that. *Aggadah,* however, which embroiders anecdotally on the stories briefly told in the Pentateuch and the historical books, is concerned rather with the Jews' obligation to truth, mercy, humility, and the love of God. Throughout the corpus, faith in God and the realization of moral frailty are so constant that a gentle note of pity, often droll, creeps into the narrative. Eve was no Cloelia; she brought death, not salvation. Yet we read that she ate the fruit (a fig, by the way, not an apple, as among the Christians) in self-defense—the Serpent having told her that God proposed to create a new, superior creature to replace man, and that she and Adam might keep their independence only by eating the fruit. Even so, she could not bring herself to disobey God's word utterly, and at first compounded with her conscience by delicately nibbling at the skin. Moreover, she shared the fruit with Adam because of her wild love for him. She feared that the act would eventually cause her death, and it was unbearable to think of his surviving her and marrying another girl. The fruit did eventually cause both their deaths, with that of all the beasts and birds in Eden, except one, to which she had offered a taste—the *malham.* It refused, remained immortal, and now dwells in Paradise. Subsequently, Enoch, like the *malham,* also escaped death. He was translated to Heaven for his piety, renamed "Metatron," and converted into a radiant spirit: God's scribe and recording angel. Here the *aggadah* introduces a gentle satire (omitted from this volume) on ministers who infringe the dignity of the Crown. Metatron officiously forbids God to weep for the destruction of the Temple. God replies: "I will go unto a place where thou thyself mayest not follow, and there will I weep."

The publishers would be wise to provide future editions with an index, and a modicum of necessary notes for poor readers who, though not content to listen with childlike ears to these stories, hesitate to sell their wardrobes and invest in the seven-volumed edition. It is idle, for instance, to mention that God renamed Enoch "Metatron" without pointing out that this Greek word (*metadromos*) dates from before the destruction of the Temple when all educated Jews used Greek as their second language—thus even "Sanhedrin" is Greek—and means "he who pursues vengefully." In fact, Enoch became God's chief police officer, as well as His recording angel. But what is a *malham*? In this mixed collection of *aggadah,* with very late additions, none of them dated, *malham* might well mean "bird of Paradise," for all anyone knows, even though birds of Paradise come from New Guinea. It happens, however, to be the phoenix.

Notes are also urgently needed on several zoological curiosities mentioned in the legends of Creation. Thus the barnacle-goose is: "grown to a tree by its bill. Who can tell whether this is a beast to be ritually slaughtered before being fit for food, or whether a plant demanding no such ceremony?" Now, the barnacle-goose, a winter visitor to Britain, first achieves fame in the 12th century as the subject of a difficult monkish problem: "May this bird be eaten on Fridays and other fast days?" Since it nests not in the British Isles but in the far sub-Arctic North, and the first clutch of its eggs was found and identified on Spitsbergen only as recently as 1923, medieval scholars believed it to hatch out from a white sea-shell called "goose-barnacle," and were tempted to classify it as sea-food, therefore legitimate Friday eating. Campion, the Elizabethan musician and poet wrote in his *History of Ireland*: "Barnacles, thousands at once, are noted along the shores to hang by the beaks about the edges of putrified timber, which in process taking lively heat from the Sun, become water fowls." I have myself seen such a piece of timber floating off the coast of North Wales; and, indeed, the long white feathery *cirri* hanging from the valves of these shells, suggested callow plumage. The rabbi who added this item to the *aggadah* had obviously heard of the barnacle-goose at second hand and, unaware that the timber was not part of a live tree but wreckage floating in the corrupt sea, whimsically based a Jewish religious problem on it. He might have saved himself the trouble: sea-food was obviously excluded from the Orthodox diet.

Another unexplained animal is the *tahash*: "created only that its skin might be used for covering the Tabernacle. It disappeared after being so used. It had a horn on its forehead, was gaily coloured like the turkey-cock, and belonged to the class of clean animals." Why "turkey-cock"? Since the turkey was first

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brought to Europe in the 16th century from the New World, the legend must be a late one—even if "turkey" stands for "guinea fowl," an African bird brought by Moslems to Turkey a century or so previously. In the Vulgate, *tahash* is translated "badger," and this translation seems to reflect a dispute about its nature in the Talmud (*Shabbat* 2.28), where the majority view favored an animal of that kind. (The German *dachs* apparently derives from *tahash*.) Yet, because the badger was not a sacred animal anywhere in the Mediterranean area, the skins covering the Tabernacle may have been those of a sacred seal (Arabian: *tuhas*); sealskin being widely regarded as proof against lightning and laid over sacred shrines for this reason. It will be recalled that the Emperor Augustus wrapped sealskin around his thumb as a lightning conductor during thunderstorms. Here, probably, some learned 16th-century rabbi, when asked by a disciple for a description of the *tahash*, did not wish to pronounce authoritatively on so moot a point and returned a droll answer to silence him. "Gaily coloured like a turkey cock" is a joke, because neither turkeys nor guinea fowl have gaily colored plumage. The rabbi seems to have remembered that, according to Ezekiel, God adorned His bride Israel with shoes of *tahash*, and that in Exodus the Jewish Septuagint translated the word as "hyacinthine"—the violet or purplish blue color of a hyacinth flower—hence "gaily coloured." Did he introduce the horn to make the *tahash* as unique as the unicorn?

Another rabbi gave a similarly droll answer to a disciple who asked him what *reëm* meant. He replied: "A giant animal, only one pair of which exist at a time, male and female. They couple every seventy years, coming from East and from West; and the female bites the male's neck in the sexual act, so that he dies. The pregnant female gives birth to twins after twelve years. At the close of a difficult gestation her belly bursts, she dies, and the twins part, going East and West: eventually to come together, as their parents did, and with the same sequel. A traveller once saw a *reëm* one day old. It stood four furlongs high, and had horns a hundred ells long."

The *reëm* was, of course, the untamable animal to which Balaam in his Blessing compared Israel, and to which Moses in his Blessing compared Joseph; but by the 2nd century C.E., it could no longer be found in Palestine or Babylonia and had therefore become a mystery. Perhaps the rabbinical fancy of the twin *reëms* is drawn from the context of Moses' Blessing, where "Joseph" comprises the twin tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. Since the *reëm*, as the Book of Job mentions, was the least likely animal to submit to the plough, Charles Doughty in his *Arabia Deserta* has identified it with the dangerous wild-ox of the desert. Other writers favor the larger and equally dangerous *aurochs*, or *bos primigenius*, crossbred specimens of which still survive in England as the famous Chillingham herd.

THE omission of such necessary notes is all the greater pity because most of this book can be read without them by any reader who knows his Scripture—and the ignorant reader would hardly be interested even in the many splendid passages it contains. Of these I particularly recommend the "Death of Moses" sequence. To Moses, who has pleaded passionately but without avail for permission to enter the Promised Land, God not only grants a merciful death by facing him with the full blaze of the *Shechinah*, but tenderly conceals his body from Samael, the Angel of Death. Samael seeks everywhere for it:

". . . He said to the Land of Israel: 'Is Moses perchance with thee?' But the land replied: 'Nay, he is not found in the land of the living.'

". . . He hastened to the sea and said: 'Is Moses here?' The sea replied: 'He is not here, and I have not seen him since the day when he clove me into twelve parts, and with the twelve tribes passed through me.'

"Samael then betook himself to Gehenna, asking: 'Hast thou seen Moses, the son of Amram?' Gehenna replied: 'With mine ears I have heard his cry, but I have not seen him.'

"He betook himself to the Abyss, and asked: 'Hast thou seen the son of Amram?' The answer arose: 'I have not seen him, but heard indeed his call.'

". . . He betook himself to the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, and said: 'Hast thou seen the son of Amram?' The tree replied: 'Since the day on which he came to me to get a writing reed, wherewith to write the Torah, I have not seen him.'

"He betook himself to the mountains with his question. These replied: 'Since he hewed the two tablets out of us, we have not seen him.'

"He went to the deserts and asked: 'Have

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ye seen the son of Amram?' These replied: 'Since he has ceased to lead Israel to pasture upon us, we have not seen him.'

"He betook himself to Mount Sinai . . . and asked: 'Hast thou seen the son of Amram?' Sinai said: 'Since the day on which out of God's right hand he received the Torah upon me, I have not seen him.'

". . . He betook himself to the Israelites and asked: 'Where is Moses?' These replied: 'Our teacher Moses is not like human beings. He is the peer of the angels of ministry, for he ascended into heaven and dwelt in heaven like the angels; he hath gathered the wind in his fists like an angel, and God took his soul to Himself in the place of His sanctity. What has thou then to do with the son of Amram?' "

Characteristically rabbinic is the dry insistence of the *agaddah* on God's absolute authorship of the Torah:

"When Moses wrote it down, the angels expostulated to God: 'How was it that Thou gavest Moses leave to write, so that he might write according to the imagination of his own heart? For now peradventure he will speak and say unto Israel: "I delivered the Law unto you; I wrote the same and, having written, delivered it unto you." '

"God answered and said: 'Far be it from Moses, My faithful servant, to do this evil thing!' "

God's authorship is confirmed with equal dryness in the story that He spends all Sabbaths reading the Law—though His own work—as an example to the devout in Israel.

The dialogue between God and Abraham before the journey to Mount Moriah, is moving:

GOD: Take now thy son!
ABRAHAM: I have two sons; which of them shall I take?
GOD: Take thine only son!
ABRAHAM: Each is the only son of his mother.
GOD: Take him whom thou lovest!
ABRAHAM: I love them both.
GOD: Take Isaac, whom thou lovest the best!
ABRAHAM: Where then shall I go?
GOD: Thither where I shall send thee—to offer him upon My altar in burned sacrifice.
ABRAHAM: Am I a priest to perform sacrifices? Should not Shem, which is the High Priest, rather do this thing?
GOD: When thou comest thither, I shall appoint thee My priest and thou shalt offer Isaac unto Me in sacrifice.

A note is surely needed in the legend about Noah: "During the voyage of the Ark all the men and living creatures inside had abstained from the sexual act except the raven, the dog, and Noah's son Ham. All of these received a punishment. Ham's punishment was that his descendants should be men of black skin."

The raven was presumably also turned black, as happened in Greek myth to the raven cursed by Apollo; in Isaiah 34, we find it paired with the owl, another bird of ill omen. But what of the dog? Was it sentenced to suffer from unnatural lusts, as did the dog-men of Deuteronomy 23:18? The fact is that raven and dog were both notoriously involved in certain abhorred Canaanite religious rites. (Yet God in His infinite mercy allowed merit to Elijah's ravens and Tobit's dog.) The most interesting part of this legend is the changed color of Ham's skin. Ham, in Genesis, represents *Chnas* (Greek: *Agenor*), the eponymous ancestor of the Canaanites, and the text "Ham shall serve his brethren" licensed Jewish landowners to keep Canaanite slaves. But the Canaanites were a white-skinned race. Does this identification of Ham with the Negro races date from the 14th century when, to offset the shortage of labor caused by the Black Death, slaves were fetched from Africa by Majorcan Jewish traders and sold to their kinsmen in Italy for resale to priests and noblemen in Genoa, Venice, and Tuscany?

Fateful October

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU. By JAMES MICHENER. Random House. 270 pp. $3.50.

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION. By GEORGE MIKES. André Deutsch (British Book Center). 192 pp. $2.95.

A STUDENT'S DIARY: BUDAPEST, OCTOBER 16-NOVEMBER 1, 1956. By LASZLO BEKE. Viking. 125 pp. $1.95.

Reviewed by PAUL KECSKEMETI

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU is an account of the Hungarian revolution based entirely on talks the author had with Hungarian refugees whom he met last November as they were crossing the Austrian border. Mr. Michener devotes most of the book to descriptions of some outstanding episodes of the Budapest uprising, but he also provides flashbacks showing what

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life was like in Hungary before the revolution. The details of these flashbacks, taken in isolation, seem plausible enough, but their cumulative effect is misleading. One would not know from these stories, for example, that the "thaw" in Soviet policy after Stalin's death extended to Hungary too, nor do we learn anything about the coalition regime—composed of small landholders, Socialists, and Communists—which preceded the Communist one-party dictatorship.

It is impossible to achieve complete accuracy in reconstructing the events of the actual uprising, since eyewitness accounts of large-scale incidents (such as the siege of the radio station during the night of October 23-24 or the massacre in Parliament Square on October 25) diverge considerably. The main outlines, however, are drawn on Mr. Michener's pages, and some aspects of the revolution are brought out clearly: the unbelievable courage with which children and adolescents defied death time and again until many were slain; the despair which drove a people to choose death and destruction rather than continue with a life under Communism.

But there are fatal limitations in Mr. Michener's approach. To begin with, a revolution cannot be portrayed from eyewitness accounts alone, no matter how thoroughly these are checked by "highly trained research experts." Many crucial political facts must be established from other sources. Whenever Mr. Michener tries to fill the political background in, he relies on fantasy and speculation, often giving the impression of writing about a political never-never land. A glaring example of this is his description of the very first act of the revolution, the presentation of the students' demands at the radio station:

"At nine o'clock that night, while the crowd still hovered near the station a group of university students arrived at the great wooden doors and demanded the right to broadcast to the people of Hungary their demand for certain changes in government policy. These young men sought a more liberal pattern of life. The AVO men laughed at them, then condescendingly proposed, 'We can't let you broadcast, but we'll tell you what we'll do. We'll let you put your complaints on tape, and maybe later on we'll run the tapes over the air.' The students refused to fall for this trick and tried to force their way into the building, but the AVO men swung the big doors shut."

This is a purely imaginary scene. The young men were not merely seeking "a more liberal pattern of life"; the text they wanted to broadcast included such points as the formation of a new government under the premiership of Imre Nagy, the withdrawal of Russian troops, the revision of trade treaties with the Soviet Union. The conversation with the laughing policemen at the door of the building never took place. The AVO men guarding the radio station did not negotiate with the students, and there was no offer such as Mr. Michener describes. Actually, the students' delegation was admitted to the building and there followed a long and fruitless negotiation with the radio authorities as to what could and could not be broadcast.

Mr. Michener has his own notion of what the revolution meant politically:

". . . in Budapest the Soviets perpetrated their horrors upon a people who had originally been their peaceful associates, who had been good communists, and who had co-operated to the point of sacrificing their own national interests. In Budapest, the Russians destroyed with cold fury the very people who had in many ways been their best friends in Eastern Europe. They were not fighting reactionaries. They were not fighting antique elements trying to turn back the clock of history. They were annihilating fellow communists."

Mr. Michener must have heard from many refugees that the workers of Csepel, the miners of Pecs, the students of Budapest were not fighting to restore capitalism, and this apparently could mean only one thing to him: the Hungarians were Communists, willing to sacrifice their own national interests to further the Soviet cause. One is either a reactionary capitalist bent on turning back the clock of history, or a devoted follower of the Soviet Union. Since the Hungarians were not the former, they must have been the latter.

The fallacy involved in such reasoning is obvious. What the Hungarian uprising shows is that the Hungarians could, and did, loathe both the Soviet Union and their own Communist regime, without desiring to return confiscated industrial and landed property to its former owners. But the fact that restoration of capitalism and landlordism was generally rejected by the revolutionaries does not justify the conclusion that at some earlier time the Hungarians as a nation had turned Communist or become the "best friends" the Soviet Union had in Eastern Europe. As long as they could

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express themselves freely, the Hungarian people voted overwhemingly against the Communist party, in spite of intense pressures and blandishments. One can blame the Russians for many things, but not for annihilating "friends" and "fellow Communists."

PERHAPS the most important political question raised by the events in Hungary from October 23 to November 4 is this: what prevented the situation from being stabilized as it was in Poland? Part of the answer is that Hungary's revolution started at a higher pitch: the first popular demands involved not only a reorganization of the Communist party leadership and the replacement of the commander-in-chief of the armed forces, but also the withdrawal of Soviet troops. This left much less room for compromise than existed in Poland, where the Soviet troops were considered useful as a shield against Germany, despite the fact that they were also an occupation force.

Another crucial difference was that in Budapest the Communist police and Russian troops attacked the aroused populace, while in Warsaw no armed clashes took place. Finally, the Hungarian revolutionaries adopted a platform that would have destroyed the Communist state root and branch and led to the severing of all political and military ties with the Soviet Union. It is this radical political shift above all else which requires explanation. Was it a matter of irrational bravado? Or did it result from avoidable blunders committed by the Hungarian Communist leadership?

In his book about the revolution, the Hungarian-born British writer George Mikes stresses the role of avoidable blunders. The first "blunder" was the failure of the party leaders to make Nagy premier on the day the demonstrations started; had he been appointed then, there would have been no bloodshed, and "Hungary might have been steered on the path of the Polish solution." But according to Mr. Mikes, the situation might have been saved even after the police and the Russian troops began firing on the people if it had not been announced officially, and untruthfully, that Nagy himself had called the Soviet troops in. This destroyed the people's confidence in Nagy and strengthened the position of more extreme anti-Communist elements on both the right and the left. Nagy was permitted to disclaim responsibility for the Russian intervention and to blame it on Gerö and Hegedüs only several days later, when the damage had already been done. But by that time, he was too weak to resist radical pressures, and the final "blunder" was one he committed himself: he "overstepped the limits set by the Russians and made certain claims which were bound to be unacceptable to them."

Mr. Mikes's first point seems plausible indeed. The original demonstration would almost certainly have taken place even if Nagy had become premier immediately, but the atmosphere would have been much calmer. With Nagy at the helm, Gerö—whose speech that evening so angered the crowd—might have chosen to remain silent. Even if he had gone on the air, however, he probably would have spoken in a different and perhaps less provocative manner. The students, of course, would have published their list of demands in any case. But it is by no means certain that they would have insisted on broadcasting them (in the actual course of events, this insistence was a response to Gerö's speech), and even if they had, it would not have been difficult to prevail upon the managers of the radio station to let them have their way. This would have created a delicate situation with the Russians: a public declaration calling for Soviet troops to clear out of Hungary would have displeased them very much. But it is most unlikely that they would have attacked the population for that reason alone.

As to the second "blunder" discussed by Mr. Mikes, I have considerable doubts. The linking of Nagy's name to the Soviet intervention could not have made much difference once the fighting started. He had no choice but to bow to the Councils' demands, and these were radical in the extreme. The orientation of the various Councils differed in certain respects, but on two matters unanimity was complete: the one-party Communist regime and the Russian occupation had to end. As long as these demands were not granted, the revolutionaries would not call off their general strike and would not lay down their arms.

All this made an amiable solution *à la Polonaise* utterly impossible. And, of course, the Councils could not conceivably have pushed the Russians out by force or by a general strike. What, then, made the revolutionaries act as they did? Was it a kind of psychic automatism, a compulsion to go to the limit without regard for consequences? Or did they entertain some sort of calculation, intelligible in rational terms even if mistaken in fact?

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Only a very tentative answer to these questions is possible at present. Psychic automatism probably played an important role, but the element of rational calculation does not seem to have been completely lacking either. There was, indeed, a general conviction in Hungary that the United States could not remain aloof once armed struggle broke out. This conviction was not based on American broadcasts alone: the Hungarians believed that the United States could not *afford* to leave Hungary to her fate. But armed American intervention did not seem necessary to the revolutionaries: certain energetic political moves, they thought, would have been sufficient. Most Hungarians are now convinced, for example, that the second Soviet intervention would not have taken place if a UN observer team had been sent to Budapest while it was still a free city.

THERE is an interesting document which clearly reflects this "rational" component of Hungarian revolutionary extremism. It is a short book written by a Hungarian art student using the pseudonym Laszlo Beke. Mr. Beke was a member of the Students' Revolutionary Council and participated actively in the uprising. He is by no means a typical representative of the revolutionary students, for he stands at the extreme right of the political spectrum, speaking like an integral nationalist of pre-war vintage. His reaction to the revolutionary events was also quite exceptional: he writes about Nagy, for example, with undisguised hostility and contempt. Of course, Nagy's behavior during the early days of the revolution bitterly disappointed many Hungarians. But on October 23, he was a genuinely popular figure, and few people were as icily reserved toward him as Mr. Beke.

The keynote of Mr. Beke's entries for the first two weeks is extreme combativeness, a determination to go on fighting to the death. Then, on October 31—with no Soviet troops present in Budapest and with virtually the whole population in a state of euphoria—everything suddenly changes for him. Upon hearing that the Austrian frontier is open, he decides that he must leave the country with his pregnant wife. It is clear to him that all is lost; the Russians will come back, and all members of the Revolutionary Students' Committee will either be shot or deported.

What made Mr. Beke give up the revolution as lost when almost everyone else in Budapest thought it had miraculously triumphed? The answer lies in a short paragraph of the entry for the 31st: "From border points they [fellow students from Western Hungary] had received word that military aid from NATO countries appeared to be hopelessly out of the question. *No one seemed to know why* [my italics]."

This way of making the point shows how firmly Mr. Beke had been convinced that Western military aid could not fail to materialize. He had not been helping to push the revolution to the limit of defiance out of some psychic compulsion; he firmly had expected that if only Hungary took on the Soviet Army, allies would be forthcoming. When this expectation turned out to be groundless, only catastrophe appeared possible, whether the Soviet troops withdrew from Budapest or not.

The terrible Soviet invasion of November 4 shattered the illusion that the revolution had triumphed. By that time, Mr. Beke was in safety; the bulk of the freedom fighters, however, went on resisting. No relief was in sight and the odds were hopeless, but giving up was still out of the question. The Councils did not retreat from their political demands; on the contrary, two new points—a denunciation of the Warsaw pact and a declaration of neutrality—were added to the original list at the very end, when Russian tank columns were converging on Budapest. Mr. Mikes points out, correctly it seems to me, that the denunciation of the Warsaw pact was not the cause of the second intervention but its consequence. It represented a last desperate attempt to enlist Western political aid for Hungary; after all, the United Nations could not ignore a military attack on a neutral and sovereign state. This last glimmer of hope died like Hungary's earlier dreams of freedom and independence. But even the fading of the last hope did not mean the end of the struggle. Not hope but despair sustained the last stand of Hungary's fighters.

American Typologies

A SURFEIT OF HONEY. By RUSSELL LYNES. Harper. 140 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by LILLIAN B. MCCALL

WE ADORE self-appointed scolds who tell us what shallow characters we are. Here is Mr. Lynes casting us as History's Spoiled Children. We have it too good, he says. Luxury is sapping our moral fiber. The spirit that made

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us Great is gone from the land. America is Great, but *Americans*? Spineless mediocrities who prefer to avoid ulcers rather than bare-knuckle their way up to Chairman of the Board. We would rather keep "our noses to the rhinestones" than dig for diamonds. Mr. Lynes's is an ancestral voice prophesying doom. The shadow of declining Rome darkens the windshield of the 1957 Cadillac.

It's the self-indulgent middle class, fretful, restless, whiney—the Miltown-chewing set—that gravels Mr. Lynes. His world is that of the backyard barbecue pit and he calls it America. No problems of segregated schools. No immigrants. No refugees. Not even anyone driving a 1949 Chevrolet.

Nor do the individuals who inhabit the ranch houses and split-levels resemble human beings. They aren't wicked or virtuous, stupid or clever, vain or modest. They aren't people at all but bundles of conditioned reflexes reacting automatically to cultural buzzers. They don't buy *things* but "status symbols." Books, paintings, hi-fi phonographs, mink coats, swimming pools, dishwashers are never acquired for the sake of comfort, pleasure, or convenience. If you burst in on a highbrow unexpectedly you'll never catch him playing Bach. He only does that to impress company. A man never moves from a smaller to a larger house except to show off.

WHO are the disembodied abstractions—those "fantastic beings" that Tocqueville warned us would make us regret the world of reality—haunting the brains of social scientists and "social critics"? Among literally thousands of so-called types we have the Conformist, the Market Place Personality, the Clitoridean Woman, the Extrovert, the Unproductively Oriented, the Anal Narcissist, the Pyknic, the Moving Away From, the Other Directed—to say nothing of the Inner Confused crawling in and out of the various pigeonholes in search of "the real self." Mr. Lynes helps out with the Part-Time Lady, the Mass-Produced Eccentric, and the Upper Bohemian. The less people are understood the more they are classified. There isn't a typologist alive or dead who could predict how any of his phantoms would behave in any conceivable situation.

Typologies proliferate far more rapidly than verifiable laws of human behavior. Generally speaking, the poorer a psychologist is in explanations, the more profuse he is in descriptions. Because it's hard to squeeze a human being into a cramped generalization the typologist, who usually starts modestly with only a few types, is apt to subdivide and subdivide. William H. Sheldon, who began with about eight, wound up, if memory serves, with roughly eighty-six. Irving Howe is a type-user of enormous economy: Conformists and Non-Conformists. Such beautiful simplicity won't last. Mr. Lynes, who divides snobs into many types, tells us nothing about snobbery. In *A Surfeit of Honey* he classifies individuals according to the "status symbols" they cherish, but says absolutely nothing about status anxiety.

Tocqueville, a "social critic" of no small reputation, didn't come up with a single American "type," but in 1840 he was not afraid to predict, among other things, that our poets would develop an obscurantist style surcharged with immense and incoherent imagery; that our historians would favor deterministic theories; that the rising capitalist class would become a brutal and harsh aristocracy but that it would be confined and controlled quickly. He even predicted—although he didn't call it that—the development of status anxiety among our people. Mr. Lynes ventures to predict nothing; he says America is changing too fast to allow of any safe predictions.

"THERE is a great deal to be said for the climate that a depression produces," says Mr. Lynes, "a climate in many respects more productive than prosperity—more interesting, more lively, more thoughtful and even in a wry sort of way, more fun." People had noble characters and real values. They were kind, considerate, compassionate, self-sufficient. They thought. A depression "is a dampener to frivolous ambition. It taxes the imagination . . . it produces ideas which are more than just notions. In a depression a bad idea is a luxury that cannot be afforded. . . ." Stalinism flourished during the depression. National Socialism came to power in Germany during the depression. Perhaps Mr. Lynes can name worse ideas.

"Put in its rudest terms, prosperity produces not only plenty but curiously empty values and a national uneasiness. . . ." he continues. People are frivolous, scatterbrained, selfish, rude, unthinking, corrupt, and tense. "Artists and architects, writers and musicians worry about hits and their spoonfuls of gravy rather than about their art." But superiority is the

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stance of the disguised moralist. As Tocqueville observed, in a democracy authors often sound great—only humanity is small. Mr. Lynes trys to sell us a degenerate form of puritanism: austerity breeds virtue, luxury breeds vice.

In *A Surfeit of Honey* Mr. Lynes has also included what amounts to still another rewrite of "the famous article 'Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow.'" Highbrows are Mr. Lynes's special *bête noire*.

Jabotinsky

REBEL AND STATESMAN. By JOSEPH B. SCHECHTMAN. THOMAS YOSELOFF. 467 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by BEN HALPERN

ZIONISM from the beginning attracted a type of inveterate "outsider." But, it also gave its adherents a new sense of community, a feeling of belonging as Jews. Herzl and Brandeis are notable examples of leaders who, though wedded to Zionism above all by intellectual conviction, found themselves also drawn by the warmth of the Zionist community; yet no full union with it was possible for men moved so directly by the logic of ideas. Vladimir Jabotinsky was another of the same type.

The Zionist movement as such, the communion of those who were Zionist by feeling and consensus, admired and supported these men for the brilliance and cogency of their reasoning, but it also showed them an affection all the warmer for their being essentially isolated man. In each case, however, there came a painful parting of the ways, and the outsider found himself once more outside.

What was different in Jabotinsky's case was that he organized a *movement* of outsiders. A "statesman" is always, no doubt, an outsider in a political movement, but this was a "rebel statesman." His quarrel with the Zionists was accompanied not by grief, as in the case of Herzl, but by resentment. It was a resentment, moreover, that, far from being subdued by innate discipline and dignity—as with Brandeis—was elevated into a principle. At the same time Jabotinsky's rebellion answered a certain current of feeling among the Zionists that was broad enough to provide the base for a new party—the Zionist-Revisionists.

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Revisionism denounced as betrayal Weizmann's policy of cooperating with the British so long as the Mandate did not totally obstruct Zionist work and hopes. And in the name of an exclusive dedication to nationalism, the Revisionists bitterly fought the Zionist labor movement, Weizmann's allies in building Jewish strength under the Mandate. The conflict grew so violent that, in the 30's the Revisionists left the World Zionist Organization, never to return during Jabotinsky's lifetime.

But even in this rebel movement, Jabotinsky remained an outsider; he could not change his essential aloofness. The distance that apparently separated him from even his close friends is nowhere better suggested than in the admirable book under review.

For the Revisionists, Jabotinsky was a leader who represented everything his disciples had to become: the soldierly, single-minded, and totally devoted partisan of a "monolithic" idea. Herzl, on the other hand, was for his followers a new Moses, an elder brother come back to rejoin the fold as well as lead the flock; he was followed for his vision and daring, and loved all the more because he was different and strange and yet sought to come near. It was he who wanted to find himself among them, not they who had to become like him.

Herzl's was a very Jewish form of leadership, whereas Jabotinsky's, which made him the idol of the Revisionist movement, was not. But then neither Jabotinsky nor Revisionism was very Jewish in the authentic and classic mode. They were Jewish all right—but only because they reacted so violently against the classic modes of Jewishness.

Such qualification to the above as must be added applies particularly to the time and circumstances of Jabotinsky's early career, the period covered by this first half of Dr. Schechtman's projected two-volume biography. The Russian Zionist movement in the first decades of the 20th century welcomed Jabotinsky like a prodigal son. Men like Ben Gurion and Sharett, or the late Hayim Greenberg, who eventually became the sworn foes of his Revisionism, could never in later years regard him with complete hostility. Schechtman's biography tries to understand this continuing bond, formed in the halcyon days when the "outsider" Jabotinsky became almost completely part of the Zionist community.

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AN EXHAUSTIVE biographical study would have to consider three Jabotinskys, each of them important but not always easily combined with the others. First of all, there was his personality: the strikingly ugly man who exercised such a fantastic personal charm; the literary and oratorical *Wunderkind*, with audiences, male and female, everywhere at his feet; the tender son, husband, and father—so solicitous about his loved ones that he was constantly telegraphing anniversary and birthday greetings from the innumerable way stations of a public career that he allowed, almost from the cradle, virtually to obliterate any continuous private life.

Then there was the writer and thinker; the Russian intellectual who had gotten his European culture not in Germany but, unorthodoxly, in Italy; the phenomenal linguist who no sooner became a convinced Hebraist than he undertook and carried off with great éclat the translation of Bialik's poetry into Russian, and even began to write poetry of his own in Hebrew. Jabotinsky's political career was married to continuous literary activity in every conceivable genre and in an unparalleled variety of languages.

There was, finally, the public figure: the man whose not always consistent attitudes have to be compared and adjudged in terms of his final position and strategy.

We can estimate the degree of Jabotinsky's aloofness when we note that Dr. Schechtman disposes of the first of these three Jabotinskys in a perfunctory way. We learn hardly the bare details of critical relationships that would have to be explored in depth to grasp so intriguing a character. Of the literary quality or even the intellectual content of Jabotinsky's writings and general musings, the biography gives us only an external view. But it devotes itself with great care to his public career.

The "Jabotinsky story" here presented is a broad survey of one of the intense and vital areas of modern Jewish history, the political-intellectual life of Russian Jewry just before World War I. Considering how provincial the American intellectual public still remains in its Jewish horizons, this is a contribution of the first order to our general sophistication. Dr. Schechtman's account is written on the basis of a comprehensive collection of data from scattered sources and a conscientious evaluation of all reports.

Dr. Schechtman has no need to proclaim his resolve to be objective—at any rate, not as far as his method of arriving at and documenting his conclusions is concerned. When he takes pains to stress in his introduction that he intends to be objective, he has something else in mind. As a political adherent of Jabotinsky and, beyond that, one who "has profoundly admired and—not to shy away from the word—loved the man," Dr. Schechtman feels obliged to tell us that he does not intend his biography as "an act of hero worship." He intends to be objective in his evaluation not only of Jabotinsky's statements of fact but of the political meaning of his acts.

This intention is fulfilled: not only does Dr. Schechtman sometimes reject Jabotinsky's own account of what happened; he also criticizes Jabotinsky for some of the things he did. Nonetheless Dr. Schechtman—as he himself warns us—accepts fully the Jabotinskian political philosophy and manual of tactics, and if he judges unfavorably anything Jabotinsky did in the early part of his career, it is because he has concluded that the action in question failed to conform with the philosophy or tactics Jabotinsky himself formulated later on. Objective as Dr. Schechtman is, one should not assume on that account that this is, in any true sense, a critical account of Jabotinsky's political career.

Gloomy England

SOME CORNER OF AN ENGLISH FIELD. By DANNIE ABSE. Criterion. 191 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

SOME CORNER OF AN ENGLISH FIELD is set on an RAF station somewhere in Southern England, at the present time. Its action encompasses a few weeks of the boredom and fatigue that any group of near-idle men must feel; its hero is a young conscripted doctor, Henderson by name, the junior medical officer on the station. In the course of the book Henderson half-heartedly attempts to disengage himself from an affair with the wife of his immediate superior, and equally half-heartedly attempts to start an affair with a sluttish girl who keeps an antique shop in a nearby village. Neither attempt really succeeds or fails; eventually his superior, persecuted by some of his fellow officers for permitting himself to be

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cuckolded, has a heart attack and dies while Henderson is in bed with the wife upstairs. By that time, partly because of the scandal aroused by the affair, and partly because the C.O. of the station doesn't like Henderson anyway, he has been posted to another station, and the book ends with his inglorious departure from the one where the action takes place.

The prevailing tone of the book varies between a mild and an acute depression. Henderson is depressed in equal measure by the RAF, by his two girl friends, and by himself; Wood, the cuckold, is depressed because he is a cuckold; everyone else—barring the usual hearties in the officers' mess—is just depressed; and even the hearties, we are given to understand, are not what you would call healthy people. The writing adequately records the details of depression, even though it fails fully to account for it.

As a whole the novel seems intended to refer, by way of paradigm, to nothing less than the state of contemporary England. The RAF is described as "bourgeois society *in extremis*"; and it is according to this central conception that each of the characters plays his part. Thus Tom Wood is the ineffectual bourgeois man of good will, who having no faith in religion and none in his unsupported self, drifts into professional and sexual bankruptcy. His wife, Sarah, is culturally ambitious, but almost equally bankrupt, hers being the culture of the *New Statesman and Nation* and smart contemporary cushion-covers from Liberty's in Regent Street. The slut in the antique shop has a household which is semi-criminal and semi-artistic, both crime and art here being seedy and abortive rebellions against the established society. Henderson is the outsider to them all, though involved with them all; and so far as the book has a resolution, it is his own, to accept his status as an outsider, along with the Welsh nationalist, the bespectacled Jew, and one or two others who are suddenly mustered up for the occasion out of his memories of his medical-school days.

By the end of the book we suspect that its basic assumption is not that this allegorical scheme would demand a profound assessment and examination of the depression already referred to as being apparent everywhere, but rather that the scheme would itself explain and serve the depression. It is almost as if the author, before getting on with his job, felt that he could say, "Well, England today, you know . . ." and everyone would fall into the right frame of mind, would be prepared emotionally to listen to a sad story about a young man who doesn't believe in anything very much, and spasmodically wishes he did, as he wanders from one distasteful experience to the next. The author could clearly not have made his assumption as confidently as he has if he had not been sure of a depressed response from a section of the reading public to the very notion of "England."

Mr. Abse is not the only young writer in England today who takes a gloomy view of England and England's prospects. Moody, petulant, intermittently rebellious, occasionally funny, and as often self-pitying, the writing which everyone regards as important in England today is being done by young men and women who seem agreed that most aspects of English life are just a sell-out. Full employment is a sell-out, the class system is a sell-out, education is a sell-out, literature is a sell-out, the Cold War is a sell-out . . . but there's always beer and cigarettes and girls to cheer you up, and there's always the possibility of playing along with education and the class system and the rest to see what you can get out of them. When these young men and women first published their work a cry of horror and delight went up (and is still going up): they were so cynical, they were such nihilists, they didn't believe in anything, they were really dangerous, dangerous people.

If only they had been! Alas, all they are—they will tell you readily, as they slouch past—is the Spirit of the Times. It is a modest enough claim, the times in England being what they are; and one wonders why Mr. Abse should have devoted his talent to making a somewhat similar claim for himself.

From Catholicism to Marxism

THE WORKER PRIESTS. Trans. by JOHN PETRIE. Routledge, Kegan Paul (distributed by Macmillan). 220 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by NORMAN BIRNBAUM

No matter involving the Church has so shaken France in recent decades as the episode of the worker priests. Perhaps this is so because the conflict between the priests and the hierarchy refracted, as through a lens, so many

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This *I Believe*

By JOHN DEWEY*

"The more complicated the situation, and the less we really know about it, the more insistent is the orthodox type of moral theory upon the prior existence of some fixed and universal principle or law which is to be directly applied and followed. Ready-made rules available at a moment's notice for settling any kind of moral difficulty and resolving every species of moral doubt have been the chief object of the ambition of moralists. In the much less complicated and less changing matters of bodily health such pretensions are known as quackery. But in morals a hankering for certainty, born of timidity and nourished by love of authoritative prestige, has led to the idea that absence of immutably fixed and universally applicable ready-made principles is equivalent to moral chaos.

"In fact, situations into which change and the unexpected enter are a challenge to intelligence to create new principles. Morals must be a growing science if it is to be a science at all, not merely because all truth has not yet been appropriated by the mind of man, but because life is a moving affair in which old moral truth ceases to apply. Principles are methods of inquiry and forecast which require verification by the event; and the time honored effort to assimilate morals to mathematics is only a way of bolstering up an old dogmatic authority, or putting a new one upon the throne of the old. But the experimental character of moral judgments does not mean complete uncertainty and fluidity. Principles exist as hypotheses with which to experiment. Human history is long. There is a long record of past experimentation in conduct, and there are cumulative verifications which give many principles a well earned prestige. Lightly to disregard them is the height of foolishness. But social situations alter; and it is also foolish not to observe how old principles actually work under new conditions, and not to modify them so that they will be more effectual instruments in judging new cases. Many men are now aware of the harm done in legal matters by assuming the antecedent existence of fixed principles under which every new case may be brought. They recognize that this assumption merely puts an artificial premium on ideas developed under by-gone conditions, and that their perpetuation in the present works inequity. Yet the choice is not between throwing away rules previously developed and sticking obstinately by them. The intelligent alternative is to revise, adapt, expand and alter them. The problem is one of continuous, vital readaptation."

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of the agonies of French and Western society: the conflict and distance between the social classes, the subordination of man to machine, the institutionalized mockery of the ideal of human brotherhood. The affair can tell us much about life in our times, of the dilemmas of organized Christianity, of the ways in which spiritual dedication necessarily appears as something impractical, unwise, unbalanced—or revolutionary.

The facts, although obscured by polemic, recrimination, and denunciation, are clear enough in outline. During the last war, the late Cardinal Suhard of Paris began a program of missionary activity in the working class districts of Paris. To make contact with the workers, some of the missionaries took on full-time manual jobs. Finally, about seventy-five priests were at work in factories, mines, and docks throughout France. They held that previous historical forms of the priesthood were inappropriate to religious activity among the workers, and even obtained temporary dispensation from Rome for certain relaxations in their ritual obligations. They came to think of themselves, moreover, as workers as well as priests. They rejected much of their previous religious education, and their personal culture, as bourgeois. So considerable was their identification with the workers that they participated in their economic and political organization, even collaborating with the Communists.

The disquiet of conservative circles in French Catholicism grew, and was communicated to the Vatican. After protracted negotiations, considerable resistance from some of the French bishops and cardinals, and a bitter and quasi-public debate, the Vatican ordered the worker priests recalled. They protested that their recall was political in inspiration, that it was in effect an attack on the working class that would injure, for untold generations, the chances of Christianity with that class. A majority of the worker priests committed the supreme act of defiance: they refused to leave their jobs.

Such are the facts, as set down in a book produced by the defiant priests themselves and now translated into English. The book contains a brief, too brief, sketch of the background of the episode, a chronology, a certain amount of documentation (the correspondence between the priests and their bishops, for instance), some extracts from the press, and testimony by the priests. The latter is moving, noble and tragic.

It is only against the background of the Church's encounter with industrial society that the episode is comprehensible. The Roman Catholic Church, especially in France, has not been invariably reactionary. Indeed, in the 19th century considerable opposition to the inhumanity of unrestricted capitalism in France came from Catholic social thinkers. Pope Leo XIII, in the famous 1891 encyclical *De Rerum Novarum* gave significant, if belated, Vatican recognition to these efforts. In the 20th century, Catholic social action in France has assumed more of a mass character. The noted movement for social reform, Sillon, the young Catholic workers group (Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique), the Catholic trade union movement, and the left wing of the Mouvement Républicaine Populaire have to their credit both concrete achievements and the creation of an atmosphere in which Catholic intellectuals find it imperative to study social problems. Catholic research on modern French society is both objective and important, and Catholic intellectuals have for some time been honored allies of the secular ones in the struggle for social justice in France.

But Catholic reaction was and is real enough. One central tradition of thought and action in French Catholicism has continually sought to undo the French Revolution. The anti-republicanism and virulent anti-Semitism of the Dreyfus case, the authoritarianism of the Vichy regime, were expressions of this tendency. What we might term bourgeois Catholicism in France was surely terrified of the moral and social criticism of the Church made by the worker priests. Even non-reactionary Catholics must have been shocked by the worker priests' rejection of the newly evolved forms of Catholic social and political action: the MRP and the Christian trade unions. And we can imagine the reaction of the propertied to the worker priests' cooperation with the Communists. But I have said enough to show that the Church has experienced within itself the social conflicts rending the European body politic.

One reality, however, is basic to the episode of the worker priests: the alienation of the mass of the French working class from the Church. It was awareness of this that preoccupied the late Cardinal Suhard, a man of great moral and intellectual stature, and which led him

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until his death in 1949 to defend the worker priests in Rome. It was Suhard who encouraged them at the beginning, but his viewpoint was not an isolated one. The worker priest movement began as a response to a movement of self-examination and social protest in the clergy itself. Perhaps the single outstanding figure of this movement was the late Abbé Godin, whose book *France, A Mission Field?* had a printing of 100,000 copies. The Abbé declared that the Church seemed to turn the workers whom it reached into bourgeoisie and that this accounted for its inability to make contact with the great majority of them. His analysis was confirmed when a number of priests went, secretly, to Germany to serve as chaplains with the French forced laborers. One of them is quoted in this present volume:

"I had gone to such and such a hut, determined to go straight to the point, to raise unequivocally the question of religion, and I had found myself completely tongue-tied, unable to put in so much as a word of uplift, let alone on spiritual matters. The temperature was not right: there was really no way of doing it. . . . Our way of living, our ceremonies, our touchiness in matters of etiquette, our literary and philosophical culture, are spotted with capitalism, bound to a bourgeois form of civilization."

This was precisely the reaction of the first missionaries to the working class districts of Paris. Their mission had first taken the forms we should expect: approaches to families, young people's groups, religious associations based on the job or on the district, public preaching. These proved insufficient. Unfortunately, the authors do not analyze more precisely the results of these initial experiments, the sources of their discontents. The priests began to work, one applying to the Cardinal for permission in order to "slough off his bourgeois skin!"

The very small numbers involved should not obscure the importance attached to the experiment by the French clergy. Thousands of priests in other positions followed its progress avidly. The authors of the book invite us to consider, in ways quite different than Bernanos in his *Diary of a Country Priest,* the discouragement of the French clergy: its immersion in a round of parish activities, its sense of failure of spiritual contact with either the working class or, indeed, the ordinary bourgeois parishioner.

The worker priests, by contrast, developed an acute sense of engagement. The comradeship of the work group, the dignity and skill of the workers affected them deeply. In short, they entered a world hidden from bourgeois eyes (and held, especially in certain Western European countries, and among them France, in unjustified and arrogant contempt). They assumed responsibilities in unions and in political activities. Their identification with those they had been set to convert changed their initial conception of their mission. "We are a group of Catholic priests whose aim and mission is to take part with all our strength in the human and spiritual liberation of the proletariat. The spirit of the Gospel and of Christianity compels us to work thus, towards the unity of all men achieved by the pursuit of charity and justice. It has seemed to us impossible to do so effectively unless our life is linked, in a total community of destiny, with that of the working class."

The first denunciations in Rome followed quickly after the publication of pronouncements of this order. The head of the Inquisition (now renamed the Congregation of the Holy Office), Monsignor Ottaviani, took the matter personally in hand. The affair attracted public attention when, in 1952, two worker priests were arrested and brutally beaten by the police after participating in the demonstrations against General Ridgway. Among the denunciatory materials available to the bishops and the Vatican were, incidentally, dossiers on the worker priests collected by the French police.

What had happened to the worker priests? They had gone to convert the workers; instead, they were converted themselves. They write of a change in their very being, their assumption of the culture and attitudes of the working class. Many of them had, however, come from working class backgrounds, from the Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique. But the contents and tone of this book do not bespeak an advanced Social Catholicism. Its language is the language of Marxism, at times of Stalinism. One of them, for instance, was rebuked by another for "bourgeois" attitudes: for observing that many workers were interested in economic matters but not in the politics of the "militants," that is, the Communists.

The book is not quite clear as to how the authors fuse their new-found beliefs with their old ones, but some sentences are suggestive: "What religious values are there for the sake

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of which it is possible to demand abandonment of sacred human values, of a communion involving the whole of life?" In effect, the worker priests were challenging the traditions and central doctrines, as well as the organizational structure, of the Church.

THIS, at any rate, was Rome's conclusion. In 1954, at the orders of the Vatican, the French Episcopate sent the priests an ultimatum. They were to give up their jobs, their union memberships, and attach themselves to parishes. The experiment was to be continued, but "in another form." The Episcopal letter makes an unworthy impression. It combined cajolery, sentimentality, and threats. It is the sort of appeal to loyalty made to those whose loyalty is very seriously in question, and it may be possible that the bishops had very guilty consciences.

The priests' reply was dignified and resolved; and writing in the same tone after having defied the hierarchy, the worker priests ask in this book of the Church: "How far are her current forms of existence ordered for a social role that should not, however, be confused with her mission? Is it solely out of ignorance of religion, and because of the interests she supports, that so many men today reject the Church? Or is it because they can no longer see their own likeness in the reactions and the behaviour of those who stand for the faith?"

The Church responded to this demand for a new conception of its existence by accusing the worker priests of failing in their duties as priests. In terms of the traditional definition of this function, Rome was surely right. As a sacerdotal figure, as a person in possession of powers magical in nature, the priest cannot approach prosaic routine too closely. The worker priests write of the meaninglessness of this conception of the priesthood to the workers, of the intelligence and realism born of the workers' contact with the material of their daily lives, material in the literal sense of the word. What the priests may have learned in the factories, and what they expressed in their fascination with Marxism, was the contradiction between industrial life and magical thinking.

It is difficult to see how the hierarchy could have acted other than as it did. The Church claims to be universal: it must minister to all the social classes. The bourgeois character of the priesthood is a consequence of that accom-

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modation to society which implements the Church's universal pretensions: the bourgeois in fact dominate the culture of Western industrial societies. The worker priests characterized the Church's efforts for social peace as a betrayal of the workers. We attain some insight into the difference between their position and that of ordinary Catholic social reformers when we note that they cite a pronouncement by Monsignor Montini, now Archbishop of Milan, presumably as evidence of the class-bound social ethic of the Church. Yet Montini is supposed to be the leader of the "left" party in the Church, and the opponent of the worker priests' enemy, Ottaviani!

This book is, at once, depressing and profoundly moving. The worker priests did experience the profound abyss that separates the workers from the other classes in modern European society. It is possible that a general rise in living standard will erase this difference: the evidence is still inconclusive, even from America. The priests began a mission to the workers, but they learned that respect for human dignity demanded that they become workers. Whatever we may say in analysis of the episode, it remains a striking testament to the institutional limitations on human brotherhood in our society. And the priests' conversion, from Catholicism to Marxism, points to aspects of contemporary politics in western Europe not accessible to the usual modes of observation. It suggests, if in a dramatic and curious form, that spiritual conflict is still a political reality.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Robert Graves is, of course, the distinguished British poet and man of letters. His new novel, *They Hanged My Saintly Billy*, is just being published by Doubleday.

Paul Kecskemeti is a native of Hungary who has been in this country since 1942. He is on the research staff of the Rand Corporation in Washington.

Lillian Blumberg McCall lives in Denver, and is a frequent contributor to Commentary.

Ben Halpern is the author of *The American Jew: A Zionist Analysis* (1956).

Dan Jacobson, the young South African novelist, has spent the past year as a fellow in creative writing at Stanford University.

Norman Birnbaum is a young American sociologist teaching at the London School of Economics. His article "Science, Ideology, and Dialogue" appeared in our December 1956 number.

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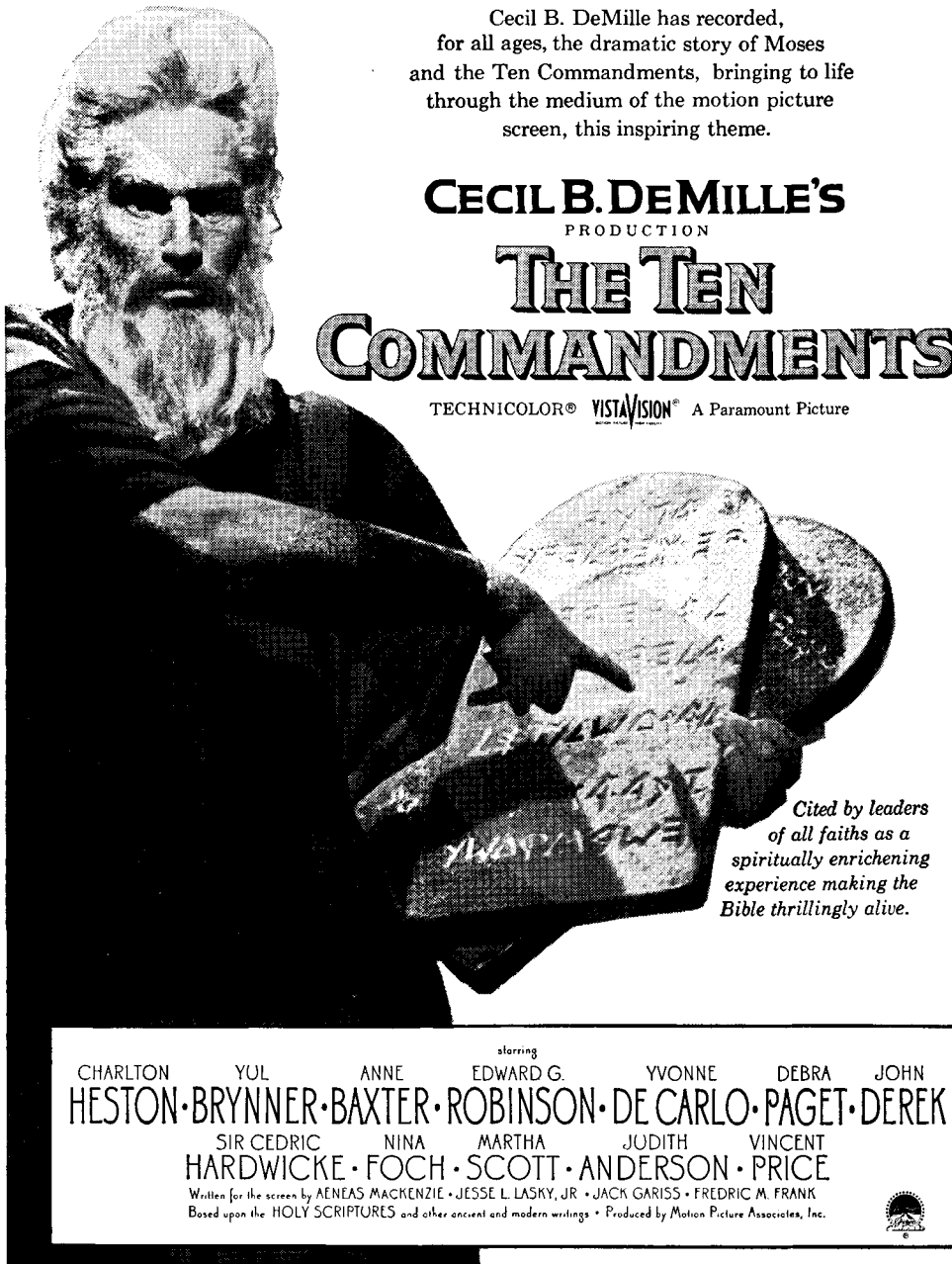

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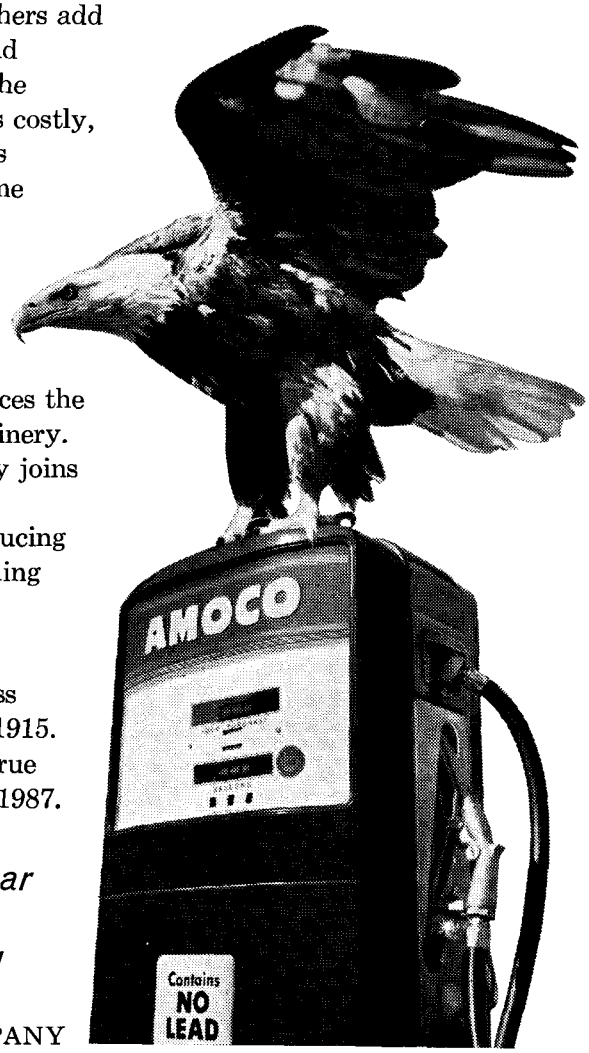

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